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PERICLES:

A Tale

OF

ATHENS IN THE EIGHTY-THIRD OLYMPIAD.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A BRIEF SKETCH OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY."

C. J. Cornwallis

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1846.

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LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

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PERICLES.

CHAP. XXII.

THE GREAT THEATRE OF BACCHUS.

THE spring was by this time advancing, and with it the period of the greater Dionysia*, that festival which, next to the Olympic games, drew the largest concourse of spectators from all the states of Hellas. Already the workmen were employed about the theatre; altering, improving, and arranging the scenery and decorations of the stage buildings; and this quarter was now become the usual lounge of all the idlers in Athens, whither even tradesmen and artizans resorted to watch the preparations, and give their opinion as to the probable merits of the forthcoming pieces.

The site of the theatre was well chosen: the semicircular seats, rising above each other to a breadth and height capable of receiving thirty thousand spectators, were partly hewn from, partly supported by the south-eastern slope of the Acropolis: above, towered the splendid buildings which crowned the

* See Note CXV.

summit of the hill; and beyond the stage buildings, and in front of the spectators, filling up the picture, to the eastward rose Mount Hymettus, with its vesture of olives, and its crown of chestnut trees; to the southwest spread the sea — the proud domain of Athenian power. Nothing that could gratify the pride or the taste of this sensitive people was wanting; and half the pleasure of the festival — which to the citizens of Athens seemed like the very breath of life, so dearly did they prize it — consisted of the exclamations of surprise and admiration which the splendour of the scene altogether drew from the strangers who visited the city on this occasion.

It was evening, and groupes of citizens were assembled near this spot, enjoying the balmy air and rich tints of a spring sunset in that lovely land. The crest and sides of Hymettus shone in molten gold as the last rays of the Delphian God shed their radiance on its high peaks and olive-clad sides, and tinted the cold grey with a flood of glowing yellow: beyond, the more distant hills and islands showed in every variety of rose colour and purple, while, on the other side, the buildings of the Acropolis rose in dark relief against the bright rays, like agates set in gold. Amid such scenes, and breathing such an air, the mere fact of existence is a pleasure, and the idlers there lingered and talked rather for the sake of excusing their stay, than because they had much to say.

"Will not Hermippus exhibit a comedy?" said one.

"I have heard so," said another; "but some say that Cratinus will be the man."

"No, it will certainly be Hermippus, for Dromeas

was complaining at my shop to-day," — it was the little baker Dicaios who was speaking, — "that he would give no more suppers till after the Dionysia: he was so much occupied in instructing the actors."

"And who is his Chorægus?"

"Oh, Glycon, the son of Aristocrates, to be sure: they were always great friends."

"Who are those yonder?" inquired a third, as two persons of a higher rank approached, accompanied by a third, who, though evidently of the people, was yet conversing with them on a footing of familiarity. "That young fellow there in the coarse tunic looks strong enough to handle a hammer well; and certainly it is not his beauty that has charmed his companions. Who are they? — Stay — is not that Euripides, who has exhibited one or two unsuccessful pieces?*

"Even so," replied Philoxenos, the fuller, who had been the first speaker, "and the other is Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus, a neighbour of mine, with his noble patron. He is a good young fellow, that Socrates, and I wish him well. I hope he will not bother his head with philosophy till he ruins himself."

"What are those fellows staring at us for?" said Euripides, as he drew near.

"Probably they are thinking of the charge made against the auditors of Anaxagoras," replied Criton: "knowest thou not that we are accused of intending to suppress the Dionysia? and yet, I think, they need not fear thee, Euripides, for I question if a prize in the theatre here would not tempt thee away from the best lecture Anaxagoras ever gave."

"The trophies of Miltiades spoiled the rest of Themistocles," replied Euripides; "can it be matter of surprise if those of Æschylus and Sophocles should sometimes haunt mine? Come, Socrates, teach thy friend Criton here that mine is an honourable ambition, and not to be contemned."

"Willingly, if thou wilt tell me what the object of thy ambition is."

"What?—have we known each other for so long, and thou hast not divined this? Hast thou not guessed that the tragic prize was indeed my aim?"

"The prize!—is it always awarded to those who deserve it best?"

"Perhaps not—at least, I am inclined to think that worse tragedies have been crowned than mine which failed."

"And which wouldst thou rather have wished to be the author of? Of those, or thine own?"

"My own, certainly—there is no one that I have yet seen, either of Aristarchus, or of Ion, that I could wish to have written."

"But then I cannot understand what thy ambition is. Thou wouldst have the prize, thou sayest, but thou wouldst not wish to have written what has obtained the prize?"

"No, I tell thee; but I would wish to write so as to deserve and to have it."

"And how must a man write to deserve the prize? For my part, if I were one of the judges, I should be puzzled."

"Now what is it that thou wouldst question out of me? Criton, this friend of ours is the most puzzling fellow when he chooses."

"Nay," said Socrates, "if I am puzzled myself, what is to be done?"

"It is thy whim, to-day, not to understand — tell us now what is the matter."

"I merely wish to know how a man must write to deserve the prize."

"He must write well — with spirit, grace, harmony."

"And that then is the definition of writing well?"

"Yes."

"But when we write, is there not some end in view, of which the spirit and grace, and harmony are only the accessories?"

"The end is, to please."

"Are all persons pleased with the same thing?"

"How canst thou ask that? We know that they are not."

"Then if we propose to ourselves to please we are pursuing a shadow. Is there nothing more solid than this to be gained?"

"Yes, yes, the goat!"* said Criton, laughing; "a proper object of ambition!"

"Suppose thou wert a writer thyself, Socrates, what would be *thy* object?" asked Euripides.

"Nay, how should I know? I am no author."

"But thou art a thinker, youth! Tell me what thou hast brewing in that head of thine."

"I think then, if thou wilt know, that I should address myself to some feeling which is possessed by the great mass of mankind, that I might, at least, have a majority of admirers if I expressed myself well."

* See Note CXVI.

"And what feeling would that be? I will have my turn of questioning now."

"I think there has been but one voice as to the patriotic self-devotion of Codrus — the bravery and skill of Miltiades and Themistocles — the justice and moderation of Aristides?"

"True, and what then?"

"Was it because they pleased that they are thus remembered, or was it because of the virtuous resolution which dictated their conduct?"

"The last, of course: but what has this to do with a tragedy?"

"It has much to do with it. If we represent examples of virtue on the stage, or express virtuous sentiments, we address ourselves to all hearts; because none are so base as not to admire virtue, even if they do not themselves practise it: whereas considerable difference of opinion may exist as to the spirit, grace, and harmony of our diction. If, therefore, I were an author, I would endeavour so to write as to awaken the love of virtue in my hearers; and that being common to all men, unless I wrote *very* badly; I think I should both deserve the prize and obtain it."

The cheek of the poet glowed as his young friend spoke. "Thou art a better poet than I am, Socrates; at least, a more philosophical one. Though it is ten years since I first wrote for the stage, thou has looked deeper into the matter than I have done. I believe thou art right, and will try to deserve and get the prize in thy fashion. More than once, when we have been listening to Anaxagoras, I have fancied that the stage might be made the means of incul-

cating much of his philosophy. Let us try whether some such plan might not be carried out with good effect. Wilt thou help me to write a drama that shall come up to thy notion of merit?" *

"But I shall think of a higher prize than the goat."

"No matter; we will forget that, if thou wilt: what prize wouldst thou have?"

Socrates raised his eyes to heaven, and remained fixed in deep thought. Criton looked at him, and led Euripides a little aside. "We must not disturb him now," he said: "his soul is communing with that unseen world which is perceivable by our reason, but not by our senses. It is not the first time that I have seen him thus rapt; and sometimes I have thought, when I have heard the wisdom which has flowed from lips so young, that he did indeed enjoy the benefit of a divine communion, and have listened to his words almost as to an oracle."

The friends walked on, but Socrates remained motionless: the soul had for the time left the body without the requisite guidance, and all movement and sense seemed at an end, save the mere mechanical act of breathing. The talkers passed and repassed, but he neither heard nor saw them.† Philoxenos at last approached, and tapped him on the shoulder; "Come, Socrates," said he, "it is getting dark: I have not see thee for many a day; come home with me for once, and see thy old neighbours."

Thus roused, the young man awoke from his

* See Note CXVII. † See Note CXVIII.

reverie; and after looking round for a moment, as if to recover his place on earth again, he replied kindly to the friendly tradesman, "What Philoxenos? my excellent neighbour, dost thou still remember such an idle fellow as I am? Thou gavest me good advice as to my worldly prospects, but I have followed my own fancies, and as thou seest, my tunic is thread-bare, and I am a poor man still."

"Ay, so I told thee it would be," said Philoxenos, taking a view of him from head to foot: "these young nobles are but scurvy pay-masters."

"Nay, say not so of the noble Criton: but what if I would not be paid? what if I hold my services too high to be either sold or purchased?"

"Why, thou strange lad! thou dost not mean to say that thou hast refused Criton's money?"

"Yes, I do; farther than the food I swallow, I want nothing; why, then, should I sell what is beyond price? — my free spirit — my consciousness of independence?"

"True, true; that is a good Athenian spirit; but why not, then, follow my first advice, and pursue thy sculpture?"

"Philoxenos, if the Great King were to offer thee a large salary to go and reside at his court to exercise thy trade, — to leave Athens and the Dionysia, and the sweet tongue of Greece, — wouldst thou go?"

"What makes thee ask the question?"

"No matter, — wouldst thou go?"

"Not till the Dionysia were over, at any rate; and it would be very disagreeable not to understand

what people were saying to me; it is so pleasant to ramble out thus and talk to all we meet with. I don't think I would go."

"And dost thou imagine it would be pleasanter to my mind to quit the lofty contemplations of philosophy which I delight in, for the dull work of a shop? I, too, like to talk with people that can understand me."

"But what good does philosophy do thee, after all?"

"I must answer that by another question,— what good does thy shop do thee?"

"Oh, that is easy enough to tell; it affords me a good maintenance."

"And what is a good maintenance?"

"Why, enough to eat and drink, and clothing for me and my family, of course."

"And if it should afford more than thou wantest for these purposes, what then?"

"Then I should put it in my coffer and be rich."

"And thy riches?—they could not give thee more than food and raiment, — what good would they do thee?"

"I should get more consideration among my fellow citizens."

"But is the consideration given to thy coffer paid to thee? Methinks if I were to steal thy money cleverly, so as to avoid detection, and grow rich thereupon, the same consideration would be paid to me."

"Perhaps it might."

"And when thou diest, canst thou carry the coffer with thee?"

"No, no; I shall not want it then."

"Then if my philosophy teaches me to want none of this consideration, and to care nothing for gold, which I can neither eat nor drink, nor carry away with me when I leave this world, and if in meantime I have the needful food and raiment for the preservation of life, and am therewith content, it gives me as much as thy shop can do; and instead of labouring at a business I do not care for, I spend my time to my own satisfaction, I am the best off of the two, my good friend."

"Ay, ay, that is thy fashion always; thou wilt have the last word, and the best of the argument; but thou art a good lad for all that. Come; if thou carest not much what thy food is, thou wilt not find the difference, it may be, between mine and Criton's table. Will Euripides exhibit again? Thou wast with him I saw."

"Not this time, I fancy. Didst thou see his former piece?"

"Yes; there were some fine things in it, but he is not up to Sopohcles yet. I love to see one of *his* tragedies; even when we cannot understand exactly what he means, it is pleasant to listen to the very sound of the words. Oh! Sophocles is the poet for me!" and the good fuller broke forth with the splendid chorus of Ὦ *φάος ἀγνὸν* from the Electra, which he had stored up in his memory, adding, "That, now, is what I call poetry, lad."

"And what sayest thou to Aristarchus?" *

* See Note CXIX.

"I cannot remember any of his verses."

By this time they had nearly reached the quarter where Socrates had formerly dwelt; and as they approached, he was greeted by the rough loud voice of Metrodoros, the smith; "So Socrates, my boy, thy Mercury is finished! I have been to look at it, and truly I have no fault to find now."

"Thanks to thee; thy correction was a good one."

"Ay, ay; I think I ought to know something about legs. I have not fashioned armour so long without knowing how a man looks when he is standing up like a man. Hast thou seen Pheidias's figures on the shield of the goddess? People told me that one of the warriors there was meant for Pericles, and I went to see it; and sure enough it is so, for he has put him in that very suit of armour that I made for him three years ago; he wore it in his last expedition. Pheidias has not shown the face, but I would swear to the helmet and the leg; that *is* a leg! Wast thou by when the gold was weighed, Socrates?"

"No, I only heard of it."

"I was there. I would thou hadst seen Pericles when he stood back and pointed to the scale; thou wouldst have seen then how a man that *is* a man ought to stand."

"And how am I to know who is a man that *is* a man?"

"Why, when thou seest a man look thee in the face, and stand up *so*," exclaimed the armourer, throwing himself into a rude imitation of the

bearing of the great orator, "I say he is an honest man."

"And a man that *is* a man, is an *honest* man, then? Thy definition is a good one, Metrodoros, and I will try myself to be always a man in thy estimation."

CHAP. XXIII.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE DIONYSIA.

THE long-looked-for day arrived at last, and the women's apartments of every house in Athens were in a state of eager and bustling occupation. It was the first of the great festival of Bacchus, and the procession by torchlight was to take place in the evening.* In the houses of the great, mothers were preparing to deck their daughters in their best array, and anxiously instructing them as to the deportment they were to assume in the procession, where they were to have the honour of carrying the sacred baskets on their heads. Jewels that only saw the light on such occasions were drawn from the coffers; tunics and veils with edges embroidered in gold, and tiaras of delicate Egyptian workmanship, were gazed at and admired by wondering slaves, who on this day were released from their daily occupations, and shared with their mistresses in the decision of the important affairs of the toilet; while many a gossiping tale picked up in the shops of the city, was circulated to divert the despoina, and keep her in happy humour.

The wife of Menippos, proud of the beauty of her Chloe, had obtained permission to send for her home on this occasion. Her nurse and a confidential

* See Note CXX.

eunuch had been sent to attend her; and as they now entered the apartment where the despoina and her women had already displayed on all the tables and couches round, the splendid dress, and necklace and bracelets which were to adorn the fair girl, the whole party broke forth into exclamations at her beauty.

"By Aphrodite! is she not handsome?" cried the nurse, who seemed to consider the beauty of her nursling as a credit to herself: "and won't she look lovely in the procession?"

"Yes, yes," replied the mother: "my Chloe will nôt be forgotten by many a youth who will see her to-night. She will have to carry her basket to Diana next."

"What am I wanted for, mother?" asked Chloe: "and what is this display of ornaments for?"

"To deck thee, my child. I have at length prevailed with thy father to let thee be among the Canephoræ to-night. I had hard work to persuade him, but then he is always so obstinate, and fancies that I know nothing; but I would not let him rest till he promised that thou should'st have leave to go, if thou would'st. Thou mayst guess I was not slow in sending for thee. He has been shamefully slow in providing a husband for thee; but now, my child, we will have things our own way. I can well remember the time when I walked in the procession: I was married within a month, for nobody had seen me till then, and I was at that time such as thou art now. We are sad slaves, we poor women: men can choose wives when they are old fellows; but if we miss the golden opportunity, we have no after chance;

and our time is so short! truly, we have need not to slumber over our affairs: and so, child, the bath is ready, and we are all here to help adorn thee; and to-night we shall all be on the top of the house with plenty of torches, and then we shall see how beautiful thou wilt look, and how all the young men will be striving to get a sight of thee."

"But, mother," said Chloe, as soon as the good dame's volubility had somewhat exhausted itself, "my father said I *might* go, I think; it was no command of his that I *should* go, — was it?"

"Command? no! I had trouble enough to worry him into granting the permission even. Oh, trust me, when I have set my heart upon a thing, I would hammer out my will from a stone. But he *has* given his permission, dear, and he cannot draw back now, for thou art here, and we will not let him enter our rooms to-night; and besides, he is out, I think, and very likely will not come back for some hours. The bath is ready, dear, — come."

"But, mother," resumed Chloe, with a graver air, and without advancing from the spot where she stood: "I was with thee two years ago, and saw the procession pass; I have a lively recollection of what I then saw, and I like it not."

"What? what likest thou not?" exclaimed the mother, looking at her in astonishment.

"I like not the drunken, disorderly rout, and — and — it is all very odious, I think."

"But it is a religious ceremony, child: it represents the march of Bacchus: no one will do thee any harm."

"Methinks it is harm enough to see and hear all that is uttered and done on this occasion."

"I tell thee, child it is a part of the ceremony. Why, we all see it and hear it, over and over again, and what are we the worse? and besides, dost thou never intend to be married?"

"No, not if I am to be married within a month to some one whom I know nothing of, and who knows nothing of me."

"O, Juno and all ye goddesses! is it a modest Athenian maiden that I hear! what wouldst thou have? wouldst thou make trial of thy future husband beforehand? Pretty notions thy philosophy has taught thee, indeed! I told Menippos, when he would have thee taught all this nonsense, that it would come to no good: and see," added she, addressing herself to the nurse, "this impudent little hussey is thinking already of choosing a husband for herself: heaven knows what she may have done already! Oh these men, that fancy they know every thing, make strange work when they begin to interfere in the house!"

"Nay, now deary!" said the nurse, who saw the despoina's rising anger; come with me"—and she threw her arms caressingly about her foster child,—"come with me, and let me tell thee all about it."

Chloe understood the kind intention, and suffered herself to be led into the next apartment; and then the good-natured nurse began a lecture on the advantages to be gained by yielding to the wishes of the despoina.

"Now, deary!" exclaimed she, "wouldst thou not like to be admired by all the beautiful young gentlemen in Athens? and thou knowest they always

join the procession at this time on purpose to look at the pretty Canephoræ. They affect to be drunk, cunning fellows! because then they can come nearer; but they have their wits about them as well as I have: and then to-morrow people will see written up all over the city, καλη Chloe; and garlands will be hung at the door *, and we shall all be so proud."

Chloe smiled at the good nurse's style of persuasion. "I am no stranger to the beautiful young gentlemen of Athens, nurse, so I need not go to see them all drunk, or affecting to be so; the affectation of drunkenness seems to me the worst of the two, indeed, for the really drunk do and say offensive things unknowingly; but the others do it knowingly and intentionally; and as for marrying, nurse, to lead such a life as my mother does, heaven defend me from such a misfortune! But dear nurse, do go and find out whether my father really is from home; I must see him."

"Oh dear! oh dear! to think that my own child should be so perverse! Is not the despoina as happy as the day is long, with plenty of slaves to wait upon her, and jewels and fine clothes?"

"Well, if my mother is happy, I am very glad of it; but we must all be happy in our own way, or it is no happiness at all; and I must see my father; dear nurse, do go and see if he is within."

"Oh, but Chloe, dear!—I will look for him, indeed;—but do be persuaded: only think how many are wishing to be in thy place: all the noble young ladies of Athens are proud to be among the Canephoræ."

* See Note CXXI.

"And the beautiful young gentlemen among the — don't urge me any more, nurse, — I will not go. If my mother is angry, I cannot help it."

"But, my child, I shall be beaten for thy fault."

"My poor nurse! no, that must not be: if I could but see my father."

"The shrill and rather angry voice of the despoina here interrupted the conference. "Come, Chloe, child, thou wilt be too late; come along."

"But, mother, I know nothing about what is expected of me on this occasion. I shall misconduct myself."

"Oh, nonsense! nothing is easier. Thou must put the basket on thy head and carry it thus, seest thou? and thou must look down all the time, like a modest maiden that has not been accustomed to go abroad; and if any of the young men come up close to look at thee, thou must not seem to know it, but go on with a steady, measured step, thus,"— and the dame put herself in the proper attitude. "There, now! it is all easy enough. Come to the bath, now, and then we will colour thy cheeks *, that thou mayst be fit to appear by torchlight, when thy veil is lifted by the wind, or by some of the fauns who mean to see what is beneath;" and as she spoke, the fair girl was surrounded by the eager slave girls, who were as much delighted with the hope of dressing their young mistress as children are with a new doll; and they hurried her off to the bath.

Meantime the nurse, unable to resist the solicitations of her favourite, had been to the porter to ascertain if his master was out, and arrived at the

* See Note CXXII.

gate just time enough to see Menippos enter accompanied by his general.

"I suppose thy people, like mine, are all set free to-day," said Pericles, struck by the unusual sight of a female in the court-yard. "If the Dionysia did nothing worse than that, I would not find fault with the festival — those poor women have a miserable life in their prisons, and yet, strange to say, they like it, and think it an absolute crime should any one strive to emancipate them. That love of mankind for what is habitual, even though it be a privation, is among the most extraordinary of the anomalies of human nature."

Menippos smiled. "The love of dominion is at the bottom of it all. Our women had rather rule in the Gynæceum than leave it, and find themselves less despotic. My wife, to do her justice, is among the most domestic of the Athenian matrons, but she is as spiteful as a wild cat on her own ground."

The warriors walked on — the nurse hastily ran back again, and found Chloe just leaving the bath, while the despoina was waiting in the next room with all the impatience of a mother's pride, — the necklace in her hands, just ready to be tied on, and the sparkling clasps of the robe arranged on the table before her.

The nurse pressed through the female slaves who were crowded round their young mistress, and whispered one word in her ear. "Tell my mother I will come to her presently," said Chloe, as soon as she had heard the intelligence thus conveyed, and ere the astonished attendants could impede or follow her, she ran lightly along the passage towards her father's

apartments, and meeting the steward in her way, bade him conduct her to his master. The slave stared in astonishment at so strange a request, but led the way in silence, and ushered her at once into the aulé, where Pericles was walking up and down the colonnade, with his lieutenant, in grave conversation.

"What, my child, — thou here!" said Menippos, looking up as she approached, — "what would'st thou?"

"I would escape from walking in the odious procession of to-night," said she, kissing her father's hand; and then looking at Pericles as she spoke, as if to entreat his interference, she added, "My mother says that I must be one of the canephoræ, but I would much rather return to my mistress, and spend the evening there. *She* will not have any thing to do with the business I know, and I think *I* ought not. It is a detestable ceremony."

"Thy daughter speaks truly, Menippos," said Pericles; "it *is* a detestable ceremony; and I cannot see how any woman with the least claim to modesty or delicacy can be present at it. I avoid it myself, so disgusting is it: for years I have never been present either at the procession or the comedies. Take her back again to Aspasia thyself: on this wild day she will scarcely be safe under any other protection, and I am sure she will be much better employed with her than in leading the way for the beastly symbols which are paraded on this occasion — the appropriate ensigns of Bacchus."

"Be it so," said Menippos; "I gave my consent unwillingly; merely for peace sake."

"But my poor nurse, father; she must not be beaten for telling me that thou wast returned."

"No, no; set thy mind at ease — no harm shall come to her — I will send for her to accompany thee."

Meantime, the women who had attended Chloe to the bath returned to their mistress with the astounding news that her daughter had run unveiled along the passage to the master's apartments, and they knew not whither she was gone.

"Down the passage to the door of the men's apartments, sayest thou?" exclaimed the despoina; "Oh, the abandoned baggage! this is what comes of philosophy! Now her father will see who was right: oh yes, *I* am a fool, and know nothing: but let him have his own way! when his daughter is disgraced in the eyes of all Athens, he will be satisfied perhaps." At this moment the steward appeared, and called for Chloe's nurse. "What dost thou want with her, fellow? Where is thy young mistress?"

"She is with my master — he bade me fetch the nurse to accompany her, because he is going to take her out with him."

"Out with him! O, Juno! what will he do next? There! go, nurse! *I* am nobody, — *I* cannot have the control of my own daughter: the little impudent minx! but I will let both him and her know that there is a mistress in the house. Give me my veil: I will go myself and tell him something of my mind," and sallying from her apartment with a stately step, followed by the nurse, she proceeded to the aulé, where Pericles and Menippos were

still conversing, while Chloe hung on her father's shoulder and listened.

The despoina paused as the door opened — her daughter standing with her father and another man, and seeming to drink in the discourse with both ears and eyes! Who could the stranger be? for so religiously had the good lady observed the custom of Athens, which forbade the females of the family to cross the threshold except for religious purposes, that the noble features of the son of Xanthippus were unknown to her. And then a new apprehension presented itself, — for the sight of one of the other sex excited but one idea in her mind, — she fancied that her husband was going to dispose of her daughter in marriage without her knowledge or consent: accordingly, it was in a tone of concentrated passion that she asked, what was meant by these unusual proceedings?

Menippos, who saw the signs of an approaching domestic hurricane, shook off his daughter; and bidding the nurse remain with her, took his wife by the arm, and led her back to the room from which she had just issued. "The meaning," said he, "is, that I do not wish my daughter to be constrained to do what she does not approve. She does not wish to attend the procession, and I admire her determination. Let those attend it who think the language and gestures of drunken men fit entertainment for the eyes and ears of modest young women."

"So, so! then I am to be reckoned among those who know nothing of what is proper for modest young women."

"Yes."

"And yet it was thy good pleasure to choose me for thy wife from among the Canephoræ."

"Yes," because I was caught by a pretty face, and knew not what it was to have a foolish woman in my house to plague me. Hadst thou known how to educate thy children, my poor Areté might have been with us still. There! go to thy slaves and spin,—that is thy proper place,—and do not exhibit folly to my guests."

"And thy guest, I suppose, is to have thy daughter without the least notice as to what I think of it. I shall not be permitted to deck the bridal chamber, even of my own child."

"The bridal chamber, woman! what art thou thinking of? why, thou art sillier even than I imagined. That guest is Pericles, the Strategos!* Go to thy spinning, go, and do not interfere in what thou canst not understand."

"The despoina was silent, for the name of Pericles was known to her in consequence of the gossip of the town, which had penetrated even into the gynæceum; and besides, she knew that her husband held an appointment under him; but still unable to divest herself of the only care of an Athenian matron with a marriageable daughter, she considered that Pericles had a son approaching manhood;—and what else was there in life to talk about? Doubtless a matrimonial treaty was going on between the two fathers, and the splendour of the match reconciled her to the small confidence shown to herself. She grew calm; and with an humble acknowledgment that he was master and

* See Note CXXIII.

knew best what was right, she suffered him to withdraw, contenting herself with listening at the door to hear what was passing. But here she was puzzled, for the conversation was of elections and of laws, — of Megara and Lacedæmon — of harbour dues and tribute, — and amidst all these strange subjects she was utterly bewildered.

"They are talking nonsense to make a fool of me," muttered she; "but I will be even with them, and Menippos will be a wiser man than I take him to be, if he contrives to marry his daughter without my knowledge. Oh, he thinks me a fool, but he shall find that I am not to be cheated. Well! to be sure marriages were made in a different fashion in my time; but as long as people marry, and marry well, I don't know that it much matters how. But to run off so, to assist in discussing her own marriage! that really is very improper: and the young lady, too, who was so nice that she could not bear the sight of the procession! — the young hypocrite! I remember when I was betrothed to Menippus, I never raised my eyes from the ground, nor said a word for or against it. Ay, ay, in my time there was no talk of philosophy among women; but now! well, certainly, the girls do get husbands, nevertheless; and to be sure, one must be content to bear something for the honour of an alliance with Pericles" — and thus the good dame soliloquised and listened by turns, till all was silent in the aulé; and then she returned to the apartment which she had quitted, and in reply to the inquiries of the women, threw out hints of a great marriage in the course of arrangement, and heard and decided petitions on their part as to which of them

should accompany their young mistress to her new home, and for a time enjoyed all the dignity of a mother about to marry her daughter into a distinguished family.

That night the gossip of the town circulated rapidly among the female population assembled on the terraced roofs of the houses: the despoina, full of her new expectations, questioned the matron of the next mansion, who happened to be placed near her, as to the family and domestic arrangements of Pericles, and was confirmed in her delusion by hearing that he never either joined in the procession, or attended the comedies, though the magistrates in general did so: and then, in the plenitude of her satisfaction, she exclaimed, "Ay, now I see why my husband would not let my girl walk among the Canephoræ."

"Indeed!" cried the other matron: "not let thy daughter walk among the Canephoræ! I should like to see the man that dared say such a thing to me."

"Yes, but I could see something of a reason, and so I yielded."

"What reason *could* he give?"

"Why, he did not tell me in precise words, but I guessed: thou knowest as well as I, that we are not such fools as the men take us for. But thou must not say a word of this."

"Not a word; I am as secret as the tomb: but thou hast told me nothing as yet; what didst thou guess?"

"Why, Pericles the strategos and my husband have been talking together all this morning: I was just going to dress my girl when they sent for her, and then I was told that she did not like to walk in

the procession, and was not to go. Now you see Xanthippos, the eldest son of Pericles, is just about the right age for my girl; rather too young, perhaps, but then it is such a fine match!"

"O, Juno! to think! — well! with so many girls of higher rank in Athens!"

"Rank? my good lady, *my* daughter is of a rank to satisfy any man; and then her beauty, and her talents;" for notwithstanding the despoina's hatred of philosophy, still she was proud of her daughter's proficiency.

"Talents, indeed! — yes, pretty talents she is likely to gain from Pericles' Ionian mistress! Look sharp to thy daughter, my good friend; for I have heard from very good authority that it is not always for the company of Aspasia herself that the great man frequents her house. It is well if the marriage thou hast been dreaming of do not turn out to be a less creditable arrangement with the father, instead of an alliance with the son. Menippos is the great man's lieutenant, ha! ha! ha! — How could he refuse any thing to his general?"

"Thou infamous woman, how darest thou utter such things? This is all sheer envy and jealousy."

"Nay, nay, my good lady, do not put thyself in a passion, for if thou dost thou wilt never be cool any more, since I only utter what is said by all Athens. Thy husband understands how to rise in the world, that is all, ha! ha! ha!" and she laughed sneeringly.

The despoina burst into tears of anger and vexation, and screamed some almost inarticulate words of passionate denial of the foul charge; to which her

tormentor only replied with the calm incredulity which is so provoking to the aggrieved person, and but for the approach of the procession, the consequences might have been serious; but this suspended at once the war of tongues.

"See, see!" exclaimed the matron of the next house: "there are the Canephoræ! How lovely my Leucippe looks! Come hither," said she, calling a favourite slave to her side, "who is that young man in a goatskin who is reeling so close to her?"—and placing her ear close to hear the whispered answer, she continued, "Glaucon is it? he is rich and noble. Look at my neighbour there," added she, pointing to the despoina; "how envious she is now of my girl. She has got it in her head that Xanthippos, the son of Pericles, is to marry her daughter —a boy!—and so to please the father, she is kept away from the procession. What fools some people make of themselves, not to see that the father is more likely to think of himself than his young son! Ay, ay, we shall hear a child squalling in the next house some day, with no father to own it. Toss your torches higher, there; you do not give light enough," cried she, calling to the slaves around: "Let my Leucippe be seen."

The procession moved on amid shouts and ribald jests: the disgusting symbolic ensigns of Bacchus, carried by young men on long poles, followed the Canephoræ, and the bearers waved them high towards the women on the roofs, who greeted the favourite jest of the Dionysia with loud laughter; while the wife of Menippos,—the pattern of Athenian proprieties,—wept that her daughter was not present!

CHAP. XXIV.

THE DRAMA.

THE sun rose bright and clear, and very soon the seats of the great theatre of Bacchus were filled from top to bottom with eager spectators. Not a citizen of Athens was prevented from attending; since, though the expenses of the buildings and decorations required some payment on the part of the audience, yet by a regulation made a few years back, the poorer sort received from the state a sum sufficient to pay their entrance money — a donation commonly known by the title of the theoricon.

This arrangement led to a large attendance of the lower class of citizens; and to this circumstance, perhaps, not only the character of many of the pieces represented may be owing, but in part also that of the people, so strangely made up of taste and sensuality, refinement and coarseness; for the same populace who applauded the exhibition of scenes which the worst classes of the most corrupt city in modern Europe would hardly tolerate on the stage, listened also to the sublime strains of tragedians whose poetry has all the chastened elegance, joined to deep pathos, which the most fastidious taste could require. The vanquished soldiers of Nicias in after years won their lives and freedom by their recitation of the verses of Euripides, so deeply was the meanest Athenian citizen imbued with the spirit of poesy by

these dramatic exhibitions; and never, probably, did poet receive, never can he again receive, such a homage. What, indeed, was the applause of a theatre, or of a world, compared to the thanks of those humble men, when at their return they marched in a body to his house to express their gratitude to their deliverer, as much for their children, who but for him would have been fatherless, as for themselves;—it was a homage worthy of a god.

It was in this theatre, thus profaned and sanctified by turns, that the whole population of Athens, and a large sprinkling from all the other cities of Greece — for the payment of the tribute at this period helped to assemble many strangers — listened from early morning till evening to the deep pathos of Sophocles and his rival tragedians, relieved by the coarse buffooneries and gross personalities of Hermippos and Cratinos: for the Athenians were gluttons in amusement, and four or five pieces were represented in a day, with only a pause between for the taking the necessary refreshment, many of the poorer sort even carrying their coarse meal with them, and eating it in the theatre.

The character of the writers may give a clue to the nature of the pieces represented on this occasion. It was well known that the refined taste of Pericles shrunk from the rude coarseness of the old Athenian comedy, and that of course he would not be present on this occasion; and it may be guessed that the voluptuary Hermippos and the drunkard Cratinos would be glad of the chance of venting their dislike of him, when there was no fear that his eye might awe the actors, or excite the audience to express dis-

pleasure; for the scene at the weighing of the gold had made the opposite party more cautious than formerly.

It would be a needless pain, both to the writer and the reader, were any detailed account of the subject of the comedies, or the dresses of the actors, attempted. When it is recollected that the drama itself was originally nothing but a supposed dance of drunken satyrs, singing songs suited to such an occasion *, the imagination may well fill up the blank with a sufficient abstract idea of grossness and obscenity without going into particulars. That men could be found to write, to act, and to witness such pieces, may astonish more refined tastes; but so it was in Athens; and Pericles was probably almost the only one of the citizens of that singular city who constantly absented himself from these gross representations.

The opportunity was a good one, and it was artfully used: all that the gossips of the city, ever ready to detract from excellence, had so eagerly propagated respecting Aspasia, was brought out in allusions not to be mistaken; the personal appearance of Pericles was ridiculed; his high and intellectual brow, it seems, was not in the fashion of the gymnasia; and his supposed love of power and his "long head" were connected in a series of clever puns; he was *the head κατ' εξοχην*, and storms and thunders were engendered in that vast cavity †; his careful management of his property was ridiculed as parsimony and want of hospitality; his warm attachment to Aspasia, which he never affected to disguise, was

* See Note CXXIV. † See Note CXXV.

commented on as if it had been a disgraceful connection; and Aspasia herself, it was hinted, taught other lessons than those of philosophy to the young girls entrusted to her tuition. The people laughed, for the allusions were cleverly made, and the puns were good; and what cared they for morality? What Pericles might feel as a stinging wrong — and his enemies knew that — the people only considered as a good joke. The law of Athens, which made a marriage with any but a citizen illegal, and which doomed the children of such marriages to be sold for slaves, if rigorously enforced, had made concubinage so common that no discredit was attached to it: what mattered it, then, if Aspasia were the mistress of Pericles? — He had given the state two legitimate sons; he was at liberty now to please himself. Thus the very lack of moral principle, which prevented the charges made against the great minister from appearing a matter of any consequence, led also to the ready belief of them, and Pericles was not liked the worse, perhaps, for being, as they thought, no better than his neighbours. The purity of his life would have been a tacit reproach to so many — how pleasant, then, was it to be told that he, too, did like other people, and found his philosophy no bar to sensual indulgence.

Persons readily believe what they wish, and Cratinos and Hermippos gained their point. Their calumnies were received as truths then, and what is more remarkable, and shows how much alike men have always been, even in a more critical age, the coarse buffooneries of the comic poets have been received as stronger evidence than that of the philosophic his-

torian, who has borne such disinterested testimony to the noble integrity and pure mind of that highly gifted man. How little could even Hermippos and Cratinos have then divined that their spiteful and clever satire, got up merely for a political occasion, would for ages damn the fair fame of two of the greatest minds that the Creator ever sent into the world to do his appointed work.

Evening came, and young Charmides, who had been in the theatre the chief of the day, returned to his father's house weary and disgusted. He entered the workshop where the unwearied sculptor was still retouching one of the noble creations of his art, and throwing himself on a seat, exclaimed, "Father, I would that thy hand had never consecrated the worship of *such* gods! They look superhuman, and yet they do but serve to mask the foulness of the popular superstition, for they are not divine, and the mind that clings to their tangible form still grovels upon earth. Would that thou hadst never profaned the Supreme by attempting an image of Him!"

"And why so, my son? Can we not separate in our minds the all-pervading Spirit from the work of our own hands? We do but represent the highest perfection of form in order to lead the heart upwards to the highest perfection of mind."

"No, no; it does not lead the heart upwards; it binds it down to earth, else had thy noble works purified the minds of the Athenians. I have this day heard every thing that is pure and holy scoffed at, and the actor and the sentiment, it seemed, were alike applauded! Father! we shall suffer for this in the end."

"But what has excited this passionate feeling in thee, my son?"

"What I have seen and heard in the theatre to-day. I can guess at the object of the calumnious attacks made on Pericles and his friends. Thou wast not spared, father, any more than the rest; for Hermippos is of the aristocratic party, and the elections are approaching. But the people applauded: they applauded, too, in proportion to the grossness of language and gesture with which these changes were made. Truly the actors had been well tutored, for they contrived to give point and meaning even to words which, when repeated, might seem innocent. Oh! it was disgusting—disgraceful!"

"And what could they say against me?"

"Oh, a good deal of the old accusation of peculation, and things were hinted, and, as I tell you, expressed in gesture, so as to leave little to repeat, and yet the impression was made. For instance, the visits of Pericles to a certain sculptor were alluded to; that was innocent enough; but then the actor suggested, by his tone and gestures, that these visits were for vile purposes — that thy house was a scene of licentious orgies. It put me past my patience, and yet there was nothing to be done."

"It will not be believed; thou sawest what was the result of the last attempted calumny; it only set me higher in the opinion of all."

"I am not sure of that. When much dirt is thrown, there is a chance that some will stick, and I will own that these repeated attacks make me uneasy. I think from the tone of those about me that

many believed, at any rate, a part of the vile insinuations. To the chief of them I was unknown, and I heard many disagreeable observations made on the sums spent in the decoration of the public buildings. There were allusions in the comedy to the slow progress of the long walls*; and I heard many remarks on the partiality of Pericles in squandering what ought to be spent on the defences of the city, in ornamental works for the sake of employing thee, as a convenient way of paying the minister of his vices without impoverishing himself. And yet these remarks were made jestingly, as if the speakers did not consider the charge by any means as a heavy one: but what vexes me is, that the charge is, to a certain degree, believed."

"I am older than thou art, my son, and not quite so easily excited. All this will blow over, I doubt not, as it often has done before. Still I think Pericles ought to know what is passing, and I will take the first opportunity of informing him. It is against him that these shafts are levelled, not against me. Stand up, my boy, and put thy foot thus; I meant to give a final touch to the muscle here, and truly thou art no bad model."

"I am too weary and too angry for a god, father," said Charmides, as he put himself in the required position. "What a mockery is all this! Socrates was right to give up the chisel as he did."

"Has he given it up, then?" said the sculptor, quietly pursuing his work: "that is a pity, for he was a promising young man, and his last works have

* See Note CXXVI.

considerable merit. There was something particularly pleasing in his group of the veiled Graces; the conception too was good, for female grace certainly is improved by drapery, and he has managed the folds with great skill. And why has he given up the chisel?"

"Because he thinks as I do, I believe, that human hands cannot create gods, and he is ashamed of ministering to the superstitions of the vulgar. His Graces, indeed, are a beautiful conception, and form a charming allegory; but a sculptor who would live by his art must execute what is ordered."

"The vulgar, my son, cannot understand the refinements of philosophy. Something tangible they must and will have, and I consider myself as having done them some service by giving them, at least, a sublimer conception of the forms which they cannot overpass. If they will have visible gods, it is, at least, better that they should be such as I have given them, than the Hermai which still disgrace our streets."

"But the time was, father, when the people could be devout without this aid. At Dodona, I have been told, it was long ere any visible image profaned the temple."*

"So I have heard also: but the very fact that this spiritualised worship was abandoned, shows that the ignorant cannot philosophize. The desirable and the practicable are two very different things, and as we advance in life, we learn how few of our visions of perfection can be realised."

* See Note CXXVII.

"Perhaps; but it is glorious to have such visions, and I shall be very sorry if ever age should spoil mine. And now the god's ankle is perfect — is it, father?" continued he, seeing the sculptor lay down his tool, — "and I have contributed to make Jupiter! — a proper object of popular worship! — I laugh, father," continued the youth more gravely, "and yet it is no laughing matter, for in truth I am unhappy about all this. Either all the lessons I have learned are wrong, and we are the creatures of a blind chance — *thou*, father, the creature of chance? — can that be? — or if not so, if we be endued with all these fine perceptions by a creating MIND which has framed the universe, then we have some object to pursue better than the mere beasts that eat, propagate their kind, and die; and what object is so noble as truth?"

"Thou sayest well, my son; it is by the pursuit of truth only that we are distinguished from the beasts, and the vulgar who are scarcely better."

"But, father, why are the vulgar scarcely better than the beasts? Is it not because they have not been taught to know and love the truth — because they believe and worship a lie? And does not thy marvellous art serve to render this lie all the more attractive? Thou hast the truth thyself, and thou lockest it away from the hungry; or, what is worse, thou feedest their craving mouths with poison. O father, father! there is mischief in all this; for money, for fame, thou lendest thy aid to form gods that thou dost not thyself believe in, and thou art, therefore, held to be a mercenary, immoral scoffer, and thy name is bandied about as a mark of scorn among the popu-

lace, while young Socrates, who boldly avows the opinions which thou holdest in secret, and who, therefore, will not exercise his art, but has embraced poverty rather than sell his conscience, is loved and respected," — and the youth burst into a fit of passionate tears.

Pheidias looked at him for a moment in silence: there was much in the appeal that moved him; but the pride of the unrivalled sculptor was stronger than all, and he quietly replied, "Socrates, my son, has surpassed no rivals; he is not envied; yet," added he, laying his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder, "thy enthusiasm pleases me well; age will cool its exuberance, but it is the outbreak of a noble feeling, and I envy its purity. Were I now as young as thou art, I will not answer for it that I might not have done as thou sayest thy friend Socrates has done; but now, in the full possession of all that my highest ambition could desire, conscious of a power that leaves nearly all my competitors in the back ground, I cannot draw back. My art is my mistress, Charmides, dearer to me, indeed, than any mistress could ever be, because it is an intellectual pleasure that it gives me."

"If it were only that, father," replied the youth, "thy art would be to me what it is to thee, were it only art; but the art is profaned by the use to which others put it. I can admire thy splendid conceptions, but when I see incense offered before them, I compare them with the Eternal Mind, to whom alone such homage is due, and then how poor do *they* appear! I *could* worship Aspasia herself, for there is a mind in her that seems almost a divine emanation,

but when her features only are impressed on the ivory — when I am asked to bow before the tooth of an elephant, fashioned only by the hand of a man into a resemblance of a fair woman — then I feel disgusted. Father, we are paltering with great truths, and we shall suffer for it."

Pheidias looked earnestly at his son's gleaming countenance radiant with the high thoughts of the moment, and replied gravely, "If I believed in any such thing as a divine afflatus, I should think thee at this moment inspired, my child; for thou hast swayed my mind more than I thought had been possible at my age. What a tangled skein is man's life! how difficult to unravel! But we will talk further of this. In meantime bid the slave put our supper in his basket; we will go and eat it with Aspasia, and thou shalt tell thine own tale as to what thou hast seen and heard to-day."

CHAP. XXV.

A MATRIMONIAL INTERVIEW.

ONE morning as Hipparete was listlessly reclining on her couch, and her favourite slave was fanning and amusing her with all the gossip of Athens, which flowed in plentifully from the intercommunication of the slaves at the morning market, Euangelos, the steward, tapped at the door, and his voice was soon heard announcing to the slave who opened it, that his master craved a conference with her mistress in his own apartments.

"Juno!" exclaimed Hipparete hastily — "what can he want?" and then she added peevishly — "Why am I to be summoned to him? why does not he come to me?"

"My lord has not explained his wishes farther," said Euangelos stiffly, "and it was not his servant's business to enquire. Shall I say that the lady Hipparete will wait on him?"

"No; say that the lady Hipparete waits to receive him."

"My lord will scarcely be satisfied with such a message," said the steward gravely; "nor is it his wont, when he has any thing to communicate, to say it in the presence of a pack of idle slave girls."

"Idle slave girls, indeed!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once; "go and look to thy idle slave fellows, and call us no names. Ass! hast thou no more

respect for our mistress than to show thy ugly face here?"

"I know I am no favourite here," replied Euangelos with something of a sneer; "my eyes and ears, whatever may be thought of the rest of my person, are far too quick to be agreeable to you damsels, I doubt not; but whilst it is my lord's good pleasure to employ me I shall continue to do his bidding, so please to stand aside and let me hear your lady's reply."

"It is ill done, Euangelos," said Hipparete, "to bandy words thus with my girls, who are only concerned for their mistress's honour. Methinks the answer I gave thee was enough."

"Lady, it is not, and I repeat my request."

"Ah, then, I suppose I *must* go," said Hipparete pettishly; "these requests are very like commands, it seems to me." She rose, and leaning on her slave's arm, was about to proceed with her to the apartment of her husband, when Euangelos, who had waited at the door, interposed.

"Not so, lady, I entreat; my lord desired that no third person should share the conference."

"What? I must not take even my maid to lean upon! What tyranny!"

"Nay, lady, utter not such words; the noble Pericles hath ever sought to make the yoke of marriage light."

"Ah, yes, yes — light enough to himself," said Hipparete half aside to the slaves behind her; "but as I must — well! go before, man, and open the door: I am not in a mood to be kept waiting in the passage."

Euangelos did as he was ordered, and in a moment more Hipparete stood in the presence of Pericles, who had risen to receive her, and with stately courtesy advanced a couch for her use.

"Hipparete," said he after a short pause, "I was anxious to speak with thee alone on matters that none but ourselves ought to hear: pardon me that I have sent for thee hither, but among thy damsels I could not have said what I wish." Hipparete looked anxious, but remained silent. "I have long had reason to think," added he, "that my house was not the abode where thou wast able to find thy happiness; yet hitherto thou hast not seemed inclined to dissolve an union which has not afforded comfort to either thee or me."

Pericles paused, and fixed his keen eye on the countenance of Hipparete, who quailed beneath the glance, and looking down, and playing with the border of her tunic, she replied, "The widow of Hipponicos and the wife of Pericles had a right to expect her house to be placed on a more respectable footing."

"Hipparete, thou hast heard before my reasons for living frugally. He who takes no bribes cannot afford to be extravagant, and none shall say that Pericles supported his household on the dishonourable gains of his office."

"But my dower ——"

"Thy dower — pardon me — I never considered as likely to be long mine. I could not, therefore, venture upon spending it; it has supplied thee, however, with luxuries which I have never allowed myself."

"Not to thyself, perhaps, but thy Aspasia? Oh, never fancy that we live in the Gynæceum and hear nothing."

Pericles' cheek flushed, and his closely compressed lips showed how hard was the task of keeping the mastery over himself; but after a short pause he replied, "Hipparete, thou dost thyself, me, and Aspasia injustice. Those who think fit to profit by her instructions would be mean were they not to repay the value of the time bestowed on them, and the son of Xanthippos has never yet been a beggar; but let that pass: I ask thee now — there can be no interchange of feeling between us, I see — I ask thee now, art thou content to take thy liberty and thy dower?"

"And leave thee free to enjoy thy paramour unimpeded by the presence of a wife? I will think about it."

"Woman!" exclaimed Pericles, unable longer to restrain his anger; "utter not that word again: thou art the mother of my children, and I would not disgrace thee: but —" he paused, and with a strong effort calming his brow and tone continued, "Thou thinkest, then, that no man can visit a woman, under any circumstances, without being her paramour? Is that what thou wouldst say, Hipparete?"

The wife thought at that moment of the visits of Glycon, and she looked down in some embarrassment; but unable to believe that her husband would take the knowledge of such a fact so temperately, she persuaded herself that he was not aware of it; she therefore again looked up, and with a sulky air answered, "Yes."

"Thou feelest assured, then, that neither woman's chastity nor man's honour can survive an hour's communication together."

"I judge only as all Athens judges," replied Hipparete in the same tone.

"And thou canst not believe that thy husband, sober and temperate as thou knowest him to be, can visit a woman without guilt?"

"No; I tell thee, no!" exclaimed Hipparete passionately; for she began to think that he had only sought this interview to justify himself from her suspicions.

"Think yet again. Are there no circumstances in which man and woman may meet without incurring reproach? Can no friendship, no innocence hallow the meeting?"

"This is but idle trifling, sir," said Hipparete rising, "and I came not here to listen to such discourse. Thou wouldst divorce me for the sake of bringing Aspasia to thy house, and now seekest to justify thyself in my eyes, and that of Athens, by affecting a continence for thee and thy paramour which no man ever practises, or woman either."

"This, then, is thy own judgment, Hipparete! Alas, and thou the mother of my Paralos! Thou hast taught me what to think of the visits of the libertine Glycon to thee."

Hipparete turned deadly pale, and sunk with clasped hands at his feet. "I am innocent," she cried; "if he says otherwise, he is a liar and a villain."

"Be patient," replied her husband, "thy 'paramour' has kept thy secret; not a word has reached

my ears from him, though I doubt not others may have known long ago what I have been the last to learn."

"I am innocent," again exclaimed Hipparete, bursting into a passion of tears.

"I was willing to believe it, for I judged from myself," said Pericles. "*I* knew that woman could be pure, and that man could be honourable. But thou, Hipparete, hast judged otherwise; and who, in his judgment of mankind, does not in some measure form it from what he feels within? Though intercourse with a bad world may teach us distrust of men's actions at times, we still feel that others have a like nature — that the heart must respond in some of its throbs to our own; and thou, Hipparete, without having thy mind tainted by the world's intercourse, canst not believe in purity — canst see nothing in human beings but sex — hast nothing but grossness in thy heart, and believest all other hearts like thine own."

"Thou hast bewildered and entangled me with thy accursed philosophy," cried Hipparete in a passion of tears, "and now thou turnest my thoughtless words against myself. Go, ask Glycon if ——"

"Ask Glycon!" exclaimed Pericles; "Canst thou really have so lost thy — head?" continued he, softening his expression. "Thou didst not surely imagine that Pericles would expose himself to the mocks of that disgrace to Athens?"

"Ask my nurse, then, she knows; ask my slaves: Put them to the torture at once, and let them clear my character."*

* See Note CXXVIII.

"Thy favourite Myrtis? She is likely to know the most of thy doings."

"Oh yes, yes."

"What? — put *her* to the torture?"

"Yes — why not? Thou wilt then be convinced."

Pericles turned sickening away. "The mother, oh God! the mother of my children;" exclaimed he half to himself, and he groaned aloud.

Hipparete had, by this time, somewhat recovered herself, and utterly unable to comprehend the feelings she had excited, she continued, "I have not the least fear; I will either be present or not as thou wilt;" not one of them can say that I have ever been unfaithful to thy bed; but I own that, stung by thy neglect, I did entertain some views not inconsistent with the wish thou hast just expressed. I thought that a divorce might be a possible thing, but I cannot consent to this, unless my character be cleared. Take any measures thou wilt with Myrtis and the rest of them, I am quite ready to acquiesce."

Pericles groaned again. "Hipparete," said he, "rather than attain the truth in that way I would believe a lie for ever. What! give up thy favourite attendant; she who has cheered thy hours with her gay prattle; tended thee in sickness; waited on thee fondly; give *her* up to the rack! Thou art only fit for Glycon, and Glycon for thee. Go back to the poor girl, and tell her the kindness thou hadst designed for her."

Hipparete wept again. "I only wanted to clear myself, and thou wouldst not take my word; so then I thought of the rack as a sure way of satisfying thee. I like Myrtis very much, and I am sure she

would not mind it for my sake; and she is but a slave after all, and thou knowest that is the way they always are questioned."

"Yes, I do know it, to the shame of Athens; but never have I countenanced such a mode of questioning—never will I. Must I find every evil of this state of things in my own home?" added he in soliloquy, "what a bitter lesson for a statesman!" He walked a few turns up and down the apartment to collect his thoughts, and then approaching his wife once more, he said gravely and coldly, "Hipparete, I am willing to believe thee. I will suppose that the visits of Glycon have been those of courtesy merely, however unusual such visits may be; but they have been observed, and thou canst no longer be the inmate of my house. Yet would I not disgrace thee, for in so doing I should disgrace my sons, now growing to an age when they would feel it keenly. Art thou content to accede to a divorce upon the mere ground of disagreement of temper? Thou shalt then go from my door without reproach on my part, and wilt, perhaps, allow in future," added he with bitterness, "that man and woman may meet without guilt."

"I will agree to whatever thou mayest wish," said Hipparete thoroughly awed, and glad to escape so easily; "thou hast behaved to me more generously than I could have expected, for I know what thou hadst a right to think."

"And may I take the proper measures for procuring the divorce, assured of thy consent to it?"

"Certainly; I feel so much obliged by this generosity,"—and she took her husband's hand, about to

kiss it in the plenitude of her gratitude; but Pericles shrunk back as from the touch of a viper. It was the being who had doomed her favourite attendant to the rack as a mere matter of course; her infidelity he could have forgiven; she had an excuse in his cold neglect, and in his inward heart he felt that he had no right to be severe: but her inhumanity, her carelessness of human suffering — that was, indeed, a severance of feeling which nothing else could have effected. Had all the serpents of the furies twined in her glossy perfumed hair, he could not have viewed her with greater horror.

"Thou hast not forgiven me," said she with the levity of a child who, when the punishment is remitted, fancies that all ought to be as before; "dost thou not believe me?"

"Believe? yes, yes, believe," continued he abstractedly; "how can I do otherwise when my own ears have heard thee say it, fury that thou art!"

"Nay, nay, what is the matter? Art thou jealous after all?" said Hipparete gaily, for she had not mind enough to allow any impression to last long; "it is very possible, now, that I may not marry Glycon."

"Hipparete," said Pericles gravely, "thou and I have no sympathy; our natures are too different. Thy dower shall be returned in full, and if Glycon pleases thy fancy, and thou his, marry him if thou wilt. I cannot feel a moment's regret on that account. Thy character shall not be breathed upon reproachfully by me; the mother of my sons shall enjoy all the respectability which I am able to procure for her. Further words would be useless: I have only one request," he added, "in mercy to thy

children, receive Glycon no more till thou hast quitted this house. We may not meet again — hast thou any request to make?"

"My dower will be paid in full, thou sayest?".

"Certainly."

"And I may take my slaves with me?"

Pericles started. "To put them to the rack on the first idle occasion? No! Myrtis shall be manumitted; if she choose to follow thee then, she may. Is there any thing else?"

"No, I think not; at least, I cannot remember any thing more at this moment. Farewell!" and gliding from the room where she left an atmosphere of essences behind her, she returned to her apartments.

Pericles stood a moment looking after her, then drawing a deep breath he exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, I am free!"

CHAP. XXVI.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE MONTH SKIROPHORION.

THE bright sun of the Grecian summer-tide was dancing and sparkling again on the waves of the Ilissus, and the fashionable idlers of Athens were already seeking the fresh air on its banks, ere the rays of their deity should be too fierce for enjoyment. Faces were there that might rival a woman's beauty in their young bloom; limbs whose symmetry and free movement formed the true model for a sculptor; yet the scene was not brilliant, for amidst the assemblage of all that Athens could produce of youthful beauty or mature grace not a woman was to be seen. Neither the Athenian matron nor her daughter ever crossed the threshold, save on occasion of some great religious ceremony; and while sons, and husbands, and brothers were inhaling health in the fresh breezes of the morning, the females of the family sat themselves down in the work-room with their slaves, and wore away life in idleness, frivolity, or sensuality. No waving veil, or embroidered kerchief, or braceleted wrist, broke the monotony of black curled heads, and plain woollen or cotton tunics and mantles boasting few varieties of colour; for Alcibiades was still a child, and no one had as yet thought of introducing the luxury and effeminacy of dress and manners, which in that extraordinary

man formed no bar to the most soldier-like endurance when the occasion called for it.

Amid these loungers there was an appearance of more than usual excitement; and here and there little knots of three or four were talking in under tones, with gestures of eagerness or of displeasure; and those who passed stopped and listened, and if they were acquainted, joined the party, till ere long those who appeared at first as idlers seemed to be men engaged in weighty affairs.

Alone, and conspicuous by his swaggering gait, Cleon too was to be seen there, with his flushed and somewhat bloated face elevated, his cheeks swelling with importance, his mantle blowing loosely behind him, honouring with a familiar nod such of the aristocratic leaders as had joined his supper parties or invited him to theirs, and looking down with ineffable disdain on the rest. He was the incarnation of vulgar triumph, and offered a fine contrast to the elegance of some of the persons whom he deigned to notice.

By Athenians these appearances were well understood; for the time was now approaching when the magistrates for the ensuing year were to be chosen, and when those of the previous one were to deliver in their accounts; and the different parties in the state were already mustering their strength for the occasion. Pericles had never yet attained a higher rank than that of Strategos; and though he virtually administered the whole affairs of the state, he was nominally only one of ten, annually elected to take charge of the army and the fleet;—a system which in after-times gave occasion to the mocking witticism

of Philip of Macedon, that the Athenians were the most fortunate of all people, for they could find ten generals every year, while he in his life had been able to find only one.

The aristocratical party, between whom and Pericles the breach was now irreparable, had been diligently preparing for a simultaneous attack on him and his friends. Diopeithes had proposed in the senate, during the temporary indisposition of the great statesman, a law by which any who disputed respecting the nature of the gods, or vented new opinions with regard to celestial appearances, should be tried capitally before an assembly of the people; and, though it had met with some opposition from the immediate friends of Pericles and Anaxagoras, at whom it was supposed by many to be levelled, yet so popular was it with the people in general, that the psephism had been carried, and the programma was now up in all the most conspicuous places in the city, informing the people of the decree which would shortly be offered to them for confirmation.* The opposition party was sanguine: most of them thought that the hour was indeed arrived when they would crush their great rival; and Cleon, whose profusion, impudence, and low birth fitted him peculiarly to be the favoured leader of at least one section of the people, and who was provoked by the loss of the fair Glycera, who, from the time that she had first listened to Anaxagoras, had steadily refused to see him or receive his presents, was foremost in bribing and cajoling the people into viewing with favour a

* See Note CXXIX.

law which, it was represented to them, had no farther view than the securing the perpetuity of the sacrifices and the Dionysia, which Pericles and his friends were said to have an intention of overthrowing. This law, it was argued, could injure no one, for it did but affirm more strongly what was already a fundamental law of the state; but by affirming it thus strongly at this moment it might put a stop to all attempts to contravene it.

The pretext was cleverly imagined, and Pericles saw the danger with anxiety, not for himself, but for his friends: yet, confident in talent and integrity, he manned himself to meet the occasion. His accounts were duly made out, his public duties, notwithstanding recent indisposition, closely attended to; yet even here he had an instance of the ill feeling which his enemies had raised against him. Old Pheidon, the constant advocate of the sacrifices and the Dionysia among his own class, no sooner found support among the higher sort, than he was delighted to give vent to his spleen, and dogged the steps of the great minister with persevering abuse. The time had been when this would not have been permitted by the by-standers; but now, where Pericles moved, men stood aloof, and listened in silence to the execrations with which the old man had followed him all day. The son of Xanthippus had pursued his course, nevertheless, without appearing to notice what was passing around him, but, arrived at his own door, as the evening was beginning to close in, he called a slave: — "This old man has been following me all the morning," said he: "he is aged, and must be weary: take thy torch and light him home

safely, lest any of my friends among the people should molest him for his incivility."* For the first time, then, a shout arose among those who had followed out of curiosity to see the event: it was still their own Pericles, the man of the people, and, as he proudly bowed his acknowledgments, and entered his dwelling, they surrounded the old honey-dealer, and twenty voices shouting at once the name of the alley where he lodged, they compelled him to accept the services of the slave, proclaiming, as they went, that old Pheidon having been engaged in the service of Pericles all day, was now lighted home by his slave.

Pericles smiled as he heard the uproar. "The lion is not yet fully in the toils," thought he: "let the hunters beware of his claws." He had now purchased leisure by his morning's exertions; and after a short meal he called a slave, and telling his steward that if any of his friends came they were to be directed to follow him to the house of Aspasia, he wended his way thither.

The fatigues of the morning had left him feverish and weary; and when he entered the aulé of Aspasia's house, and found that the mistress of the mansion was not there, he approached the naiad fountain, and cooled his lips and his hot brow with the refreshing wave. Whilst he was thus employed, Aspasia entered, and struck with his change of look, for she had not seen him since his indisposition till now, she anxiously insisted that he should sit down and let her perform that office for him; and, dipping her hands in the fountain, she continued to lave his forehead with the cool stream.

* See Note CXXX.

For a short time he quietly accepted her kind service; but soon taking one of the friendly hands in his, he pressed it to his lips, saying, at the same time, in a low tone—"Aspasia, dearest of all friends! couldst thou be content to pass through life thus?"

"What, nursing thee, serving thee?—Oh, yes!"

"No—but beside me, always beside me till death should find me in thy arms?" He saw her hesitation, and replied to her thoughts, "The fetters that have bound me so long are broken; Hipparete has consented to a divorce:—Aspasia!" and he threw his arm round her as she stood beside him: "canst thou pass through life thus?"

The fair Ionian, dizzy with surprise and emotion, clung to the fountain groupe for support; for the son of Xanthippus, with his accustomed caution, had never so much as hinted at the possibility of divorce till this instant; and though she might well have guessed from the warmth of affection which he had often expressed, that had his hand been free it would have been proffered to her, still she was too well aware that his necessary expenses might well need the large dower of Hipparete, to suppose such a step possible.

"No answer, Aspasia?" said Pericles anxiously: "what am I to understand from thy silence?"

"Merely that astonishment had taken away the power of utterance: I hardly know even yet whether I am awake. How has all this happened?"

"The tale would be too long to tell just now. Suffice it that Hipparete has never been happy with me, nor I with her. Mutual friends made up the match to give me the advantage of her ample wealth:

I have now renounced it, too happy to purchase freedom at any cost; and she accepts with pleasure the release I have proffered, in order to give herself and her richr dower to one who will not be slack in spending it for her. My visits have caused thee to be lightly spoken of by libertines, who could not comprehend the pure affection which I have felt for thee, and a time, too, is approaching when they may attempt again, as they have done already, to wound me through thy sides. Aspasia, if the care-worn warrior and statesman have any thing left worth thy acceptance, let me show the world in what dear estimation I hold thee, by linking thy fate to mine for life."

"Till I drag thee down by my dead-weight?—No, no, noble Pericles: I see thy object now; it is generous like thyself; but I too can be disinterested. If a storm be approaching, it is not the time to load thy bark with more weight."

"But if that weight be my pilot? Hast thou not been my teacher, my adviser, my comforter in all my difficulties, and now my gentle nurse? How could I live without thee?"

"Hast thou forgotten that I am not an Athenian citizen?"

"I know what thou wouldst say—that our marriage would not be legal; and—but do not reproach me now, for I could not bear that—that my own accursed hand has done thee this wrong. But, dearest! thou canst surely trust my honour, my affection, and if I do not lose my hold of the reins, I may yet repair the evil, and do thee justice."

At this moment a slave announced that Pyrilampes

and Menippus were inquiring for Pericles, and he rose hastily to receive them. "What news?" inquired he, as they entered.

"Not good," said Menippus. "I have been out among the people, and so also has Pyrilampes, and we can see no hope of preventing the passing of Diopeithes' law to-morrow. There has been a notion industriously circulated that thou hast entertained the project of doing away with the sacrifices; and the lower sort appear unanimously decided to pass the law, in order to secure themselves. If thou wouldst retain thy influence, thou must accede to it: any opposition on thy part would give thy enemies the advantage, without benefiting thy friends. All that is needful is that Anaxagoras, and our fair lecturer here, should be a little more cautious for a short time; the law will then be forgotten, and all will go on as before."

Pericles listened in silence, and even when Menippus had done speaking he remained musing for a while. "That will not be all," said he at last: "if that law passes, prosecutions will be commenced upon the strength of it. Hast thou been in the armourer's quarter?"

"I have," said Pyrilampes, "but I could do nothing. I was asked, 'Why should we not pass a law which merely forbids any attempt to alter the present state of things? None can dislike it but those who are meditating change, and that is precisely the thing which we wish to avoid.' It is evident to me that this law must pass, and it is better to let it do so quietly. To oppose it would but increase the danger; but if thou canst retain thy power it may be repealed or modified afterwards."

"And what sayest thou, Aspasia?" asked Pericles.

"That I am no pilot for the present occasion," replied she gravely. "I think with Pyrilampes that the law must pass; and I think with him also, that thou art too needful to the state to be cast off yet, even were Athens more ungrateful than it is; but the warrior must be disencumbered for the combat. Thy safety will be the safety of all; but thou must care for thyself first in this case. Have I spoken your opinion, gentlemen?"

"Exactly so," replied both at once; and Menippus added, "The only security for Athens and for us lies in the firm grasp of Pericles on the reins of the state. If our charioteer should fall, we should be carried a wild course, I know not whither; but if he retain the guidance, we may yet reach the goal in safety."

Pericles sat gloomily listening to their arguments with an air that plainly showed him to be still unconvinced; and when Menippus had ceased speaking, he answered, "No! one fate for me and my friends! I believe, like you, that I shall be worsted on this point; but to yield it quietly, without one effort to save those who have been guilty of nothing but of co-operating with me, and who now are willing to bear all the blame, and let me go free — should I be the man you have hitherto thought me, if I were capable of such meanness? I should feel myself the murderer of all I love and esteem were I to acquiesce in your counsels. And, supposing I were to acquiesce, can you, Pyrilampes and Menippus, or canst thou, Aspasia, imagine that Athens can thrive under the

perpetuation of the present system? Are we to banish the last remnant of morals and decency with the teachers of philosophy, and expect that either heaven or earth will long bear with such a people as we should then become? Aspasia, I will now practise thy lessons in politics: I will truckle to no base expediency, but act as an honest man, and leave it to Heaven, and the Athenian people, when they have awakened from their dream, to do me justice. Go once more," said he, addressing himself to Pyrilampes and Menippus, — "go amongst those who have been my strongest partisans, and engage their early attendance. Say nothing of the part I mean to take, but merely speak of my nomination as Strategos for the ensuing year. I will see what influence my voice has over the Athenian people."

There was too much decision in his manner to allow of any further dispute. His two friends departed to execute his orders, and Pericles remained once more alone with Aspasia. He waited a moment for her to speak, but finding that she remained silent, he resumed, "Dearest of friends, thou hast now heard my determination; give me the right to claim for thee the same fate as for myself. The necessary forms of the divorce are already in progress; all can be concluded speedily; and let us then see if Athens will dare to tear the wife of Pericles from his arms. The worst that can then happen will be, that thou and I, like Theano and Pythagoras, may have to preach in other lands the lessons which, if attended to, would have made this great and happy."

Aspasia, nevertheless, though the tones which had so often swayed the hearts of the Athenian people

like that of one man, could hardly be without influence on hers, stood firm in her self-sacrifice. "But," added she, "if the time should indeed come when this ungrateful city shall add thy name to those of Themistocles and Miltiades in the annals of its shame, then shalt thou find thy Ionian friend at thy side: then the title thou hast proffered shall be the dearest to my heart; and the world shall see that it was not thy greatness that I loved. But in the meantime leave me to act on my own precepts: none shall say that I, the teacher of philosophy, shrunk from danger when it reached myself; and after being a man in speech, became less than a woman in action. I have not so learned the lessons of my master: leave me my self-esteem, leave me thine own; for thou couldst not, on calmer thought, call that right and honourable in me, which thou holdest dishonourable in thyself.

Pericles gazed at her as she stood before him there with all that lofty resolve expressed in her fine countenance, till his eyes grew dim with tears. He brushed the moisture hastily away, took her hand, and said earnestly, "Well, then, if it must be so, I say no more: I shall remember *thy* pledge, and now do thou hear *mine*. If this iniquitous law be, as I think, mainly directed against thee, and my enemies should carry their point—indeed they have done so already for one year—and if they follow up their advantage—by every thing sacred in earth and heaven, I swear, that where thou goest, I will go; where thou diest, I will die: if thou art banished, I will follow, and thy cup of hemlock, if it come to that, I will share."

"O Pericles," exclaimed Aspasia, "revoke that oath, it is impious. The statesman and the general!"

"The statesman and the general," replied Pericles, "was a man before he was either one or the other; will be a man after a vile faction has succeeded in depriving him of every other character. From the time that the base attempt of Glycon to suborn false evidence against thee showed me what was the object of the party, my resolution was taken, and I have been preparing for this moment. I said then that the struggle would be for life or death: I do not yet despair, but I will make no compromise, and if I fail, thou hast heard my decision. I will not revoke the oath: it was long since registered in heaven, subject to only one uncertainty. Young and lovely as thou art, I might well doubt whether the worn veteran could be to thee all that thy heart desired: thou hast relieved me from that doubt; henceforward our fate is the same;" and raising the hand which he still held clasped in his, towards heaven, he added, "Before Thee, unseen, unapproachable Soul of all things, be this vow confirmed! Art thou content that it shall be so, Aspasia?"

She paused a moment, then touched his brow lightly with her lips, and answered, with the same solemnity of determination "Yes — before THAT WITNESS — yes!"

CHAP. XXVII.

THE LAW OF DIOPEITHES.

THE next morning the Pnyx was filled early, and, contrary to his custom, Pericles appeared there among the first: for he had now more at stake than his own greatness merely, and he was determined to lose no advantage by neglect or delay. He looked pale and ill, but his glance had lost none of its wonted fire; his bearing none of its proud dignity. The chiefs of the opposite party entered the place of assembly together soon after, but no greeting as in former times passed between them and him, *from* whom they expected little mercy if he established his power — *to* whom they intended to show little if they could overturn it. All were aware of the indignant feeling which the attempt of Glycon had engendered in the breast of their great rival, and felt, as he did, that the struggle was now for life or death. When such a contest is beginning, even the boldest feel some emotion at entering the arena.

And the Athenian people generally, how felt they? All were aware that the opposite parties were now beginning their final struggle, and that one city could not long hold both: but, as when the nobility were divided, the democracy commonly snatched a little from each, and was the only gainer by the struggle, they were not indisposed to suffer both parties to see

how far they were dependent on the popular suffrage, and though Pericles was still their favourite, to hold him enough in check to force him to court their favour. They liked the licence they enjoyed, and a little dreaded his firm hand over them, if once free from rivals: with the art therefore of a finished coquette the Athenian Demos flirted, first with one party, and then with the other, so as to encourage the hopes of all, and maintain the ascendency till some great danger, or strong feeling, mastered lesser arts, and the prompt warm heart of that most excitable people spoke undisguised. None ever understood his countrymen better than Pericles. Patient under their whimsical moods — when the great occasion came, he was always prepared to meet it; was it danger — his prudence, promptitude, and strong sense were never at fault; was it a moment when the feeling might be roused, his powerful eloquence spoke to the heart, and rarely, very rarely, did he fail of carrying the measure he had in view. To this his rare integrity contributed, no less than his equally rare self-command, for having nothing in his life or practices which made him fear inquiry, he spoke courageously; and having a temper so modelled in the schools of philosophy as to be secure against all sudden bursts of passion, he never spoke unadvisedly.* The overthrow of such a man was no light task; and the Athenian people looked upon the contest of which they were finally to be the umpires, with something of the kind of feeling, though more refined, which we may suppose to have been experienced by the

* See Note CXXXI.

Roman spectators during the combat of a favourite gladiator.

The customary ceremonies having been gone through, an effort was made by Diopeithes to obtain the precedence for the consideration of his law; but as the proper business of the day was the nomination of magistrates, which according to the usual custom took precedence of any other, this proposition was defeated by the friends of Pericles without much trouble, and the elections were proceeded with. It was so much a matter of course that he should be re-elected, that hardly any opposition had been attempted, and he was therefore nominated, with scarcely a dissentient voice, as one of the ten Strategoi of the year.

These matters being settled, the public crier proceeded to read the programma containing the law, and Diopeithes mounted the Bema to explain it. "Athenians," he began, in a tone of impressive solemnity, "it has always been the boast of this city and people, that, of all the states of Greece, none have ever been more magnificent in their devotion to the gods than has Athens. None have ever exceeded us in the number and splendour of festivals and sacrifices, or in the richness of the offerings dedicated in the Delphian temples; and in return for this distinguished piety on the part of our fathers, no state has ever prospered so largely, or risen to such a pitch of glory. For since the excellent Cimon curbed the might of the great king, and enriched this state with the wealth of Persia, our poorer citizens have enjoyed a competence, and find in the number and frequency of the sacrifices and the festivals an agreeable recreation after the

toils of war, or of commerce. When, therefore, our devotion to the gods is not only a grateful homage paid to those divine powers who have protected the Athenian state from the first, but also affords a pleasant recreation for all, and a desirable aid to such citizens as may find their means somewhat straitened, I hold it a matter of no small importance that the wise regulations of our ancestors should be carefully preserved. You cannot be ignorant, Athenians," continued he, with an air of deep concern," that of late years many new and impious opinions have become rife among us, and persons are to be found who either deny the existence of the gods altogether, or esteem them so lightly, that we may well fear, should such opinions gain ground, that the divine favour, which has so distinguished us hitherto, may be withdrawn, and that this city and nation may lose that glorious pre-eminence which from the time of the Persian invasion it has so justly held among the states of Greece. It is not for man to penetrate the arcna of the gods; and if the punishment of Prometheus, who stole the heavenly fire, was great and enduring, we can hardly expect that the vain prying into the causes of the divine movements, and attempting to subject deities to mathematical calculations, can be less odious to the heavenly powers, who, indeed, now deign to enlighten our path by their radiance, but who might be tempted to withdraw it if we presumptuously endeavour to pry into their secrets, or refuse them the honours due from man to the superintendents of his existence. If the sacrifices to our Great Mother be omitted, Athenians, how are we to hope that she will longer furnish us with those fruits

and grains which she has hitherto poured from her rich bosom in such abundance? But I will not suppose such a thing possible, our people have not so far deviated from the practices of our forefathers: but as simplicity may be corrupted or ignorance deceived, I purpose by this law to prevent these pestilent doctrines from corrupting our youth. Inflict no penalty on such as hold these opinions silently, but if they should presume to discuss in public questions of such tremendous consequence, I call upon you to guard the rising generation from the contagion of evil principles, by subjecting such teachers to the penalties of the law. Doubtless, by construction, we should find this power in our constitution, for since piety to the gods was enjoined by the laws of Solon, and the mode of the sacrifices and the time and observance of the festivals fixed, these observances are a part of the institutions of our state — to contravene which is a capital offence. It is in mercy, therefore, to those who might unthinkingly incur the penalty of the law that I propose this clear declaration of the will of the people on this subject, so that no doubt being any longer possible, none may plead that he sinned unknowingly."

The eyes of all had been fixed on Pericles while Diopeithes was delivering this address; but he heard it, to all appearance, with the indifference of a man who took small interest in it, and the leaders of the aristocratic party had almost persuaded themselves that he intended to let it pass without opposition, either as thinking that he should lose popularity by offering any, or that it would prove powerless.

The customary proclamation having been made, he

ascended the Bema, but even then so guarded was his bearing, that none could guess what part he was about to take. A deathlike silence prevailed, so intense was the curiosity felt by all as to the course of proceeding he would adopt. Thucydides looked at him, and whispered to Diopeithes, "We shall carry the law: he looks weak and ill, and will not oppose, or even if he should, he will not be heard."

"We have taken care of that," said Dracontides, who was just behind: "our friend Cleon here has an hundred of the best voices in Athens prepared to give tongue the moment he makes the sign."

"Hush! let us hear at least what he intends to say."

Pericles looked round for a moment on the silent multitude: he had already resolved on his course; and after a short pause he then began, though in somewhat a lower tone than usual:—"Thanks to the Divine Power, Athenians! it has not often been my ill-fortune to address you whilst labouring under indisposition, but on this occasion I must throw myself on your indulgence, if I should be less audible than usual. I might, indeed, have given my vote silently; but I should hold myself unworthy of the confidence you have honoured me with by again electing me your general, if I were to neglect offering my best judgment in any matters which concern the public good."

A loud and long shout of applause followed this exordium, which again subsided into silence as he thus continued:—"Athenians! it is not for the son of Xanthippus, perhaps, and the descendant of Cleisthenes*, to dwell too long or largely on that increasing

* See Note CXXXII.

greatness for which the last speaker has so justly claimed your gratitude. That Athens is great and free, is my happiness — that my ancestors were among those who chiefly contributed to make it so, is but a spur to their descendant to use his most zealous endeavours to augment that greatness — to preserve that freedom — and never, I trust, will my father's shade complain that the glories of Mycale have been dimmed by the mal-administration of his son. Athenians! I am again your general, and it shall be my endeavour that the ensuing year shall not be less successful than the last." Bursts of applause again interrupted the speaker, who paused as if collecting himself for a final effort.

"Curses on the fellow!" said Thucydides, "he will persuade the people, by and by, that he is Jupiter himself, sitting on the top of Olympus, to shower down prosperity on Athens. Where got he that tongue of his?"

"From his Ionian mistress," whispered Dracontides: "no doubt he has rehearsed his speech to her."

"Why gettest thou not an Ionian mistress also? Our party needs it," said Thucydides sarcastically. "Why, man! he will talk us all down;" but ere Dracontides, whose talent for oratory was not great, could reply, Pericles had resumed.

"Athenians! a doubt has been suggested if in our prosperity we have shown as much piety to the gods as in the days of our forefathers, when dangers pressed upon us more closely;" he raised his fine person to its full altitude, and pointed to the Parthenon, which stood over against them in all its finished splendour,

"Look there!" A fresh shout followed; but he continued: "When the temples of Greece lay in ruins, and none seemed in haste to rebuild them, I proposed, and you acceded to the proposal, that legates should be sent to all the states of Hellas to invite them to send deputies to a general congress, for the purpose of consulting how best to repair and re-edify these sacred buildings. To this appeal Greece made no reply: did we therefore hold ourselves exonerated? Yonder is our answer. Alone, and in a period of time which would have been greatly inadequate for any but Athenian talent and Athenian liberality, we have raised fabrics which will tell to the remotest ages of devotion as boundless as its effects have been magnificent."

"Dost *thou* talk of devotion, Pericles?" exclaimed Dracontides, insultingly, "when we all know that half the sums appropriated to those buildings have found their way into the purses of thy minions? and that Pheidias has been employed for years in this manner in order to pay him for offering his house as the scene for thy loose amours? Shame upon thee! thus to waste the public treasure on thy private vices."

Disdaining to reply to this rude attack, the son of Xanthippus, without even looking at Dracontides, turned to the assembled people, and for the time indignation lent his tones their full power. "Men of Athens!" exclaimed he, in a voice of thunder, "you know that this charge is false, else had I not stood here this day your elected general: but has the expense of our grateful devotion been too large?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed a good many voices.

"Then be it paid from my private fortune: but in that case, Athenians, my name, not yours, must be

inscribed on the temple — PERICLES THE SON OF XANTHIPPUS TO PALLAS, THE PROTECTRESS. Are you content that it should thus stand?"

A roar of voices followed, that for a moment gave no articulate sound; but after a short time the herculean form of Metrodoros the smith was seen hoisted on the shoulders of his friends, as their spokesman. "Spend what thou wilt, Pericles," shouted the artisan, "none shall control thee;" and then followed clapping of hands, and the same words were shouted again by hundreds of voices; and then fresh acclamations, as their general bowed his proud form before them, and then glanced one look of disdain on his accusers. He was about to resume his speech on the law of Diopeithes, when the opposite party, seeing that the influence he had over the people would not fail to carry them to his side, to whichsoever he should lean, determined to prevent him from either claiming the credit of the law or successfully opposing it; and Cleon's party, taking this opportunity of beginning a tumult, roared their dissent like so many wild beasts. The rest of the people, unwilling to lose any part of their enjoyment, and the listening to Pericles was one of their choicest pleasures, attacked the interrupters, and attempted to drive them from the Pnyx in which they partially succeeded; but as soon as the orator attempted to resume his speech, a fresh outcry drowned his voice. Cleon was there with his hands full of small money for all who would shout; and as the hour for mid-day refreshment was now approaching, the president put the question whether the consideration of the law should be postponed? Again Pericles would have spoken, but

again the hired brawlers interrupted him*, and the show of hands appeared in favour of proceeding. A fresh attempt was made by Metrodorus and his friends to expel the intruders; and a scene of such tumult ensued that the president, in order to put a stop to it, bade the crier proclaim that the people had leave to vote. A large majority of hands was instantly held up: even Pyrilampes and Menippus, who were there, seeing that opposition was useless, held up theirs; but Pericles, true to his pledge, folded his in his robe, and stood unmoved.

The law passed: years after, when this law had been made the weapon to destroy one whose courage and virtue were his only crimes†, the Athenian people learned to know its import, and well was it for Diopeithes that he was not then alive. Meantime the people returned to their houses well satisfied that they had, as they thought, secured the continuance of the sacrifices and the Dionysia, and little guessing that they had edged a dagger for the heart of him whom they imagined they had been maintaining against all gainsayers.

Pericles walked gloomily homewards. "Had I trusted, as wont, to the hearts of the Athenians, I had been triumphant," said he to Pyrilampes, who accompanied him. "I ought to have let them know which side I meant to take. The struggle will now be a fearful one; but the heart of Athens is still with me. I will not do my countrymen so much injustice as to doubt them."

* See Note CXXXIII. † Socrates.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE MEETING OF THE LEADERS OF THE ARISTOCRATIC PARTY.

THAT night the triumphant aristocratic party met at the house of Thucydides, to consult upon their future proceedings: the first blow had been struck, and every thing now depended on the following it up skilfully. On this occasion, the experience and rank of Thucydides entitled him to take the leader's part, and even the most presumptuous of his partisans felt that when the merits of the men came to be weighed, he was the only one among them who could be set up as a rival to Pericles in the favour of the people. He was the brother-in-law of Cimon, whose military skill and careless profusion had made him a favourite, notwithstanding his aristocratical principles, and his Lacedemonian friendships: his property was large, and his skill in speaking inferior only to that of Pericles, wanting, perhaps, the logical precision and polish of that great orator, but possessing more of the good-humoured jocularity, which among the vulgar usually makes a popular speaker, mixed with a profound knowledge of the law. Any where but in Athens, he would have been more the man of the people than Pericles, but in Athens, that great man had gone far to form the taste of the citizens, and his chaste eloquence was appreciated. Neither

did Thucydides possess the graces of person, or the melodious tones of his younger rival, and perhaps in his heart he felt that his hands were not so clean from peculation in the offices he had held. At any rate, he was the least sanguine of all the party who met at his house that night. "We call this a triumph," said he, "but what have we done? Pericles is still the god of the multitude, and the law we have just carried was only past because no one supposed that it could in any way affect him. That burly fellow who acted as spokesman was evidently supported by an immense body of citizens."

"But," said Dracontides, "the citizens are jealous of the public money, and upon that rock so many have split."

"True," answered Thucydides in some embarrassment, "and many more may, but I do not think that Pericles will. One of his most dangerous acts in grasping at the sovereign power is the scrupulousness of his administration in money affairs, which leaves no handle to his adversaries; and then, too, there is no possibility of putting him in a passion: he is the most dexterous fencer in a public assembly that I ever remember to have seen. Hast thou been to the Logistai to examine the accounts he has given in?"*

"I have, and there is one item which will justify my calling him before an assembly of the people to explain it."

"What? what?" exclaimed a dozen eager voices at once.

"Ten talents well laid out!"

* See Note CXXXIV.

Thucydides smiled. "That is cool and bold, certainly, and none of us would have ventured to put such an item in his account — yet — well, well! call for an explanation of it; for though I can well guess how those ten talents were bestowed, the people may not; and if he explains, he loses the good will of Sparta, and his power of future influence there. Any thing else?"

"Nothing, I am afraid, that may not be satisfactorily accounted for, since the people are not disposed to grudge the expense of the public buildings. However, if we fine him those ten talents, it will clip his wings somewhat. A fine first, then a prosecution of his friends for impiety; and if we succeed in that — of himself at last — the best dish at the end of the banquet — eh, Hermippos?"

"Who is to be the first victim?" asked the comic poet.

"Oh, our friend Diopeithes, here, means to attack Pheidias for bringing religion into contempt, by making the statue of the goddess a series of portraits."

"What? The glorious old man whose sculpture has made Athens famous throughout Greece!" exclaimed Thucydides; "surely we might spare him?"

"We can hardly touch Pericles unless we first inculpate Pheidias," said Diopeithes; "but we need not press for a severe sentence — a fine, and imprisonment in default of payment, till we have disposed of the greater criminals, might suffice, and then we might set him free again."

"Imprisonment — ay, he has good health; he may live through a few months' imprisonment!"

"Yes, yes!" said Glycon with a sinister laugh, "imprisonment will suffice;" and turning to Hermippos, he whispered, "men die in prison sometimes."

"Shall we have the assistance of Sparta in our proceedings?" inquired Leostratos, who till then had remained silent.

"If we have any prospect of success, I think we shall," replied Thucydides, "I have fair promises at any rate; but we are awkwardly situated. Archidamos is the personal friend of Pericles, and will do nothing; and since the mishap of Cleandridas*, the Ephori are cautious in their correspondence with foreigners. Sparta is jealous of our power, and would gladly join in any scheme to diminish it, which intestine divisions may do: but I doubt if we must depend on effective assistance to place the government on a stable foundation."

"We managed things better in Cimon's time," said Leostratos, who, though a friend of that great general, had rarely mixed in the intrigues of the aristocratic party since his death. "We did not then think it necessary to overthrow one great man in order to make room for another. Thou knowest, Thucydides, for he confided in thee, that thy great brother had no especial love for Pericles, nor any cause for it either; and yet when the good of Athens called for it, he gave him his hand, if not his heart; and those two great minds together raised Athens to such a pitch of prosperity as it had never known before, and perhaps, if these intestine broils continue,

* See Note CXXXV.

never may again. And this I will say also, that if Pericles loved not Cimon, as indeed I believe he did not, yet he was magnanimous enough never to falsify the pledge he gave, when by his influence thy excellent brother was recalled from his exile, and Cimon's victories were never met by him with faint praise or envious detraction. If these two great men were ambitious, at least their ambition tended only to make Athens great, and Pericles, even when triumphant over his rival, scrupled not to call him back when his country needed him. These are old world notions I see, gentlemen," continued he, observing the sneer on the countenances of Glycon and his intimates: "I learned them in the field when you were in the gymnasium haply, or lounging on the banks of the Ilissus; but they are the notions of the times when Athens fronted the world in arms against her, and rose triumphant — notions, that if they be dead, died only with Cimon beneath the walls of Citium: and though I owe no love to Pericles myself, — for I am proud to say, that I loved Cimon well enough to feel as he felt, — yet I do think that he with whom my honoured general acted in friendship to the end of his days, has enough of those old notions in his head to forget private wrongs for the good of his country, and meet the advance if it were made. Thucydides! thou wast wont to be a man of honour: I blush for thee, when I think that thou wast a participator in that foul conspiracy to blast the character of innocent persons. I was not present then; but if I had been, I should then have held out my hand to the injured man, and said, 'I am ashamed of this business: act always as uprightly

as thou hast done here, and Leostratos is thy friend!'"

The veteran had spoken with such a flow of indignant eloquence that he had silenced all; and Thucydides, when he had ceased, looked embarrassed, and faltered out, that "he had never given his voice for many of the measures which had been adopted."

"But art thou not then the leader of the party? and these young gentlemen," and he glanced at Glycon and Dracontides, "the representatives of the Athenian Eupatridai? When I followed Cimon to his wars we were a very different race!"

"Most likely," said Glycon carelessly, "I see some proof of that at this moment;" and he measured with a scornful glance the weather-beaten form and features of the veteran warrior.

"Leostratos!" said Thucydides, "as far as regards myself, the gods know that I am no enemy to Pericles; but perhaps the rather, because I feel that I have not Cimon's talent, I stand aloof from him, lest I should be made but the stepping-stone for his ambition. Whilst my great brother-in-law lived, Pericles could never hope for the sole supremacy, and it was safe to use his talent for the public good: but now that we have no one man capable of holding him in check, it is fit that we should unite to prevent him from becoming our despot."

Leostratos shook his head. "And if we pull him down—for it is his life I see that you are aiming at — what then? will you slay the steed in order to try if half a dozen asses will be an equivalent? We have no *one* man, thou sayest, able to cope with Pericles: we have, then, according to thee, no man

so fitted to lead our armies, for as to the affairs of state, thou mightst probably supply his place there."

"But thou thyself, the friend and companion of Cimon," said Thucydides, smiling, "canst not thou supply the general's talent, if we can manage the affairs at home?"

The turn was an adroit one, for the veteran smiled too, and was silent; and Thucydides was about to resume, when a noise was heard without, and presently Cleon, supported by one of his friends, staggered in. Roses were hanging in the hair of both, and their unsteady gait showed that their libations to Bacchus had not all been poured upon the pavement.

"So, so," exclaimed the tanner, "you are all met without sending to me; and yet it was I — I that carried your law for you to-day — I, I say: we have been celebrating our victory — eh, Clitophon — yes, yes, celebrating our victory with — how many congii of wine was it? — and, what next? what next?"

"Is this one of your allies, too?" said Leostratos, turning to Thucydides.

"Hush, hush!" replied this last, in a whisper, "don't offend him; he has really been very useful."

"And he is one of those who is destined to make up the phalanx which is destined to replace Cimon and Pericles! Upon my word, I admire thy choice!" said the warrior, scanning the flushed and somewhat bloated countenance of the new comer, who, though young, carried in his face already the marks of confirmed intemperance: "I shall be proud of my party at last."

"Thou art too blunt for a statesman," said Thucydides, again in a whisper; "this young fellow hath the voice of a Stentor, joined with the impudence of a Thersites, and when dirty work is to be done, it is as well not to soil one's own fingers. Welcome, most excellent Cleon," continued he, aloud, "thou and thy roarers have done us infinite service to-day."

"Ha! ha! ha! did they not? Oh, leave me to manage Pericles; I will be a match for him; — nobody shall hear him speak without my leave — ha! ha!"

Leostratos frowned. This *is* dirty work, indeed," said he to Thucydides; "but the Athenian people is not always to be fooled thus, and thou wilt find that out by-and-by."

"Leostratos," replied the orator, "we are old fellows, and a new age brings new men and new manners; we must be content to swim with the current, and merely take care to keep as well in with the shore as we can."

"It may be so; but thou sayest well that we are old fellows, and new men and new measures suit me not. Neither would it suit me to be the general who was to carry out the measures arranged in such a council. I shall go home to my farm, like my friend Mnesarchos, and trouble myself no farther with public affairs."

"But thou wilt stay and vote with us to-morrow, at least?" said Thucydides, anxious not to lose the countenance of a man much esteemed by all parties.

"No; this is my farewell to public business. I see that thou art right; we *have* now got new men and new measures, and I loved the old. Gentlemen

all, good evening to you! I am past the age for mixing in these stirring scenes; speaking is not my profession, and as for fighting, I will hope that you will not create any occasion for it." So saying, and with a slight salutation to the assembly, he withdrew.

Thucydides looked vexed. "Those old warriors of Cimon's fields are intractable," said he, "but we must try to conciliate him. I will see him again."

Dracontides laughed. "Thou hast an hereditary love for the old bear that thy brother was wont to lead about; but, trust me, we can do without him. Come, who shall address the people to-morrow?"

"Who better than the person who has to make the charge?" replied Thucydides, peevishly; "be it thy turn, Dracontides."

"Humph! Cleon, hast thou thy roarers under good command? Will they give tongue to-night when I make the sign! By Hercules! there he is snoring already. Well, well,—since it is so to be, I undertake it; and, meanwhile, Clitophon, let us take thy friend home. I will see him again to-morrow morning;" and hereupon the council broke up, Dracontides and the parasite roused and led off the almost unconscious tanner, and the rest returned to their respective homes.

CHAP. XXIX.

A VISIT TO ACHARNÆ.

LEOSTRATOS fulfilled his threat; the early dawn of the morning after the meeting at the house of Thucydides saw him on his way to his farm at Acharnæ, attended only by a slave carrying a few necessaries. He had fought in heavy armour at the Eurymedon, and, to a man so trained, a walk in the fresh air at sunrise was a refreshment rather than otherwise, and, with the frankness of an old soldier, he amused himself with talking to his slave as he went on.

"A good many years have past since thou and I measured strength, Egyptian," said he; "but we have kept our way pretty nearly. I think I could outwalk thee now, as I outfought thee then. Thy countrymen were but feeble in the field, my good fellow, notwithstanding that we hear so much of what they did in former times.

"Noble sir," replied the slave, "no man fights well for a country which is no longer his own. We were but the slaves of the Persians, and we cared little who gained the victory. When we were led by our native kings it was not so. There is no nation round us that we have not mastered in former times. Many a time have I seen the representation

of those who brought tribute to our great Remeses Miamun on the walls of our temples."

"By Jove! his name alone was enough to frighten them! And so ye fought well in those days? but even then ye fought for a tyrant, and we Greeks are not fond of such rule. *We* never conquered till we were free."

"But, noble sir——"

"Well, well,—I know what thou wouldst say; it is ill-nature to talk to a slave of freedom; but yet, though, when I gave thee thy life, I took thy service in return for it, I do not think thou hast found thy servitude an unhappy one."

"Noble sir, thou hast mistaken my meaning. I complain not of the fate of war, and in thee I have found a friend rather than a master. I merely meant to say that our kings were not tyrants, according to your notion. They were obliged to rule by fixed laws, and I have heard my grandfather, when I was a little child, talk of what Egypt was before the Persians prevailed over us; till, when I grew up and was carried off to bear arms for our oppressors, I felt little inclined to sacrifice my life in their service."

"True, true! my good fellow," replied Leostratos, smiling, "I thank thee for that; thou gavest me small trouble. And so ye have fine temples in Egypt; are they finer than Athens can now boast?"

"My lord, if thy servant may venture to speak of his country as he feels——"

"Why not? I love my country; why shouldst not thou love thine? Besides, I have heard much of

the temples and monuments of Egypt, and I would gladly know more."

"My lord, our ancestors built for eternity: the Grecian temples lay in ruins after the Median host had traversed the country; but *our* temples stand there still, defying the hand of the destroyer. The Persians tried to ruin them, but they could not, and our gods avenged themselves on the conquerors by the madness and death of the oppressor."

"So you were better builders than warriors, it seems, then," said the veteran; "but thou lovest thy country, I see, and in truth thy speech betokens better breeding than I gave thee credit for. I have been so engaged in wars myself that I never knew much about the arts: — what wast thou before thou borest arms for Persia?"

"My family was rich once — and — free," said the Egyptian, struggling with his emotion; "our wealth was the prey of a Persian satrap, and my freedom thou knowest the history of. But," he hastened to add, "mistake me not, my lord. Slavery is much alleviated in Athens, and never" — he advanced respectfully, took the warrior's hand, and kissed it — "never was the loss of freedom less an evil than in thy service."

"Truly thou art a grateful fellow," said Leostratos," and I am glad to think that my slaves do not hate me. The man that has stood before me in arms has something of a brother's claim upon me, and as you were all αἰχμάλωτοι *, I like to think that you may weigh ease against freedom. After

* Taken by the spear; *i. e.* captives made by the warrior himself, and not slaves bought in the market.

all, the labour of the corn-field is less severe than that of the march and the battle; and for the honour; — in good truth, Egyptian, thou hast no loss there, for thou wilt neither be banished, nor thrown into prison, as, νὴ τοὺς Θέους! we Athenians have the habit of serving all who deserve well of us. Ah! yonder is my old friend Mnesarchos, just going out to see his workmen; take thy wallet to my house, and wait there for me. I must have a chat with him."

Mnesarchos and his son were just leaving the house, and the slaves with their tools were passing in order before them to their respective employments, when Leostratos approached. "By Jove! thou hast a set of strong fellows there, friend Mnesarchos!" exclaimed the warrior, "young and active — I wish I may find my farm half as well stocked."

"Leostratos!" exclaimed Mnesarchos in great astonishment, "what brings thee hither, old friend? I have not seen thee for so long!"

"I am going to turn farmer, and I want thy assistance," said the warrior; "for, in good truth, I know more of what belongs to the discipline of an army, than to the cultivation of a field. And this youth here is thy son? — little Lysicles, that I used to dandle on my knee? by Jove! he is grown a fine lad. I would I had a daughter, and then, Mnesarchos, thou and I would sit under the portico, and see the young ones play about us once more."

Lysicles blushed; but he advanced and kissed the hand which Leostratos kindly held out to him. "Art thou from Athens this morning, excellent Leostratos,"

said he, — "and" — he hesitated for a moment, "hast thou brought any news for my father?"

"Ay, plenty: — but give me a drink of goats' milk, my boy; I am thirsty, and an old hoplites always looks for the goats after a morning's march."

Refreshments were soon brought, and the friends sate down under the shade of the portico to partake of the morning's meal. "And now," said Mnesarchos, "tell us, friend, what has turned thee into a farmer?"

"I am sick of politics, old friend,"— and he gave a short sketch of what had been passing. "Thou and I, good Mnesarchos," continued he, "remember the times of Cimon: to be sure people struggled for power then as they always did, and always will, but there was something of honourable feeling in the struggle. If a man grew too powerful for our liberties, we banished him; but that was no dishonour, his character stood as high as ever; but now it seems as if the war was to be against the good name of our opponent rather than his political supremacy, and in that business I choose to stand aloof."

"But Pericles has been making strange changes, has he not?" enquired Mnesarchos.

"Why, yes — Athens does not look like the same place: but the change is for the better, and if thy citizens like to have their money so spent, and I can testify that they do, it is not his fault. Troth I loved him not whilst I thought him Cimon's rival: but since that last campaign in Eubœa — Cimon himself could not have shown better generalship — I begin to think that our friends are trying to chop off their right hand in order to see how well they can make shift with the left. Whilst Cimon lived, Sparta

was friendly with us; and now Cimon's brother-in-law, the man whom he trusted and loved, is raising up Sparta against us in order to heave Pericles overboard! — If that be modern patriotism, I have done with it. And their difficulty is, that of one of the Spartan kings is Pericles' private friend! — why, was not that Cimon's own policy? Did he not keep up friendship in Sparta, in order to maintain peace?"

"By Jove! good Leostratos, I have lived so long on my farm here, that all this sounds strange to my ears. I thought we were at peace with Sparta."

"Yes, yes, — at peace — but how? We all guess that Cleandridas or Leotychidas, or may be both, were *bought* off when they retired from our walls last year without doing any damage: and now goes this Dracontides, as the tool of Thucydides, to examine the accounts, and he finds these "ten talents laid out for the good of the state." There is not one of us but can guess how this sum went; and now they are about to bring this item before an assembly of the people, just to prevent the like from ever happening again; for the Spartans are as proud as Achilles, and, though they may take a bribe, by the gods! they will break your heads if you tell them of it."

"And Pericles? — how bears he all this?" enquired Lysicles.

"What, my boy, art thou becoming a politician? — Pericles bears it as he is wont; — that is, — nobody can tell what he intends to do. He is as unfathomable as the sea."

"But is it true," resumed Mnesarchos, "that in Athens the service of the gods is neglected as

some have told me? Troth I have enough to do with my affairs at home, and trust mainly to the reports of others."

"Oh! that is well thought of, for it brings to my mind the cause of the meeting last night, which sent me away from Athens in disgust. Diopeithes has carried a law, making all innovations in religion a capital offence. It was thought that Pericles was opposed to it; so they shouted him down with hired voices; would not suffer him to be heard, and passed the law in spite of him, if indeed he intended to oppose it: but whether he did or not, they mean to turn it against him and his friends."

"How?" enquired Lysicles, turning very pale.

"Oh! the gods best know: — these crooked ways puzzle me; but it seems they mean to attack all that he cares for, one after another, till they have broken his heart, and then he is to be run down himself." The warrior vented his indignation in a warrior's deep execration: "I would tear out my tongue, and chop off my right hand rather than join in such a scheme."

Lysicles leant against the wall for support: he felt sick and dizzy, for he *felt*, rather than *knew*, the vulnerable point in the heart of the great statesman; but recovering himself, he asked anxiously who were the friends intended?

"In faith I did not stop to hear. I felt as if the air was growing thick and suffocating with foul plots, and I took this walk to restore myself. Pheidias was talked of as one, but only the first. Pheidias! so wronged already, that I feel ashamed to have met again the man who dared to plan so vile a conspiracy."

"And is it likely, think you, excellent Leostratos, that these measures will succeed?" enquired Lysicles with increasing anxiety.

"I should say not," replied the warrior; "I think that Pericles is still the favourite of the people, and that if he be so hard pushed, he will stand at bay, and be too strong for his opponents: but they have taken a new course which has served their turn once, and may again so long as they do not fall foul of the favourite himself. There is a young fellow — Cleon — do you know him, either of you?— the son of old Cleanetos the tanner, who has inherited a good fortune from his father — an impudent profligate fool — just a fit tool for such men as Glycon, and Hermippos, and Dracontides;—he looks as if he had been drunk every day of his life since his father died. What was I saying? — oh, this Cleon has been flattered into doing their dirty work; and he has engaged and paid a set of fellows to drown with their cries the voices of all who oppose their measures: — yesterday was the first trial, and it succeeded beyond hope; and this plan is to be followed up, it seems, whilst it is fresh. Perhaps something may be accomplished by these means; but it will soon be suspected, and Pericles is not the man, I think, to be roared down by a hired mob."

"Neither is he the man to abandon his friends," said Lysicles warmly; "but, Leostratos! excellent Leostratos! how canst thou stand aside quietly and see such things resolved and put in practice without taking any measures to prevent them?"

"I do not intend to betray my party, though I cannot approve their measures," said Leostratos,

"and that is exactly why I am going to turn farmer, and quit politics altogether."

"But if all good men do so, what will become of Athens? Surely it is not enough merely to express in words our detestation of what is bad: — if we sit quietly to see it done, we become in some measure accomplices. If a man be murdering another, and I merely say, Thou art doing a very evil action, and I will not stay to see the finish of it; and so walk away instead of holding his arm — is that right?"

"Lysicles! Lysicles!" exclaimed Mnesarchos, "thou art too bold: in my early days young men were not permitted thus to question their elders. I fear thou hast gained no good in thy visits to Athens."

"Nay, father! perhaps I have not visited Athens enough: one gains but sorry lessons of courtesy among slaves and bullocks."

"My good friend," said Leostratos, "thy son hath spoken well, young as he is;" and, holding out his hand to Lysicles, he drew him towards him, adding, "I like thy frankness, lad! thou hast taught the old soldier a lesson, and he thanks thee for it. Come, thou shalt pass the day with me at my farm, and tell me if my steward has done his duty in my absence; and when I have looked over my affairs a little, and I have had time to think matters over more calmly, I am not sure that I shall not act upon thy advice. I was angry, and anger is an ill counsellor."

"And wilt thou then return to Athens and help to defeat these machinations?" said Lysicles earnestly, his cheek flushing as he spoke.

"What has interested thee so for Pericles, my boy?" said Leostratos, smiling; "thy father talks of

thy visit to Athens; hast thou, too, got involved in the whirlpool of politics?"

Lysicles again blushed deeply, and looked down. "I was in Athens by chance when the vile Meton brought his charge against Pheidias: — if that foul conspiracy raised thy indignation, most excellent Leostratos," added he, looking up earnestly at the weather-beaten visage of the warrior, "think what must have been its effect on me, if, as it is said, youthful blood bounds quicker in the veins than when longer experience makes villany less a surprise to us!"

"Thou hast sent thy son to Athens to some purpose, old friend!" said Leostratos: "he speaks well, and has learned that Attic tongue of his from better teachers than slaves and bullocks. Come, my lad," continued the veteran, "I am rested and refreshed now, and ready to profit by thy lessons in farming as well as politics."

Lysicles accompanied the warrior to his farm, and ere the day was over had gained so far upon his liking, that he promised him to return in a few days to Athens, to watch over the proceedings of his party. "But, my lad," added he, "I shall not like to part with thee so soon; thou must come with me to Athens: thy father will not refuse me that boon for old friendship's sake, and thou wilt then see enough of our affairs to take a part in them some day."

The young man's heart beat quick at this proposal, and pressing the veteran's hand affectionately, he expressed warmly how much pleasure such a visit would give him.

"Ay, ay, I have not forgotten what I was when

I was a boy myself," said Leostratos similing; "I should have ill brooked the living among the bullocks on my father's farm at thy age; though, to say the truth, I was never so handsome as thou art, my boy. Nay, nay, never colour at that; there is a time for all things; youth likes to see and to be seen; old age to sit still and be quiet."

Lysicles blushed again. "Perhaps my taste is too old for my years," said he, "for it is not in order to be seen that I would gladly be at Athens. It is the great game that is playing there that interests me, and," added he caressingly, "if I can win thee to be thy country's friend, rather than either a farmer or a partisan, I shall feel that I have not lived for nothing."

"Why, my lad, thou hast something of the spirit of my old general in thee, who, though an exile, came to offer his services to Athens when the battle was expected at Tanagra. I was not among the friends to whom he entrusted the care of vindicating his name, but I have never ceased to envy them."

"I have heard much of Cimon, excellent Leostratos, but I have heard—pardon me—of his vices, as well as his glory."

"Well, well," replied the warrior after a moment's pause, "it is an honest man's part to tell the truth; and though I loved him from my heart, I cannot deny that he was a wild youth. But, save thy friend Pericles, who had his colder sin of a calculating ambition, I do not know who there is that has not been so in his time. Yet in Cimon, at any rate, it never lessened his usefulness to the state; for the accusations that were got up against him, were false, I am

convinced. He was too wealthy to need to receive a bribe; and indeed though Pericles profited by the chance, he did not press for a conviction which, I am confident, he did not think would have been a just one."

"But those friends of Cimon?—why didst thou envy them?"

"What?" said the veteran, kindling at the recollection, "hast thou never heard of that action at Tanagra? I was not then personally known to Cimon more than as one of his officers at the Eurymedon, but I remember as well as if it was yesterday, seeing that warlike form pass me in full armour, as he came to take his place among the men of his tribe, before the battle. The council at home—and I think Pericles was at the bottom of it—directed the generals not to receive him if he came; for, with all their envy, they knew the man, and knew that where Athens was to be defended, there he would not fail to be. They remembered what Aristides had done, and the fools had no mind to be so saved again. Cimon heard the decree in silence, and then stilled the shouts, for guess if we did not receive him warmly;—and then he called his especial friends about him, and stripped off his armour: thou should'st have heard the sobs of the hoplitai whilst this was going on: we could not distinguish his words, but he retired unarmed, and his friends put his armour together, and carried it with them as their leader. They said he had bidden them show by *their* conduct what *his* intentions had been—and they did! Of those brave men, Lysicles,—there were an hundred of them;—not one survived the battle, and when we visited the

field afterwards, Cimon's armour lay there covered six deep with the bodies of his friends!* Oh, it was a glorious death! and I wept when I looked at them, to think that I had not been intimate enough with him to be allowed to join that noble band;" and again tears rolled fast down the manly cheek of the warrior, while Lysicles, unable to restrain his emotion, threw himself upon his breast and sobbed aloud; for his heart was moved, and he felt how sweet it must be to die for those we love. And thus the veteran and the boy met on the common ground of human nature, and forgot difference of years and of habits in the feelings which at such times assert their supremacy, and show, in spite of the perverseness which may sometimes forget, and sometimes deny it, that man was not made for this world, and is never happier, and never greater than in leaving it.

* See Note CXXXVI.

CHAP. XXX.

THE BIRD.

In the humbly-furnished room of a small house in an obscure street in Athens, sate a young girl caressing her bird. On the table lay a lute of more costly workmanship than her unpretending residence seemed to justify; and a few flowers in a vase shed their fragrance through the room, which had scarcely any other recommendation save the loveliness of the inmate, whose slender figure, well-rounded arms, and beautifully cut features were such as no one could look on once without wishing to look again.

An old woman sate spinning in one corner, who now and then looked up, and muttered, and shook her head, as if not very well pleased with the scene before her: but her young mistress was too much occupied with her winged favourite to pay any attention to her; and after feeding the little creature, she put it on her finger, and, throwing it up into the open air, carolled gaily, in a voice of surpassing sweetness,—

"Go, pretty bird! go, spread thy wing—
See, thou art free! go, mount and sing:
Go, free as light, or air, or wind,
Nor think of her thou leav'st behind.

"Yes, go! but if a darker hour
Should scare thee in thy leafy bower;
If lightning flash, if roar the wind,
Then think of her thou leav'st behind.

"*Then*, little wanderer, come and rest
Upon a warm and loving breast:
A truer heart thou wilt not find
Than hers whom now thou leav'st behind."

The bird, as if sensible of the words addressed to him, made a few circles in the air, but in a moment flew back to nestle in her bosom; and she, with an almost childish pleasure in the game and the song, repeated it with a number of sweet variations which showed her a mistress of her art.

"Thou art grown an idle dreamer, child!" said the old woman at last, unable any longer to restrain her displeasure; "thou, that mightest have lived like a Persian princess! And there thou sittest, and singest to thy bird as if he were a man; though for half as much pains Cleon would have loaded thy table with gold pieces; and instead of this little out-of-the-way place, where we live upon lentiles, we might have been eating and drinking like queens."

"Art thou weary of my service, Myrtis?" said Glycera, for it was herself; "if so, I will not prevent thee from exchanging it."

"No; I have seen thee grow up under my eyes, and I could not now forsake thee: but I am vexed at thy folly. What good wilt thou get by all the nonsense that old fellow talks? I am sure when I go thither with thee I cannot understand a word of it; and even though a good many noble youths may be there, they look at him, not at thee. And here thou art now — the prettiest girl in Athens, and the best singer — wasting thy time in conning lessons of I know not what, and playing with thy bird."

"But I am happy, nurse, very happy!" and she resumed her sweet carol.

"Yes, yes; I suppose thou gettest a glance of that young fellow that hath bewitched thee, when thou goest to the lecture, as they call it: but what is the good of that? He neither finds thee a house, nor gives thee money: and by-and-by, when thou hast spent what thou hadst when this fancy took thee, what wilt thou do?"

"I will spin. — But see! my little Ariphron here will not leave me, though I give him his liberty every morning: and his namesake looks so kindly at me! Oh! I shall win him, I know I shall, when I have learned to deserve him!"

"Silly child! thou art but young; but thou oughtest to know the world better: what canst thou hope? Thou art not an Athenian, therefore he will not marry thee: and in truth, from what I can hear, he is not rich enough to keep thee as his mistress."

"He shall do neither: I will look at him; hear his voice; and then come home and think about it. Give me my distaff: my own little Ariphron shall sit in my hair, and I will sing to him whilst I spin:" and again she carolled forth —

"Oh! tell me not of lovers' gold,
For never yet was true love sold:
It lies too deep, it soars too high
For power to reach, or wealth to buy.

"The heart! the soul! what Persian gem
Shall pay a fitting price for them?
Worthless, if purchas'd; worth, when given,
The crown of kings, the bliss of heaven!

"Idle bird! why dost thou pick and tangle my wool? I will take thee to Anaxagoras to be taught better to-morrow:" and then she sang again; and the little creature strained his throat and sang also, as if he would have drowned the voice of his mistress. "But now, Myrtis, go and boil the lentiles*; I have sung till I am hungry:" and when the old woman was departed, her distaff was again laid down, and she resumed her song and play with her bird; and that sweet voice echoed along the street till the passengers stopped to listen.

And one passenger there was who had stood as if spell-bound since the song began, and had listened, with eyes almost overflowing, to the touching sounds. At last, as if suddenly resolved, he strode hastily forward towards the house from whence they issued. There was no porter to bar his way into the humble dwelling; and in a moment more he stood in the apartment of Glycera, who, having her back to the door, did not at first perceive him. It was Ariphron, the son of Archippos, who had never heard that sweet voice or looked on that lovely face without some emotion; but who, by an effort of resolution, had stood aloof hitherto, and left the fair singer to the tuition of the philosopher. Chance led him to walk through the street on this occasion; and his courage gave way when he heard the words of the song as well as the tones. He looked round with a hasty glance at the apparent poverty of the dwelling, offering such a contrast to that in which he had formerly seen her: it was the pledge of her sincerity;

* See Note CXXXVII.

and he felt — what he could not explain to himself, for it was a novel sensation — a degree of respect for the character which could make such a sacrifice, approaching to the friendship which he would feel for the strong mind of one of his fellow-students, mixed with all the attractive influence of one so captivating by her person and talent. He remained silent and motionless; but the bird, who saw the stranger, stopped his song, and uttered a sound of fear which led Glycera to look round. A sudden and deep blush coloured her cheek, and she uttered a slight exclamation of joy and surprise, as her eye rested on this unhoped-for apparition.

Ariphron advanced a step, and, looking round once more, said, "Is this thy present dwelling, Glycera? it is a poor one."

"It is good enough for me, and I am content in it," replied the songstress, looking down lest she should lose her self-command.

"And this rude lodging, and thy bird, and the lessons of Anaxagoras, content thee?"

"Why should they not? I were an ill scholar of that good man if they did not."

"And this is now thy mode of life?" asked he again, looking at the implements of household work, and the wool, which were scattered about the room.*

"Yes; my good Myrtis spins, and I help her. I hope to spin quicker by-and-bye. I was ill taught," added she, "and I am now beginning life afresh — I hope to better purpose."

* See Note CXXXVIII.

Ariphron looked at her with mingled admiration and compassion; — so young! so fair! and yet content to support herself by the labour of her hands! and those hands, too, by far too delicate for the task. It was in vain that he tried to recall his philosophy; the fair creature before him overset all his theories, and, taking the lute from the table, he said gently, "Glycera! thou hast been singing a long time to thy bird; wilt thou now sing one song for me?"

"To my bird?" and how didst thou know that?"

"Because I was one of those who stayed their steps to listen to the sweet tones of thy gay song; and I listened till I longed to hear it more nearly. Hence my intrusion."

Glycera took the lute with glowing cheeks. "What shall I sing?" asked she: "I owe thee much; and — and — I wish I could do thee a greater pleasure than this trifle."

"Sing me the song, then, once more, that lured me from the street. Thou wast not wont to sing such: where didst thou learn the words?"

"I learned them from my own heart," said the fair songstress, sinking her eyes again beneath his gaze: and then she added more gaily, "I should have learned my art but ill if I were not able to lend words to my music upon occasions:" and, tuning her lute, she sang again, with touching expression, the words which have been already given.

Ariphron hung over her as she sung, enchanted equally by her beauty and her song; and poor Glycera forgot her philosophy too, and felt only the delight and agitation of hope, as he bent towards her, and said in a tone full of emotion, "That heart of

thine, Glycera, when it *is* given, will be a rich possession to whoever obtains it."

"Dost *thou* think so?" exclaimed she, fixing her large dark eyes upon his countenance as if she would read his very soul.

"Yes, indeed I do! if this has been thy life since I first led thee to Anaxagoras, thou truly hast a soul that is beyond all price."

A large tear rolled down the cheek of the poor singer, and her little bird, who had learned to read the looks of his mistress, again flew to her shoulder, and nestled himself in her bosom, as if he would still claim his home there. Ariphron hastened to recall the expression that had wounded her. "Forgive me, Glycera!". and in a tone of yet more emotion he repeated, "*Dear* Glycera! I meant no reproach!" But joy has its tears as well as grief; and at that expression of tenderness she hid her face in her hands, and wept; while Ariphron, forgetting at once all his former resolutions, folded his arms round her, and whispered, "Glycera, that heart which can only be *given*, wilt thou give it to me?"

An answering and passionate embrace was for a few moments the poor girl's only reply; and then were exchanged those vows of fidelity which—in that country, where marriages were only the acknowledged mode of legitimatising children—so frequently supplied the place of legal ties, that it became difficult to know what term to apply to an union no less faithfully observed, and frequently productive of greater happiness, than a marriage according to law; for this last necessarily depended on the accident of birth rather than the merit of the individual.

"And for me, then, poor girl!" said Ariphron, clasping her again to his breast: "thou hast encountered poverty and toil, when wealth and luxury might have been thine. Thou art right; true love *is* too high and too deep for vulgar souls to comprehend; nor perhaps a year ago could I have loved thee as at this moment I do, for I too was carried away with the stream."

Just then old Myrtis returned with the lentils, which had been cooked at a neighbour's house — so narrow an economy had become necessary in that of poor Glycera; and the fair singer with a smile invited her lover to partake of their meal. Ariphron looked at her with eyes almost overflowing: "Thou hast been living on such fare, Glycera?" said he.

"Nothing better, by the two goddesses!"* replied the old woman ere Glycera could answer: "the poor child has sung like a bird from morning till night upon food no better than would feed fowls — and twenty times has Cleon's steward come to me with purses of gold; — but no! he had to take them back again; and she would sing again to her little Ariphron, as she calls her little pet there, and study over the crabbed stuff she learns from that old man they call a philosopher, and never troubles her head as to what she has to eat or to drink."

"And thy pet bird is named Ariphron, is he, Glycera?" said the young noble, smiling.

"Yes; I knew, when I called him so, and he became so fond of me, that good was in store for me at

* See Note CXXXIX.

last; and it is come!"—and she again threw her arms fondly around her lover, and hid her face in his bosom.

"Why didst thou not come to me, Myrtis, and tell me all this?" said Ariphron.

The old woman hesitated; for she knew well that if her persuasions could have availed, Cleon's gold would not have been rejected: but Glycera answered for her,—"She durst not: I would not have had from thy compassion what I could not obtain from thy love. I had learned to be proud, Ariphron; and when I determined to follow the guidance of Anaxagoras, I determined also to test my strength, and try if I could indeed live without the luxuries I had been accustomed to. Months were wanted to make the trial complete; and even now thou hast come too soon; I wanted to have been more sure that I could deserve thee."

"I do not quite believe that," replied the young pupil of Anaxagoras, fondly kissing the fair brow of the speaker: "but even if too soon for thee, it was not soon enough for myself; and though I have not Cleon's gold to offer thee, these matters must be cared for. Go with thy mistress, Myrtis, and choose a better lodging: and remember, sweet Glycera!" added he in a whisper to the happy girl, "that it is to be my lodging too;—it must be a fitting home for love: I will be here again to-night, and Myrtis shall show me thy new abode:" and so saying, and with another fond embrace, he departed, leaving the young singer in an intoxication of joy easier to be conceived than described.

That night saw the fair Corinthian in possession

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of a small and modestly-furnished house, with a pretty piece of garden behind it; and while old Myrtis busied herself in preparing a supper of rather better kind than the customary lentils, Ariphron and Glycera wandered by moonlight in their little garden, and enjoyed the balmy air, and gazing upwards at the glittering sky, talked of the lessons they had learned in the lecture-room of Anaxagoras. If one had forgotten a part, the other supplied it: they joined in the same calculations, and tried laughingly who should finish it first; they talked of the unseen and the infinite — of matter and of spirit, and the intellect of both seemed quickened by the feeling of happiness; for Ariphron had now found what he sought — the sweetness and tenderness of woman, joined with the more cultivated mind of man."

No one can now guess in Europe what was the wearisome babble of an Athenian matron, whose knowledge of life was as limited as it is now among the inmates of a Turkish harem; and it was from his mother's remembered folly, and his boon companions' abhorred grossness, that the pupil of Anaxagoras now turned to accomplishments, beauty, and *conversation* — that talent which, in the long run, leaves all others in the back-ground, and fascinates more effectually than beauty itself.

Where divorce is easy and not unfrequent, marriage loses its sanctity, though the law may maintain its validity; and where such as Lais and Phryne* pranked their riches in the eyes of all, and pursued their profession openly, and unrestrained by either

* See Note CXL.

religion or public opinion, the Hetaira who gave her heart to one only, wanted nothing but the chance of birth to make her an affectionate and faithful wife: and thus the distinctions between wife and mistress were so confounded in Athens, that the gravest and the best felt scarcely any other compunction at forming such a connexion, than that of having failed in their duty to their country by not giving birth to Athenian citizens.

The law indeed had been disregarded in some degree before Pericles came into power, and foreigners had been introduced as wives to so great an extent, that in order to lessen the number of citizens claiming gratuities from the public purse, that statesman revived it, and some thousand individuals — the children of such marriages — had at once been degraded from their rank. Since that time such unions had become rare; and the native of another state, who suffered her heart to be captivated by the talent or the beauty of an Athenian youth, must either abjure her love, or accept his honourable feeling as the only bond between them.

Compared with those whom Glycera had seen in the orgies where her talent as a singer was to be exercised, Ariphron was as a god in the midst of satyrs: he became the idol of her imagination; and in giving herself to him with a modest competence, in preference to the splendour that she might have enjoyed by pursuing the course which was open to her, she sacrificed wealth to high-minded feeling, and was a virtuous woman in despite of circumstances which, in a different age and country, would have rendered her infamous: so little can those outward accidents

of life form an element in the judgment we have to make of the mind and the heart of our fellow-creatures! Happy indeed is it for poor humanity, that there is an Eye which can look through all the exterior coverings of circumstance, and read in the heart's core the affections, the aspirations, and haply the regrets, which hallow and purify the inward man!

CHAP. XXXI.

"TEN TALENTS WELL LAID OUT."

WHILE Leostratos was enjoying a respite from the bustle of Athens, in the quiet of his farm, very different scenes were convulsing the political world of that restless city. The active enemies of Pericles were concentrating their strength, and the accession of Cleon to the aristocratic league gave them a certain degree of favour among the people, which was skilfully made use of. The mass of the young nobility, indeed, stood aloof, and left the contending parties a clear arena for the combat, and with the lower classes Pericles was still in favour, though, perhaps, rather less so than a few months back, for the enthusiasm kindled by his successes in Eubœa had in some degree burnt itself out. Still Megara remained to be chastised, and there was no man to whom this business could be entrusted with so much certainty of triumph as to him: and thus men's minds were divided, and his adversaries had probably rated the partial advantages they had gained over him at too high a value.

Dracontides had already given notice to the Logistai that he proposed to call for an explanation of the item in the account which bore so strange a title; but when Pericles was informed of this, he absolutely refused to give any further information

the subject, and the business was accordingly brought before the people, the ultimate referees in all matters of difficulty.

To the accusation of contumacy Pericles made no reply: imperturbable in his calm, he only smiled at the declamations of his adversaries, and remained silent. It was then proposed by Dracontides that he should be called upon to give the whole account of his expenditure of the public money before the assembly of the people, who should ballot as judges on this occasion; but this violent proposal defeated itself; for it was so clearly a departure from the legal mode of proceeding, that though Thucydides did his best to support the measure, Hagnon the son of Nicias, a man not wont to speak in public, or to take much share in political affairs, rose to oppose it. He was a man of middle age, of great wealth, and generally respected, and there was something even in the very plainness of his speech that won attention; for it was clear that he did not play the orator, but sought only to inform his hearers.

"I have property enough, Athenians," said he, "as you probably know, to make it requisite to bring my steward, both in the country, and here in the city, to a strict account: but when I begin the examination, I always take care that it shall be at a leisure time, when my attention is not distracted by other affairs, in order that I may be able thus to go through the items one after another, and compare them whilst the whole is fresh in my memory; and this I think is the right method to pursue. Accordingly, by the laws of our city, certain officers who have leisure to attend to the business, are deputed

by the citizens to audit the public accounts, and report upon them when they have done. If then any fraud or peculation be discovered, it is for you to decide upon the prosecution; and the laws have again pointed out the course to be pursued: for the court of the Heliastai is the tribunal before which such offences ought to be tried, and the Logistai can there tender evidence in support of their charge.* But if, on the contrary, the whole account be brought before the assembly of the people, I would wish to know when the examination is likely to be finished? for neither can those who have other business to attend to afford to give up every day to this; nor, if they did, could they speedily conclude it, since, of the hundreds or thousands present, every one must satisfy himself singly, ere he can proceed to give an honest vote. Thus, Athenians, if this plan be adopted generally, I can see no way for you but to offer up supplications and sacrifices to the gods, in order that they may be pleased to prolong the lives of great offenders until such time as they can be convicted of their malpractices, since by no means could the examination be concluded within the ordinary length of a single life."

A shout of laughter followed this address; for the quick witted Athenians instantly caught the quiet ridicule; and the look of surprise, either real or affected, with which Hagnon glanced round on the assembly, as if not aware that he had said any thing to excite their merriment, by no means allayed it; while many a jest passed round among the people as

* See Note CXLI.

they calculated what length of life must have been assigned to various public defaulters, who at different times had been called to account for peculation, if this proposal of Dracontides had then been adopted.

Even Thucydides smiled, and whispered to Diopeithes, that Hagnon with his matter of fact plainness was a dangerous opponent. "That party," added he, "is gaining strength in spite of us. Hagnon is a man of weight in the city, and I did not expect to see him throw himself upon that side, and what is worse too is, that he is right; that is the only legal mode of proceeding, and Dracontides has made a blunder. Those young men are dragging us into quagmires, and then expecting us old fellows to help them out."

"But a trial for peculation. . . "

"Would not succeed, probably. It is well to be guessed how that money was bestowed."

At this moment a cry of "Pericles" arose: the people were determined to hear their favourite, and when Glycon approached the Bema, they shouted him down, and filled the air with the cry of "Pericles! Pericles must speak!"

Thus summoned, the orator rose, ascended the Bema, folded his arms in his robes, and looked round him. "Athenians, you have called for me," said he, "what do you require?"

A pause of some embarrassment ensued, for the multitude who had so eagerly shouted for him had not well considered what it was that they expected him to say; and there was a hum of voices among the crowd, which lasted for some moments, during which Pericles kept his position in silence. At last

two or three voices exclaimed, "The ten talents — what were those ten talents?"

"Athenians! if that is all," exclaimed Pericles, gathering his robe yet closer about him, as if about to descend; "if that is all you have to demand of me, I withdraw. Those ten talents were well bestowed; I will not say more than that. Do Athenians now need to be told, word by word, what they were wont to understand intuitively?"

This appeal to their sagacity was well-timed; it was too short and too unexpected to be stopped by Cleon's hired mob, and none were unaware that the Lacedæmonian force was not wont to retire without striking any effective stroke; and that they had done so last year was well known: in a moment the light flashed upon even the meanest, and presently another shout arose of "Pericles shall not be questioned!" The orator smiled, bowed, and descended quietly from the Bema.

Glycon now rose, and attempted to address the assembly; but the whole matter was understood, and it was in vain that he sought to obtain a hearing. Metrodoros the armourer, who never failed to attend the meetings of the people, for his trade in great measure depended on the acts there determined on, had a voice proportioned to his herculean frame; and when others failed to make the uproar sufficiently loud, he joined in, with a bellow of such portentous force, that no other human organ could hope to outroar it; and after a few minutes of this unearthly din, during which Pericles stood quietly, with one foot on the stone seat, and leaning his elbow on the raised knee, with a look as unmoved as if he had not the

least concern in what was passing; the crier at the president's command put the question; "if Pericles, the son of Xanthippus, should be impeached by the Logistai?" A few hands were held up, but they speedily disappeared, for they were almost immediately pulled down by those beside them. The president of the day announced, therefore, that the question was negatived, and the assembly was forthwith dissolved.

The two leaders of the opposite parties glanced at each other whilst the crowd was dispersing, but no greeting passed between them as wont. The struggle was now, indeed, as Pericles himself had pronounced, for life or death, and of this all were becoming daily more sensible. To the shout which greeted him as he rose to leave the Pnyx, the son of Xanthippus returned a smiling look, and a glance that showed the features of many there to be known to him; but that was all, and he returned to his morning avocations with the calm of a man who has triumphed so often over circumstances that he has almost ceased to feel anxiety for the result. The leaders of the opposite party meantime, seeing that their last hope of overthrowing him by ordinary means, had failed, retired to the house of Diopeithes, there to consult with him on the further proceedings under the new law, which was to give them the advantage they sought.

The accounts being now past, the great minister of the Athenian people was free to apply his mind to the business of his office; and the harvest of Attica being concluded, he issued his summons for the muster of the citizens of age to bear arms. This was the usual time for making incursions into an enemy's country; and Megara had now to undergo the ven-

geance which had been decreed in the spring.* Pericles, though not easily provoked, was stern in the punishment of national offences; and the ingratitude shown by that little state, in its unprovoked attack on the Athenian force which had hitherto protected it against more powerful invaders, had roused him to a determination to inflict a signal chastisement. It was a measure needful to show the various dependencies of the state that it never could be braved with impunity; but private feelings were in this instance joined to public ones; the outrage offered to Aspasia's pupils was not forgotten; and it was evident, from the force called out, that the general was prepared to resist all attempts on the part of the Peloponnesians to afford succour to the Megareans, even should they make the endeavour.

Never had a finer body of Hoplitai presented themselves at the muster than on this occasion; and it was with a feeling of gratified pride, which banished all thoughts of political rivalship and future danger, that Pericles walked along the lines, and heard the shouts which greeted him as he passed, and assured him that he had men under his command who would not fail to maintain the honour of Athens.

The first day was consumed in the requisite arrangement of the force, which he divided into two bodies, one of which he kept under his own command, the other he assigned to Menippos; but all were required to be under arms, in marching order, at daybreak the next morning. At that hour the

* See Note CXLII.

general in full armour appeared among them; and beside him was young Xanthippus his eldest son, who, having just reached the required age, on this occasion made his first campaign. The father presented his son to his companions in arms with the honest pride of a man who bestows on his country a defender in whom, when his own arm is grown feeble with age, he may find his youth renewed, and feel even more than a personal pride in the trophies of his son; and yet there was sadness in his tone, when he expressed his hope that a new Xanthippus might at some future day lead them again to triumph; for there was nothing in the character of his eldest born which could change that hope into confidence; and those who watched the handsome features of the young aspirant for military glory, even at that moment of youthful enthusiasm, saw more of disdain than pleasure in his countenance when a shout ran along the line of hardy warriors, who fancied they saw in the son of their great general a successor to his talents and his fame. It was a look that arrested even the cheers of those who were near him; and many a Hoplites whispered to his neighbour, that it was clear that young Xanthippus did not love the soldiery because they were citizens; and the next man for the most part answered, that he would never be such a man as his father.

"Those old world leaders," said Xanthippus to one of his young companions, like him making his first campaign — "those old world leaders appear to me to court rather than command their men. My father is always studying to please. Didst thou not see how he noticed every low fellow in the ranks, as if he

were an old acquaintance? If I were in his place, I would rather study to be feared;" and the youth whom he addressed smiled, and returned an approving nod.

The force set forward. The provisions which every soldier was required to carry with him sufficed for the meal when they halted*; and jest and laugh passed merrily round among the warriors as they sat on the ground, and drank from a little stream that sent its tributary waters into the Cephisus, while they thought of the rich booty which awaited them when they entered the territory of Megaris.

"They put my brother to death," said one, "not as a soldier should die, poor fellow! He was stabbed, while he was looking another way, by a man who had been his host. By all the gods! if I could catch that man, he should never have it in his power to break the laws of hospitality again."

"Why do we not serve Megara as we did Hestiaia last year?" cried another: "we should not then have an enemy for a neighbour; and what care we for the Peloponnesians?"

"Ay, ay! with our fleet we might defy the world," said a third: "we could recover Egypt now, if we would."

Yes, νὴ τὸν Δία! but Sicily is the place for me: *that* would be an enterprise worthy of Pericles." †

"And that, they tell me, is within a few stadia of Hetruria: ah! once established there, we might soon be masters of all the coasts round."

"Well, well!" said a veteran who had nearly com-

* See Note CXLIII. † See Note CXLIV.

pleted his term of service; "those are very fine dreams for young men like you; but give me my farm and my yoke of oxen, and Egypt and Sicily may be left for my grandchildren. We shall carry home a good load of corn from our neighbours here, and that will do us more good than all the cheeses of Sicily."

The territory of Megaris was so little remote, that the Athenian force was soon over the frontier. The inhabitants, who from the moment they heard of the muster of men in Attica had guessed its object, had retreated into their fortified towns wherever it was possible, and taken with them what valuables they could carry. But the chief wealth of an agricultural people — their corn, their flocks, and their cattle — could not be immediately placed in security; and the Athenians, spreading over the undefended country, carried off whatever was to be found. Every hour the booty swelled; and laden wains, and lowing herds, careering wildly as armed men drove them in from all sides, and smoke rising from the places whence they had been driven, showed that the dread hand of military execution was at work.

Pericles meantime kept his main body in close order, that he might be ready to protect the plunderers if needful; and day after day the work of destruction went on. The Megareans looked from the walls on the ruin of their farms; but the force was too formidable to be encountered without a larger army than they could bring into the field, and the ravage was carried on without interruption. In those times an invader was held merciful who neither enslaved nor put to death the inhabitants. Even

Pericles — the enlightened, the philosophic Pericles — looked upon the devastation as a matter of course; and thought, perhaps, that as he had prevented this from being done annually, it was well to give a lesson that should long be remembered. It *was* long remembered; and it would be well if nations, like individuals, could learn from the experience of the past, that revenge is a weapon wisely forbidden to the unskilful hand of man, who, like a child, is sure to maim himself at last with the tool he has been so reckless in the use of. The complaints of Megara helped to rouse the Peloponnesian league; and within forty years after Athens had taken what was then thought an allowable vengeance for an offence certainly of a very aggravated nature, she had discovered, to her cost, that the only benefit she had gained from such a vindication of her power, was to be found in the moderation of her great leader. Pericles had neither razed the cities he took, nor enslaved the inhabitants; and Athens, when she lay at the feet of her conquerors, was spared.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE AREIOPAGUS.

SCARCELY was the army out of sight of the walls of Athens when Thucydides and Diopeithes repaired to the στοὰ τοῦ βασιλέως, or royal portico, to lay an information against Pheidias, the son of Charmides, before the King Archon, accusing the venerable sculptor of impiety, of corrupting the manners of the young of both sexes, and of covertly recommending a tyranny by placing the likeness of Pericles on the shield of the goddess.*

There was little sympathy between the court of Areiopagus, in which the initiatory measures of a trial of this kind were instituted, and the friends of Pericles; for it was by his influence, it was imagined—though Ephialtes was the ostensible agent—that its powers had been curtailed, and that causes which formerly were decided by it were now sent before the democratic tribunal of the court of Heliaia. The Areiopagus was, by its very constitution, conservative: its ranks were recruited yearly by the Archons, who became members for life after having borne that office: and the Archons were usually men of high birth, large possessions, and mature age. It is not among persons of this class that the spirit of change

* See Note CXLV.

is wont to show itself, for they have much to lose, are satisfied with their lot, and finding that all is well with themselves, are at a loss to conceive that any can find room for discontent with the existing state of things: none, therefore, were more strenuous supporters of ancient laws and ancient customs than the Areiopagites.

To this class of men, the philosophical and the democratical party appeared to be one and the same; for did they not seek to effect changes which tended to the shaking of the present order of the state? If the demagogue sought to exalt the power of the meanest citizens, it was only, in their opinion—and perhaps it was a just one—in order to bear sway by their means, and thus to depress the ruling families in order to exalt his own. If the philosopher sought to assert the empire of mind, was it not with the same view; namely, to claim for talent what had hitherto been given to birth and wealth, and thus to effect a change little less disagreeable to those who had hitherto held power by prescriptive right, and partly, even, on the ground of the assumed divinity of their ancestors; a claim which would be shaken to its very foundation by the irreverent scoffs of those who held the Deity to be one, and unapproachable; far removed, of course, from the passions and frailties of human life?

None could be more obnoxious, therefore, to this set of men than the party of Pericles, who seemed to unite in himself the love of change incident to both the demagogue and the philosopher; for his power was founded upon the popular suffrage, but his measures were those of a man inclined to make

talent rather than birth the qualification for office. His society was chosen among the learned rather than the great, and his known attachment to a foreign woman, who had not scrupled on all occasions to ridicule and condemn the honoured superstitions of the state, proved him to be little shocked at such profaneness. It was well judged, therefore, according to the views of this once influential body, to show their daring minister, and perhaps would-be ruler of Athens, that his favour was insufficient to protect his friends from charges which might even ultimately be brought home to himself. Thucydides and Diopeithes were men of influence and credit in the state; their accusation therefore met with an attentive hearing, and Pheidias, much to his surprise, was called upon to answer for himself and prove his innocence.

But the charge was one which admitted of no such proof, for the fact of the likeness was not to be denied; nay, who that has any of the feeling of an artist can wonder that the great sculptor did not even attempt such a defence. His crime was his glory, for without showing one feature of the countenance, that master of his art had so caught the very gesture and bearing of his illustrious friend, that the very living, breathing man was there, and the beholder almost felt as if, in a moment more, the raised arm would be withdrawn and allow a sight of the noble lineaments which were just then concealed.

There was a certain degree of disdain even in the old man's reply, when asked if he could deny the charge. "No!" said he; "the noblest works must be wrought from the noblest models; and who but

Pericles was a fit model for the chisel of Pheidias?"

"Thou art bold, old man," said one of those present.

"Innocence is wont to be so," replied the sculptor calmly: "my worst fault is, that I know my art better than my accusers; none but a person ignorant of sculpture could have charged this as a crime."

It was almost a matter of course that the cause should be sent before the criminal tribunal, and a day was appointed for the hearing. The accused might have availed himself of various modes of delay, but he thought that this would have been an acknowledgment of the fear which belongs to guilt, and he suffered his prosecutors to fix as early a day as they chose; while they, anxious that the trial should take place in the absence of the general, hurried it forward with an eagerness which, to a more cautious man, might have betrayed their design. But Pheidias had lived among the creations of his own imagination; and living men, in their littlenesses, their selfishness, their narrow-mindedness, were scarcely known to him. Artists in all ages have been proverbial for their ignorance of the common matters which worldly men call knowledge, and the son of Charmides was every inch an artist.

The men who were called to sit in the court of Heliaia were chosen by lot from those who had given in their names as willing to accept the functions of judges in any of the courts; and as all citizens of whatever rank were eligible for this office, it devolved ordinarily on those of a low class; for the great number required secured a majority to that larger

portion of the freemen of Athens in a court so constituted; and the nobility, who liked their ease, and only made the passions of the people their tools when needed, seldom were seen among the criminal judges. Before such a tribunal, superiority of any sort was not unfrequently the defendant's worst crime; for envy is too frequently engendered in the mind by ignorance and poverty, and a mean mind has pleasure in seeing greatness humbled. In bringing Pheidias, therefore, with all his pride of art, before judges whom he despised, the aristocratic party well knew the danger they placed him in, and from the time that the day of trial was appointed they considered their triumph as certain.

Politicians have never been famed for their scrupulousness. An advantage gained over an opponent is a matter of too much congratulation amid the party to allow any very narrow investigation of the means by which it was obtained; for where numbers of men meet in the pursuit of one object, the calm thought which would weigh these means in the balance of conscience is fettered or cramped. Many weigh not at all; and many more, to whom that quiet monitor whispers, "I have weighed, and am not satisfied," only reply, "my friends are satisfied, and they ought to know," while all hold that to maintain the interests of the party for the sake of the good it is some day to do, is sufficient to justify, alas! so many evils and so many wrongs. But a calm spectator cannot but wonder what mortal can ever be mad enough to imagine that *his* hand can have strength to shut the floodgates he has opened. And so the world moves on, whilst ONE UNSLEEP-

ING EYE overlooks it—sees the great wheels of the moral universe rolling their ceaseless round—and, could we impute human feeling to the Eternal and the Infinite, we might add, views with disdain or pity the impotent efforts of the spiders weaving their slender threads in the hope to arrest their course. The untiring movement of that great whole brings THE HOUR AND THE MAN; the flimsy web is rent, and the insect crushed. So fell the wealth of Persia; so fell, in later times, the iron strength of Rome; and a better state of things arose out of their ruins. But still the wheels move on: the same Mighty Power watches their course, and half raises, occasionally, the veil which conceals the machinery of his will, so as to show to a few favoured mortals the things that shall be. These men endeavour to assimilate themselves to the age that is to come. By their own they are misunderstood and reviled; but when the revolving cycle brings *their* period round, men turn with reverent eyes to the great minds of past time that had looked beneath the veil, and call those almost divine whom their contemporaries regarded as little less than insane. Yet the masses grow no wiser: every age has its men who have looked beneath the veil—who have seen what shall be; and, in their admiration of its beauty, strive to realise it at once; and every age sacrifices, or strives to sacrifice them before the shrine of time-honoured prejudice. When will it be otherwise? The answer to that question is still hidden beneath the veil.

When Pericles set forth on the expedition into Megaris, he was not wholly without anxiety for those he left behind; and he gave strict orders to

his trusty steward to forward by a sure hand, and with all speed, any epistle which might be addressed to him by any of his friends. It was the seventh day since he had left Athens, his troops were under arms, himself giving the orders to the respective commanders, when one of the servants of his household approached, heated and weary: it was evident that he had made a long journey in a short time.

Pericles recognised the man whilst he was yet at a distance; and even in the midst of the cares of the general the emotions of the man would claim attention. "There is a messenger from Athens, gentlemen," said he to his officers; "have the goodness to bring him hither instantly;" and as one of the juniors turned to fulfil the order, the son of Xanthippus looked at Menippos with a glance that seemed to ask what evil was impending.

The slave approached, and bending low delivered into the hands of his lord a small bag, which had been concealed under his tunic. "Euangelos greets my lord by me," said he, "and bids me await thy orders."

The general retreated a little from the assembled commanders, and hastily cutting the string which bound the tablets contained in the bag delivered to him by the slave, saw with a degree of emotion, which *the man* would not allow *the general* to control, the name of Aspasia. For an instant—it was but an instant—there was a glow at his heart. Was it, indeed, the impatient anxiety of affection which dictated this missive? and a momentary disappointment followed when the common address of "Aspasia to Pericles greeting" made him feel that

he had done both himself and her injustice in suffering this fancy of a boy lover to enter into the serious intercourse of two minds that had so little of the weakness of human nature about them. It was not fitting, he was aware of it, that Aspasia should write to Pericles save upon weighty affairs; and could his first thought have been realised, she would have lost in his eyes something of the dignity which had won from him so deep a devotion.

"Thy anticipations were just," she wrote, and our venerable friend Pheidias is prosecuted under the new law. His trial will take place almost immediately; for he is more confident in his innocence than I am of the justice of the court that he will have to appear in, and he has sought no delay. I have done my best for him, and have drawn up a defence, which he is well pleased with, and will speak*; but I cannot contemplate the result without some apprehension, notwithstanding that the charges are so absurd that he laughs at them; and, though thy friends can never wish that public duty should be postponed to them, yet it cannot be concealed that thy absence at this moment may be fatal; nor is the devastating a defenceless country a warfare worthy of him who is engaged in it."

When Pericles returned to his officers all traces of emotion had passed away, and his orders were given with their wonted perspicuity: but the arrangements made were such as indicated an intention of withdrawing the forces from Megaris. To Menippos only he confided the cause of his intended

* See Note CXLVI.

retrograde movement; but many guessed that the messenger from Athens brought ill tidings, and, popular as the general was among his troops, it was not without many a muttered curse against his enemies that the hardy hoplitai resumed their march.

CHAP. XXXIII.

THE ARTISAN POLITICIAN.

DAYS passed lightly with Leostratos in the society of his old friend and his young favourite, and it was in vain that Lysicles each morning listened for an invitation to return to the city. The warrior and the statesman found relief in the quiet, and for a time enjoyed the leisure of a country life. It was a novelty, and a pleasant novelty; but at last, when he had heard the probable produce of all the fields and the cattle, and all the various methods of culture with their different advantages; and when the overlooker of the slaves grew lengthy in his complaints of their misdeeds, and still the same conversation was repeated day after day, the veteran began to yawn, and complain that the country air made him heavy and sleepy.

"Is it not, rather, that the occupations of the country are monotonous to one accustomed to the more stirring life of Athens?" said Lysicles "I do not often go thither, but when I do it seems to me that nobody is ever silent or still for an instant. You enter the town; all are thronging to the Agora; scarcely are you there when half-a-dozen Scythian bowmen are running hither and thither with their vermilion rope to drive people into the Pnyx; you go to the Pnyx—all is agitation there, and shouts and cries rend the air as the different

orators please or displease the audience; you quit the Pnyx, and have much ado to avoid being crushed by the wains carrying stones for the buildings of the Acropolis; you escape these, and fall into the midst of a set of students just quitting the lecture-room, and disputing as they go till they nearly run over you. Who that has lived in such a vortex can ever endure the quiet of our fields, broken only by the lowing of the cattle, or the bleating of the goats?"

"Thou sayest true, boy," said Mnesarchos, "and I thank the gods that I have escaped from such a life. Why should our friend here not like the quiet of the country as well as I do?"

"Because he yawns, father! Is it not so, excellent Leostratos? Is not the country monotonous compared to thy habitual life?"

Leostratos smiled. "Perhaps it is; and," he whispered to Lysicles, "perhaps thou findest it so too."

Lysicles blushed, and looked down: he had indeed found his life wearisome since he had spent that evening at Aspasia's house, and yet it was so rarely that he could find any pretext for returning to Athens! But overcoming his embarrassment he again raised his eyes, and looking full at Leostratos replied, "When I think of what may be going forward in Athens at this time, yes."

"Oh, there has not been time to do any great mischief yet. Depend on it, when Pericles put that item in his accounts he did not mean to explain, nor will he: and Athens will not go to ruin because Leostratos is taking his pleasure. But come, my boy, I will not vex thee; we will go back to the city to-morrow, and see how matters stand. Pericles

is a skilful general and a wise man, and I do not think we can spare him just at present; so I think it will be quite as well to go and look after these young gentlemen that consider themselves now as the leaders of— by the gods! I hardly know what to call the party when Cleon, the son of old Cleanetus the tanner, is one of its chiefs."

"What! Cleanetus, that used to buy my skins?" said Mnesarchos. "I remember he used to have a gawky boy with him sometimes when he came. I suppose he was this Cleon."

"Even so; and now he gives suppers, and has Corinthian singers, and staggers about the city crowned with roses, as if he were the greatest man in Athens; and that he will soon be in one sense of the word, for if he continues this life he will soon be as big and as bloated as Dromeas the parasite. And now, good night; for, be the cause what it may, I really am sleepy; and to-morrow morning, by break of day, Lysicles, we will march for Athens, if thou art so minded. Wilt thou let him go, Mnesarchos? It will do him good to know something of the duties of an Athenian citizen."

"I would not have him become too much enamoured of a town life," said the careful father; "for those town gallants know better how to spend money than to get it; but with thee, my old friend, I cannot have any anxiety for him. Lysicles, thou must obey him like thy father; and stay not too long in Athens, my boy; I like not what I hear of it now."

The next morning saw Leostratos and his young friend at the Acharnian gate as early as any of the market people, and as it was scarcely out of their

way, they followed the crowd into the Agora. "If thou wouldst hear any news, now is the time," whispered the warrior to Lysicles as they entered the square, "for yonder I see the burly smith, who was the spokesman of the people the last time I was in the Pnyx. I know him well, for he is the best armourer in Athens. What ho! friend Metrodoros, what have you been doing here in the city since I went into the country?"

Metrodoros approached with a greeting between familiarity and respect, for a wearer of armour was always a great man in his eyes. "Noble sir," said he, "may I be bold to ask where thou hast been that thou callest on me to tell thee the news?"

"I have been drinking goat's milk with my young friend here, and looking to see how much my steward has cheated me. And thou, Metrodoros, hast thou been rubbing up any helmets?"

"Ἡρακλεις!* hast thou not heard that Pericles has led our troops into Megaris? I warrant by this time the people there repent of having provoked us. I thought indeed at one time that our general had so many wasps buzzing and stinging about him, that he would have enough to do to defend his own hive at home without going to attack others. But he *is* a man, and has led off such a band of hoplitai, that it did a man's heart good to look at them."

"So, so:—Lysicles, my boy, thou wast right: we have staid too long at Acharnæ. And what have the wasps been doing then, most potent Metrodoros?"

"No offence, noble sir, I hope," said the smith,

* *Hercules!* an Athenian exclamation of surprise, something like the English "Lord bless me!"

recollecting just then that Leostratos was one of the friends of Thucydides. "Thou art made of better stuff than these young men who have set themselves up for leaders now, and who understand a perfume pot better than a corslet. Thou wast Cimon's friend, and he loved the people; that is, to be sure," continued he, somewhat embarrassed by the recollection that the people had banished him, "certainly, he would not have done as some of his friends are doing now."

"True, true, Metrodoros; he would not. He was an honourable and a wise man, and kind-hearted withal enough to love the people, even while he sought to restrain them a little."

"Ay, sir, kind-hearted he was, I know. I was a young lad when his slaves brought his armour to my father's shop to be repaired: it was after his recall: and *that* armour, I dare say thou rememberest it, noble sir, had been without its master in the battle of Tanagra. I can well recollect him, for I was beside my father, and stared at his noble appearance; for though a little touched by age then, he was a fine figure of a man still, and his hair flowed in large curls over his shoulders scarcely changed in colour; he looked built for a long life, but the gods ordered otherwise: well, as I was saying, I was standing beside my father, and I remember well that when he said, 'Strepsion, hammer out the dints, but do not polish it,' the tears ran down his cheeks, and his voice trembled as he went on to say, 'there is the stain of blood there, that no hands but mine must wash off.' I was a silly lad then, and asked when he was gone? what he, a great, strong, rich man,

cried for? and my father bade me remember as long as I lived, that I had seen Cimon, the son of Miltiades, weeping for the death of brave men."

The warrior's lip quivered, and his voice was broken with emotion, as he replied, "Metrodoros! thou has done well to remember it. But what have our young gentlemen been doing then?" added he, after a pause.

"Why, sir, as thou knowest, I doubt not, the accounts of the last campaign were before the Logistai, and it seems there was an item of ten talents which was not to the satisfaction of Dracontides and one or two more of these young gallants; so they called upon the general to explain. He would not; and, *νὴ Δία*! he was right; for there was not a man of us that did not guess well enough where those ten talents went to; but it would not have been well to talk about it. So, when he refused, they proposed to try him before a general assembly; and still he was silent: there was a good deal of talking, but he remained obstinate; and as we could understand why," continued the smith, lowering his voice mysteriously, "when the president put the vote, we passed the item by acclamation, and decreed that no further inquiry should be made about it."

"That was well done! thou art a wise fellow, Metrodoros, as well as a strong one. And what said the young gentlemen to this?"

"Why, they said a great deal: I can't say *I* believe it all, though many do. They said that our general had suffered himself to be led away by the set that don't believe in the gods; and that his head had been stuffed with all sorts of atheistical notions

by that Ionian woman that lives down yonder, and gives lectures to the young men. Dracontides wanted to persuade us that the ten talents had gone to her; but that I do not believe a word of."

"Worthy Metrodoros!" exclaimed Lysicles eagerly, "thou art right: these tales are merely the result of spite and envy."

"Most likely; at least much of them: but where there is much smoke, there is ordinarily some flame; and I do think that the general is not very devout. But, then, he is too busy for much prayer:" and the smith was turning to depart, when he seemed suddenly to recollect something, and returned. "But, noble sir, if thou hast been out of Athens, thou hast not heard, I dare say, that Pheidias was carried to prison last night."

"Pheidias! for what?"

"Why," said Metrodoros, scratching his head in some embarrassment, "I can hardly understand it; except that he could not pay the fine. There was an accusation brought against him for impiety, and bringing religion into contempt, by placing a portrait of Pericles and of himself on the shield of the goddess, as if it were they, and not the goddess herself, that sheltered Athens; and then they accused him of opening his house for lewd amours to be carried on there. By the gods! that is a pretty charge for those to make that can swallow down Glycon and Hermippos: but for the rest, it is true in a sort; and though I admired that portrait,—for the likeness was not to be mistaken,—now I think better of it, certainly it was presumptuous, and may deserve a fine, just to teach him a little more caution.

Yet truly I am sorry: he is a capital sculptor, and cannot be altogether an impious man, when he makes gods so beautifully."

"So, so—they are following up their plan," said Leostratos, shaking his head, as the smith departed; "this will be a bad business. Let us go home and get some refreshment, and then I will think what is to be done."

Thucydides, anxious for the co-operation of Leostratos, had sought him at his house the morning after he had quitted the conference in disgust, as already noticed; but he was too late. Day after day he had sought him, but in vain; till at last he had begged the slaves to inform him as soon as their master returned; and Leostratos, being himself desirous of seeing the party leader, when he heard of this, sent for him.

It was not long ere he arrived, and Leostratos introduced him to his young friend. The son of Melesias looked at him earnestly: "I think I have seen thee before, fair youth, have I not?" said he.

"I have been in Athens before," replied Lysicles, somewhat embarrassed by the question.

"Yes; and played a part there which I have not forgotten. I am glad to find a youth of so much promise enlisted on our side," added he, turning to Leostratos.

"That is as it may be," said the blunt soldier; "for by Jove, Thucydides, dearly as I loved thy brother, *thou* must not be too sure of me."

"Nay, nay, Leostratos! thou art hasty; but I am sure thou wilt listen to reason now thou art calm. Thou canst not imagine that I—the brother-in-law

and friend of Cimon, who was the very soul of honour — can have any hand in these dirty plots, which have as yet brought harm rather than good to our cause."

"Then why not forbid them at once, man?"

"Because, to keep a party together, one must always sacrifice something of principle; and, without a party, nothing can be done. Thou and I might mount the Bema, and protest against the usurpation of the sovereign power by Pericles; but what would that avail? Solon's protest did not prevent Peisistratos from establishing a tyranny; nor would ours be more regarded by Pericles: but whilst he is thus kept in hot water, he has enough to do to keep where he is, without projecting further innovations; and unscrupulous as some of our friends are, they are at any rate of some of the first families in Athens, and influential, consequently, both by their birth and their riches."

"Hum! I doubt that: Glycon, for instance."

"Ay; Glycon is a reprobate, I know, and affronted our young friend here, once, I remember: but in matters of this kind we must forget and forgive, young gentleman: and if Glycon have lessened his influence by his extravagance, he has found means to repair that damage in his own way; for he has just appropriated the person and wealth of Hipparete to himself; thus impoverishing our rival, and proportionably strengthening us."

"What? has Pericles divorced his wife, then?"

"Yes; and Glycon will marry her shortly. That fellow has such a head for a plot, and succeeds so

often, that we must forgive him for getting into a scrape now and then."

"I hate the coxcomb," said Leostratos, "and thou wilt repent the having leagued thyself with him. Shall I tell thee what thou art about, Thucydides?"

"What?"

"Thou art digging a pit for thyself, and it is well if we do not all fall into it. Instead of engaging in a political struggle with Pericles, and acting as honest men may against a political opponent, thou art making it a personal quarrel, and as a personal one he will by and by take it up. I tell thee he is still popular, and ye will not overthrow him: but ye may wound and madden him, and then find that he can wield the weapon, which he has as yet kept in the sheath, with the strength of a giant. Curb him by uniting with him."

"Impossible! — we have gone too far: but for my own part, I have been the constant advocate of attempting nothing more than the ostracism. I have been outvoted in this, and have only acquiesced in other measures, because I could not persuade the rest of the party to try mine."

"Lysicles! thou wast right," exclaimed the veteran starting up; "the man who sees a murder about to be committed, and merely walks away, saying, 'It is a bad job, and I don't like it,' is guilty of what follows. Thucydides! thou wast the last thing that I could transfer my love to, for thou wast the friend and connexion of Cimon; but his blood flows not in thy veins, and I see it now. This cold calculation of the value of dishonesty suits not me: we are friends no longer."

"Nay, nay, Leostratos; this is again one of thy hasty moods; thou wilt not say so when thou art cool."

"Thucydides! this youth is my witness that my sentiments on this head are unchanged; and if I wished to see thee this morning, it was rather to warn thee of the danger of the course that thou and thy friends are plunging into, than from any intention of following your example. I see the precipice, and I draw back: in common prudence I draw back; and if for the sake of my country I throw my weight into the other scale, remember that I have only done what I urged thee to do also. Once more I repeat; leave Glycon, and Hermippos, and Dracontides, and Cleon to drink, and lie, and commit as many abominations as they please; they will soon find their own level; but let thou and I, and all that have any respectability of character, go at once to Pericles when he returns, and say, 'we are ashamed of what has been done; we will give thee our support whilst thou art the friend of Athens, but no longer.' His worst enemies allow that he is a wise and a great man; his hands are clean from unlawful gain; his life is stained by no vice. With such a man a generous proceeding is a tie upon him; he was true to Cimon, he would be true to us."

Thucydides mused, hesitated, but at last said, "the time is past when this could avail; we have begun the chase now, and we must run him down."

"Or be ripped up when he turns at bay," said Leostratos. "Farewell!"

CHAP. XXXIV.

A WEDDING.

Not many evenings after the conversation recorded in the last chapter, a gay company issued from a garlanded and illuminated portal in the street of the Hermai, and passed along it in the direction of the Cerameicos, brandishing torches, scattering flowers, and singing hymenæal songs as they went. Behind them, in a chariot drawn by four richly bitted white horses—themselves dressed in brilliant robes, glittering with gold and jewels, crowned with flowers, and scattering an atmosphere of sweets from their perfumed garments and hair as they passed—sat the bride and bridegroom.* They were not in their first youth; but still a painter or a sculptor would have owned that it was difficult to find a better model of manly beauty or feminine grace. The friend who sat on the other hand of the bride, and acted as *πάροχος* †, was far less gifted by nature: and dancers and musicians, as they accompanied the chariot, and wished happiness to the newly-married couple, made many a laughing allusion to the figure of Hermippos who filled the third place.

In the midst of that wild gaiety, nevertheless, when the flash of the torches gave his features to

* See Note CXLVII. † Parochos, "bridesman."

view, there was a sinister expression in the eye of the bridegroom; while the bride, languid and listless, seemed but little moved by her situation; and when she alighted at the house of her husband in the Cerameicos, where lights and flowers nestled in every inequality of the building till it looked more like a thing of heaven than of earth, she shook off, with an air of peevish disdain, the fruits which were showered upon their heads as they entered, observing only that they would soil her dress.

Within the house were heard the sounds of music and of mirth; and slaves in their best array, hurrying hither and thither, and the anxious steward keeping order amongst them, and the porter scanning carefully the guests as they entered, showed that a splendid entertainment was in preparation. From every side streamed the sounds of song and music; and slaves sat amid heaps of roses and myrtle, twining fresh garlands for the heads of the guests *; and richly dressed slave girls bore silver vases of essence, and threw perfume on them as they passed; while in the street, the meaner sort amused themselves with burning the axle of the chariot, which was never to be profaned by meaner uses, and which the servants had separated and delivered up to them.†

Amid this scene of festivity an elderly man of noble aspect, and a youth in the full bloom of beauty, passed almost unnoticed. "Yonder," said the elder of the two, "goes Hipparete to the house of her new husband. I suppose this was done to give her old one the additional pleasure of seeing that he was quite rid of

* See Note CXLVIII. † See Note CXLIX.

her, at his return from his successful inroad into Megaris; it was well imagined. Ay, ay, they may invoke the gods that preside over happy marriages as long as they will, but no god, or goddess either, unless it be Até, crosses the threshold with them. Didst thou mark her, Lysicles?" but Lysicles plunged in a deep reverie scarcely heard his address. "Bless thee, boy! art thou thinking of the time when thou wilt so lead home a bride?"

"Oh, no!" said Lysicles sadly, and hardly knowing what he uttered. "Earth has no bride for me; only amid the blest, only where the ties that bind us to earth are broken, and the pure soul soars to its kindred element, only there can I hope for——" The look of surprise on the face of his friend arrested his voice suddenly, and so deep a blush crimsoned his cheek, that Leostratos must have guessed something of his secret, had not the glare of the torches made it less visible.

"Why, thou romantic boy! is there nothing on earth good enough for thee? Thou dost not surely hope to play the part of Endymion, and lure down Dian from her orb?"

"Dian has no heart left for me," said Lysicles forcing himself to speak in a gayer tone. "I must look among yonder stars for some one that has not yet stooped to a mortal."

"The gods protect thee, boy! It is well that I have brought thee to Athens. Thou wouldst have lived among thy cattle there till thou wert sheer mad. But come, now we have seen this, we will do as we proposed. Pericles will have forgotten all enmities, in the joy of having got rid of Hipparete for ever."

They turned back towards the house of the general;

but when they arrived, the answer was that he was out. "The lady Aspasia discourses to her friends to night," added the porter, "and my lord will sup there."

"Oh, ho! the lady Aspasia;" whispered Leostratos to his companion; "there is the history of the divorce, doubtless; and Thucydides fancies that it is all Glycon's good management! What shall we do now, boy?"

"When Aspasia lectures her house is open to all her acquaintance; wilt thou hear her?"

"Why, what does she lecture about? — spinning and weaving? — I am not likely to be much the better for a woman's teaching at this time of life, my boy."

"Nay, nay, good Leostratos, Aspasia is not such a woman as thou imaginest. The wisest might profit by her discourses."

"What? Is it true then, as is said, that Pericles rehearses his speeches with her? I thought it had been said merely to throw ridicule upon him."

"I know not; but I do know that she has his confidence;" Lysicles hesitated, and his words came painfully; "and she deserves it."

"And I thought thee a stranger in Athens; Lysicles! Lysicles! thou art a young hypocrite."

"Excellent Leostratos, do not think so ill of me. Chance brought me to the Agora, when Menon was incensing the people with his vile slanders. I felt that his tale must be false, and, all unknown as I was, I hastened to give notice of it to — to — the calumniated lady. — I met Pericles. — I knew his person, for I had heard him speak on the affair of Megara — and

I told him what I had seen — and — and — I supped that night with him, and many more."

"So, so! my young politician," interrupted Leostratos laughing; "the fact is, that thou art one of Pericles' decoy birds, and thou hast caught an old goose when he was not thinking of any such thing. Nay, nay! no defence — it is so — but, after all, the old goose is caught willingly, and since I have so good an introduction, let us go."

"But kind, good Leostratos! do not fancy that I meant to deceive thee. I know nothing of Pericles. I was very happy that night certainly, but he never employed me in any way."

"I did but jest, my boy, when I said so; do not vex thyself. But I can see that thou art fascinated like all the rest who approach him; and so far Thucydides is right, that there is some danger of forgetting one's country in admiration of the man."

"But," said Lysicles," is it so certain that his designs are evil?"

"No," answered the veteran frankly, "it is not: and therein I think that my old friend is wrong, for he is pushing him to a point that will make him clutch at power, even though he should not have thought of it before; and therefore it is, my boy, and not, as I laughingly said, from any temptation of thine, that I now seek him. What! Is this the house?"

"It is." Lysicles knocked at the gate, and no sooner had he shown himself than the porter bowed low. "Can we be admitted?" said the young man.

"I have my lady's orders never to refuse admit-

tance to the son of Mnesarchos," said the man again bowing low; "and any friend of thine, noble sir, I doubt not will be welcome."

Leostratos looked at his young friend and smiled; but Lysicles, too much agitated to reply, led the way in silence. Perhaps he had not acknowledged, even to himself, what the feeling was which made his heart beat faster and his head feel dizzy; perhaps he imputed it to curiosity only, that he sought with such sickening eagerness to show what unexplained cause had given Hipparete into the arms of another, and left Pericles free. At any rate, words were wanting to him; and Leostratos, not deeply versed in the finer and more deeply seated emotions of the human heart, followed him without remark. He, too, had his thoughts filled with the singularity of the circumstances in which he found himself placed.

The new visitors proceeded at once to the aulé, which has been already described, and on reaching the entrance, even Leostratos started and paused, as the scene of enchantment opened upon his senses. The perfume of the flowers — the softened brilliance of the shaded lamps — the freshening coolness of the fountain — the bright stars looking down from above — alone formed an assemblage of pleasing objects fitted to entrance the senses in calm delight; but there too were assembled a large proportion of the brilliant youth of Athens, and in the midst — more brilliant, more captivating as her cheek glowed and her eye flashed with the emotion of the moment — stood that glorious woman, pouring forth all the fervour of her impassioned eloquence in tones which, without losing any of the sweetness of the female

voice, had yet a depth and power which mind alone can give, and which sounded foreign to the ears of men who were wont to hear only the shrill garrulity of the despoina and her slaves.

Holding their breath, lest they should lose any word of that stirring oration, and remaining fixed where they stood, the two last comers listened in silence to the speaker as she thus continued her subject.

"And what has Athens gained by the factions which have distracted her, and which have been cherished from age to age with the blind veneration which superstition pays to an ugly idol, unless it be that she has shown the world an enlarged example of the curse of that Theban pair*, who could neither of them endure the greatness of a brother. Fruitful in noble sons, it has been against her will that she has been served by them; and with an ingratitude only to be equalled by the folly which could permit it, she has banished and destroyed more great men than any other state ever could number among its citizens; and yet this insensate people calls for more sacrifices. When the traveller walks over the plain of Marathon, and asks what honours crowned the man who humbled Persia, and preserved his native land from the yoke of the tyrant who returned with foreign armies to seat himself upon a tributary throne? Athenians! ye can show the barathron.† When he asks, where is the tomb which enshrines the ashes of Themistocles? ye can point to it and say, his bones were brought home clandestinely from

* Eteocles and Polynices, the sons of Œdipus.

† See Note CL.

the land whither he fled for life from the people he had saved.* When he asks what reward was bestowed on the men whose integrity and decision raised Athens to the supremacy she now enjoys? ye can reply, they were banished. And when future generations gaze on the splendour of the Acropolis, and ask what more than man breathed his soul into the marble, till even the cold stone seemed to have life in its god-like repose? the page of history will reply, he was an Athenian, but, like all Athenians who dared to be great, his countrymen envied and imprisoned him. Yes; Marathon will hand down to the latest ages the trophies of Miltiades; and Salamis will never be disjoined from the name of Themistocles; and Cimon has indelibly impressed his on the Eurymedon: the integrity of Aristides will be remembered as long as human nature honours virtue; and the chisel of Pheidias has worked for the remotest ages. These men have made their own monuments; but the Athenian people—how will they be remembered? The voice that now remonstrates may be silent; but posterity will find a tongue, and pointing haply to the ruins of this now flourishing city, will say,—'Their fate was deserved.'"

For a few moments after the fair orator ceased to speak the silence was unbroken; then whispers rose; and Leostratos, placing his hand on the shoulder of Lysicles, who had stood there as if entranced, said in a low tone, "Boy, thou saidst that this was no woman, but thou didst not tell me that it was the goddess herself. If Pallas ever visited earth, I have seen and heard her this night."

* See Note CLI.

The young man's cheek glowed with pleasure at hearing his own feelings thus justified by the impression made on the maturer age of the veteran warrior: yet it was with something like a sigh that he saw the goddess merge in the woman, as the lovely rhetorician threw herself back upon her seat, and looked up with a smile of satisfaction at Pericles, who had been standing near; and who now leaned over her with a look and manner that showed, evidently, the admiration he was expressing. But the assembled audience was now beginning to disperse; and as the throng grew less dense the warrior and the youth made their way towards the seat of Aspasia.

Pericles was the first to perceive them; and, touching the shoulder of Aspasia to draw her attention, he pointed to the spot where they stood. Her eye soon caught that of Lysicles; and rising, with a smile of joyful recognition, she hastened forward to meet him. Leostratos was unknown to her, and with graceful courtesy she asked if that was his father, come to see how far she remembered the services of his son. "My friends sup with me to-night," she added, "and you must be my guests;" and she took an arm of each to lead them back towards Pericles.

"Lady," said Leostratos, with an air of respect which he had never before worn to a woman, "I must envy Mnesarchos, for I am only his friend."

"But his friend, then, shall be welcome: come, and let me introduce you both to Pericles, though, indeed, he saw you first, and sent me to you."

Lysicles sighed. "*He* sent her," thought he: "well! I could not expect more:" and with a quiet

sadness, mingled with generous pride in his self-mastery, he moved on: Pericles stepped forward to meet him, and grasped his hand kindly. "Thou hast done well to visit us again, my young friend," said he; and then fixing his keen glance on the friend of Cimon, he added, "Leostratos! we have met in the field, and it is in the field generally that a warrior's friendships are formed; but," continued he, in the frank and almost affectionate tone which helped him so largely to win hearts when he stooped to employ it, "we have met seldom since Athens itself formed two camps, old comrade."

"And that is the reason that I have come to seek thee now," said Leostratos, smiling: "for, lady, pardon me if an old soldier, till he had seen thee, thought chiefly of Pericles in his visit. But νὴ Δία! I have heard enough to-night to change my tone."

"Thou hadst thought of women before as a kind of plunder that would sell well at the taking of a city," said Aspasia, with something of scorn upon her lip, even whilst she smiled: "and that they should have souls to feel, as well as bodies to be enslaved, no doubt seems strange, and quite out of the proper order of things. But I can well forgive the past in consideration of the present. One Athenian has forgotten party, it seems."

"Lady, I would Thucydides had been here to-night; I think he would then have forgotten it too. Thou hast read me a lesson which I shall remember to my dying day. And why," added he, turning to Pericles, "should I delay to tell what brought me hither first, and what I am now more than ever confirmed in. Pericles, thou hast known what it is to

act with a party; thou knowest how difficult it is to leave it: let us not blame those, therefore, who still cling to their early prejudices; but for myself, let me say that I am ashamed of acting any longer with those who have no better mode of combating an adversary than by slandering him; and if thou art and wilt continue to be what thou wast when Cimon gave thee his hand — here is mine."

Pericles grasped the proffered hand warmly. "That was spoken like Cimon himself," said he; "there was a time when I expected as much from Thucydides," added he, with some bitterness; "but that is past."

"Perhaps not," said Leostratos; "he needs not much more to disgust him with some of his coadjutors."

"But he has done enough never to be mine," replied the son of Xanthippus, proudly; "I suborn no perjured witnesses myself, and I never can call the man my friend who has done so. Leostratos, thou hast always been an honourable man, a frank, fearless soldier, and I can take such an one to my heart. I have no fear that if thou lookest into its inmost recesses thou wilt find aught there that will displease thee. But see! our friends are already gone forward to the supper room: let us follow, and show them the friend of Cimon treading in his steps, ready to act in friendship with every one that is employed in serving his country, be his party what it may."

CHAP. XXXV.

THE PRISON.

ONE morning, shortly after this, the elegant Glycon was seen wending his way towards the shop of Dicaios, followed by a slave bearing a small vase; and to the no small astonishment and delight of the little baker, he had no sooner arrived there than he entered, and called lustily for the master. Many were the obeisances of the well-floured baker, and profuse his offers of service; but Glycon, cutting him short impatiently, called in his slave, and taking the vase himself, said, "I have some honey here that has been sent me from Sicily; it is curiously perfumed, and I am told that it makes the best cakes in the world; so, as thou art a skilful confectioner, I have brought it to thee to be prepared for my entertainment to-night. I would I had had it for the marriage feast, but it came too late; and indeed I could not have trusted that fellow to bring it alone. There is so little of it that I cannot spare a grain. Let me see it done, Dicaios; I will have no tasting to waste it: set to work, and I will make my slave wait to carry home the cakes."

"Noble sir, this honour—" cried the little baker, taking the vase, and peeping in; "beautiful honey, indeed—a perfect nosegay. In an hour, most excel-

lent sir, the cakes shall be ready, and thou shalt find that thou art not mistaken in Dicaios."

"Ay, ay, thou art a good fellow, I know. Hermippos has often talked to me of thee, and I shall be a better customer to thee now than formerly, for thou wilt have to supply the women with cakes as well as myself. Hipparete will not find me a niggard."

"Noble sir, the lady Hipparete shall be served with the very best that my shop affords."

"Yes, yes, I doubt it not; but go on with thy work, thou needst not fear that I shall steal thy art: but it amuses me to see thee; and truly the feast of last night has made me feel idle this morning. Give me a seat, I will look over thy cakes, and decide upon them as wisely as Hermippos himself;" and he stretched himself and yawned lazily: "is not that the fashion?"

"Noble sir, an actor on the stage could not have given the trick of Hermippos better, ha! ha! ha!" and the little baker laughed as loudly as lesser men are wont to do at the wit of their superiors: "it is an enjoyment to work for so pleasant a gentleman;" and again he kneaded his cake with redoubled diligence.

"That's my good fellow! But, Dicaios, all these cakes of thine are so excellent that I know not which to choose. I must clear thy shop. Here, fellow!" said he, calling his slave, "go home and fetch a large basket; my whole household shall taste thy handy-works to-day."

"Noble sir, this now is what I call being truly a patron of the arts. There is no man in all

Greece, I know, that can make such cakes as I can, but even Hermippos has never done me such full justice as thou hast done. It really is *such* a pleasure to serve persons of discernment!"

"And thy wife, Dicaios, can she make confectionery as well as thyself?"

"Mà Δία! noble sir," exclaimed the baker, a little alarmed at the allusion to his wife by so well-known a libertine; "she is a poor silly creature, as women are wont to be, and quite incapable of the higher arts."

"Was she not on the top of the house at the great procession of the Dionysia? I think this was the place," said Glycon maliciously, as he saw the poor man's trepidation.

"The gods be propitious! who can tell where women and cats will be? curses on them!"

"Nay, most excellent artist, do not spoil my cakes in thy indignation: so, there they are!—four, five, six, seven, eight; put them in the vase again, and send them home by my slave when he returns; but tell him I have counted them, and woe be to his bones if he venture to touch one: or, stay—put thy seal upon the vase, and bid him deliver it to me with that seal unbroken."

"Noble sir, all shall be done as thou hast ordered."

"And send me word what thy charge is, and thou shalt be paid to-morrow;" and again Glycon sauntered out of the shop and continued his walk.

"An excellent customer!" said the little baker as he saw him depart: "but my woman might have known better than to show herself upon the house-top to these gallants. Ay, ay, those festivals of

Bacchus are the ruin of all the women. They must hold torches to light up the procession, forsooth! it is to light up themselves, I trow;" and Dicaios went grumbling about his work.

Whilst Glycon was thus amusing himself, a very different scene was passing in the state prison. There, where Miltiades had breathed his last, sate the venerable Pheidias and his son, who by a stretch of good nature had been admitted to tend and comfort his parent, was uttering words of hope, belied by the pale and anxious countenance which told of anxious days and sleepless nights. "Pericles bade me assure thee," said Charmides, "that he will himself propose thy discharge in an assembly of the people if it be needful; and from what Leostratos, who was with him, told me, it seems probable that very little opposition would be offered to this. I think the general will see thee himself to-night, but at any rate he bids thee fear nothing; he feels himself strong enough to protect thee."

Pheidias smiled sadly. "He thinks only of me, but is he able to protect himself? The shaft is aimed at him, I fear; and as a gangrene approaches the heart only step by step, so his enemies are attacking him through his humbler friends; but the virus will gather strength as it approaches the nobler parts. I am too insignificant to be sacrificed, and the senseless accusations which have been made against me seem rather intended to show that *he* can be insulted without danger, than in reality to injure me. But he is more vulnerable through others than through me, and I tremble for our fair friend."

"What, Aspasia? can they dare ——"

"Yes; both she and Anaxagoras are liable to the penalties of the new law; and I have little doubt that it is aimed at them. No others have taught novelties in astronomy, unless indeed Meton*, who has been a diligent hearer of Anaxagoras, be included; and even he, I believe, limits himself very much to the practical, and troubles himself but little with the speculative part of the science."

"And yet how much the noblest is that speculative part! When Anaxagoras begins one of his flights among the stars, I feel as if my soul had wandered thither, and could see in the midst of all the mighty MIND which directs the whole. If Athenian superstition needs a sacrifice, father, they ought to take me, for I am a true follower of my excellent master."

"Keep thyself for better purposes, my son; leave the vulgar to their gross worship, and be silent till the storm is overblown. It would be equally dangerous for thyself and for me to avow thy opinions too boldly now."

"For thee, father, I can dissemble; for myself I would not. But said I not well that no good would come of pampering the vulgar appetite with tangible gods? Thou art now prosecuted for that very work which a few months back was hailed by the acclamations of all Athens. Had it never been made thou mightest now have been free."

"Perhaps, but if I had never executed that and other such works, my name would have been no more known than that of thy grandfather. No, no, my son; if we have ambition enough to seek for celebrity,

* See Note CLII.

we ought to have courage enough to brave the consequences of the envy we excite. Those who cannot reach the same point will generally try to pull down or destroy those above them. But now, my child, go home and tell our illustrious friend how deeply I feel his kindness. Put the clay beside me which thou hast brought: I shall amuse myself with modelling the group I was talking of;" and the venerable man sat down to his work as calmly as if he had been in his own apartments. Charmides hesitated a moment, but then thinking that he could serve his father more effectually by rousing his friends to insist on his release, than by sharing his captivity, he embraced him with eyes swimming in tears, and left him, in order to return to the friends from whose exertions he hoped to obtain his father's deliverance; and the imprisoned artist soon lost the sense of the present, amid the glorious dreams of his fancy, over that dull clay which was growing beneath his hand into form and beauty.

Pericles meantime had not been idle: the aid of Leostratos was exactly what he needed; and now among the moderate men of the aristocratic faction the friend of Cimon had little difficulty in gaining over a strong party, determined to defend the great artist, whose works were making Athens the admiration of the civilised world. The son of Xanthippus, well pleased with the result of his efforts, would not leave to any other the agreeable task of announcing to the venerable man that his release was at hand, and late in the evening he presented himself at the prison gate.

His name, aided by a small gratuity, formed a

ready passport to the interior, and the jailer ushered him at once into the apartment of Pheidias, which, thanks to the care of his son, had been made less dungeon-like than such places usually are. On the table stood the supper which he had just concluded, and by his side the model, already far advanced, which he was retouching by lamplight.

"Always employed, Pheidias!" said Pericles as he entered, "that mind of thine so full of visions of beauty is a gift from heaven. It sets place and circumstance at defiance."

"Yes," replied the old man, quietly smiling; "the poets talk much of the age of gold, when the earth gave man all he needed without labour, but I never felt a wish to return to it. Give me the iron one, with the mattock at work in the quarry, and the chisel in my hand. I would as soon be a bullock and graze in the fields, as one of those same men of the golden age."

"Right, right!—it is not in animal enjoyment that the happiness of man is to be found; would that I could make men more aware of this great truth! But if animal enjoyment be not of value, at least liberty is, and I am come to-night to tell thee that I am now certain of setting thee free in a few days. Athens cannot afford to lose thee, and the model thou hast worked on in thy prison shall yet tower in marble on the Propylaia."

"It may be so, but I am aged, and to-night, I know not why, I am not feeling well; the heat has oppressed me, I believe."

"Thou hast fatigued thyself, my good friend—see what progress thou hast already made in this model;

sit down upon thy couch, and I will sit beside thee."

"Thou hast been as a son to me, noble Pericles," said the old man, as he followed his friend's advice, and stretched himself on the couch, "and when the time comes that closes my eyes to the things of this earth, I shall feel nothing more keenly than the parting from thee. But the clouds are gathering round thee also."

"They will disperse. The wise and the moderate are gathering round me also, and we shall triumph over this profligate set at last. Since the accession of Leostratos I have felt that we stand on firmer ground even than I had supposed."

"Has Leostratos joined thy friends then?"

"Yes! he sought me as an honourable man should do, to disclaim the practices of a party which he now feels to be unworthy of his support; and it is mainly to his exertions that I owe the assurance of thy approaching freedom. Athens is not yet lost, for we have still some honest men among us, and I shall yet see her the greatest among the great. But thou art in pain, Pheidias."

"Yes, I feel very sick,—thou art right, I fancy, —I have done too much to-day," and there was a slight convulsion of his limbs; "but it will soon be over, I doubt not; do not be uneasy."

With the affectionate kindness of a son, Pericles tended the venerable man; he chafed his limbs, his temples; and in that voice of command which few dared to resist, he summoned the jailer, and required the door to be opened to admit fresh air, called for spiced wine, to stimulate the feeble pulse of life which

appeared already to intermit, and commanded that young Charmides should be sent for.

"I fear I am outstripping my duty, noble sir," said the jailer.

"Let the blame fall on me if it be so; I am not so powerless yet, as to be obliged to leave my friend to die unaided — go — I will tend him myself;" and with all the zeal of affection, he lavished on him the tenderest attentions.

The old man smiled faintly as he felt the encircling arms of his illustrious friend supporting him, laid his own hand on that of Pericles, and grasped it fondly. "Who can blame me for loving thee?" said he, trying to raise himself to gaze once more on the features which had never looked upon him but in kindness; but his head fell back heavily on the bosom of his friend, and his voice was hoarse and changed.

"Pheidias, dear old friend," said Pericles, as he noticed the alteration, "thou art very ill; is there any wish in thine heart that it is within my power to satisfy? if there be, speak it now."

"Thou hast left none ungratified, noble Pericles, but my son ——"

"Charmides? — he is coming, be without anxiety about him while I live."

Pheidias again pressed the supporting hand. "He is young," said the old man with difficulty, "but he has a heart — that — that——" his eyes closed heavily, and for a moment he seemed to have lost all consciousness; but in another moment he opened them again, and with an effort in which he seemed to have concentrated his last strength exclaimed, "The Parthenon — my name——"

"Where the hand of Pheidas has worked, his name will not be forgotten: but that too shall be my charge. Hast thou any especial wish for thy son?"

"He seeks not — for fame — make him — happy — he — he——" and again the eyes of the old man closed in the stupor of approaching dissolution.

At this moment Charmides, breathless, disordered, entered the apartment, threw himself on his knees beside his father and bathed his hands with his tears.

Pheidias opened his eyes, and with a feeble effort took the hand of Pericles and placed it on that of his son.

"I understand thee," said his illustrious friend, and he pressed his lips on the cold forehead of the dying man; "Charmides is henceforth my son."

"Εὐδαίμονε!"* said the father faintly: it was his last word, for though still a faint convulsion indicated that life was not wholly fled, all sense was lost; and the son and the friend could only watch the last struggles of nature: — and it was over — a convulsion, a slight cry, and the limbs dropped heavily on the sustaining arms, and the stillness of death was there.

The grief of Pericles was scarcely less than that of the bereaved son; but morning dawned, and with it came the duties of the statesman; and taking Charmides kindly by the hand, he bade him depend on his care, that all honour should be done to the memory of his father. "Was he ill when thou wast with him last?" asked he, "I cannot understand the cause of this sudden and violent attack."

"I left him well and cheerful," replied Charmides,

* Eudaimone — O guarded by good spirits, or fortunate.

"and I sent his supper by our own slave at his desire." He looked upon the table. "What is this? These perfumed cakes were no part of what I sent."

The eye of Pericles flashed from beneath his knit brow. "Ha! I see it all now!" exclaimed he; "this then was the projected crime which estranged Leostratos from his early friends;" and calling for the jailer he sternly demanded whence he had those cakes.

"They were brought by a slave just before the rest arrived."

"By a slave! from whom?"

"From his friends, the lad said."

"It is well, send a messenger to the house of Leostratos and bring him hither immediately;" and seating himself beside the table he awaited in gloomy silence the arrival of Cimon's friend.

He had not long to wait, for Leostratos, surprised by the message, lost not a moment in obeying it. Pericles heard his step and rose as he entered. "Leostratos," said he gravely, "a short time since thou gavest me thy hand as a pledge that thou hadst abandoned a party that honourable men could no longer act with:—why didst thou not go one step farther, and warn me of the nefarious plan which has deprived Athens of its brightest ornament, and if I mistake not, merely because he was my friend? But tell me," added he, "his deep voice trembling with emotion, "tell me now, too late for prevention, but not too late for vengeance, what was it that detached thee from Thucydides?"

"And why am I thus questioned?" demanded Leostratos, offended.

"Because,"—and he drew aside so as to permit the couch to be seen,—"yonder lies the corpse of Pheidias."

"Mighty Gods!—is it possible?—how happened this?"

"Canst not thou explain it?"

"Μὰ τὸν Δία! no!—I heard of imprisonment indeed,—but murder! that I never dreamed of."

"Thou art honourable and I believe thee, but now we must have justice: here is the remainder of the meal he had just eaten; part was sent by his son, and part the jailer avers to have been brought him by a slave, from whence he knows not. Here, man! bring hither a dog and let him eat one of these cakes,—Leostratos, thou wilt witness what is done."

The animal was brought, the cake administered, and both watched him in silence. Very soon he uttered a cry, vomited, staggered, and fell to the ground. "Leostratos, art thou convinced?" said Pericles, fixing his penetrating eye upon the countenance of the other: but he saw nothing there but an expression of horror.

"Convinced? by the infernal gods! This calls for vengeance. If it were my brother even that had done this deed I would not screen him," exclaimed Leostratos. "Murdered!—and murdered so basely!* would I had died myself ere I had seen this!"

"Go then, and lay an information of what thou hast seen. The jailer has doubtless been bribed, and must be questioned more closely." He looked

* See Note CLIII.

again on the pale corpse before him, hid his face in his robe, and groaned in the anguish of his heart: but this was momentary. Very soon he resumed a stern composure, and issued from the prison, grave and sad indeed, but with no outward sign of emotion unbecoming the proud self-command he was accustomed to exercise. He was again at his post, and his heart, if it bled, bled inwardly.

That evening Glycon and Hermippos sat with their cups before them, and drank deep potations of Chian wine. When the wine skin was shrunk, and their eyes swam, and their speech grew thick, Glycon leaned on the shoulder of his friend, and said, "Did I not tell thee that men died in prison sometimes?" Aspasia's girls insulted me—they are dead: —Pheidias insulted me—he is dead: —Aspasia has insulted me—she is not dead yet."

"Ay, ay," yawned Hermippos, "very true," and he fell asleep over his cup.

CHAP. XXXVI.

RUMOURS.

THE information laid before the archon basileus of the crime which had been perpetrated in the prison of the state, caused much consternation in the city. None knew whom to suspect, and every man feared his neighbour. The jailer underwent a strict examination; but all that could be elicited from him was, that towards dusk, when it was difficult to distinguish features, a slave, apparently a foreigner, from Asia, and not very long conversant with the Greek language, had brought the confectionery in question, saying that the prisoner's friends wished to lighten the evil of confinement as far as possible, and had sent a dish to improve his supper. After a severe examination the man farther acknowledged that he had himself at the same time received a gratuity as the price of his allowing his prisoner this indulgence; but the sum was not large, and he persisted in his statement with an accuracy of detail, unvaried through every variety of question, which gave some assurance of the truth of his assertions. But who was this slave? He had no personal knowledge of him, and Athens was full of slaves from Asia; and where fresh purchases were made yearly, the speaking bad Greek was no distinction. The mode of detection resorted to by the Athenian laws,

of torturing the slaves where there was any suspicion against the master could not be employed, for to no one was there any suspicion attached; and information could not be expected from the slaves themselves, for their testimony would not be received except upon the rack; it was the interest, therefore, of the servant to conceal the misdeeds of his master, however heinous they might be.

The impunity for crime which this law respecting slave testimony secured, in states where bondage existed, was among its worst evils; for a bad man never failed of finding agents for his evil designs among persons on whom he could inflict bodily injury at will, and the law was not likely to detect offences where the witness against crime suffered a severer penalty than the perpetrator of it. Accordingly, where death by poison or assassination occurred, the guilty person was rarely discovered, unless the deed was committed in open day, and beheld by the citizens. Ephialtes had been assassinated, but none knew at whose instigation the act was done; and now the death of Pheidias seemed wrapped in the same mystery.

After two days' examination of all the parties who appeared capable of throwing any light upon the subject, nothing was elicited which could criminate any one. But in proportion as evidence failed, conjecture became busy; and the aristocratic party, daily becoming less scrupulous as the unprincipled portion of it gained influence by the secession of the more moderate, failed not to accuse Pericles of the murder of his friend. He was the last person who had been with him; how easy for him to have

brought the fatal present under his robe;—and he had had time enough to instruct the jailer in his story. It would figure well in an oration before the people if he could throw the odium of such a deed on the opposite party: it was still doubtful whether he had not resorted to that policy in the case of Ephialtes*, and Thucydides especially urged that he, for one, and he believed all his friends, held the talent of the great artist in too high esteem to have willingly deprived Athens of his services; that, in the conference with his friends, to which Leostratos could testify, he had himself required that Pheidias should not be a sufferer in the political contests of the time, and that all had pledged themselves that no harm should happen to him; and this Leostratos allowed to be perfectly true, though he rejected with scorn and horror the notion that Pericles himself had been a party to the crime; but when he did so, Thucydides shook his head and looked incredulous.

Three or four days passed away in this tumult of conjecture, and every corner of Athens was full of busy talkers, some siding with the one party and some with the other, and all the more positive because there was no possibility of attaining to any certainty on the point. At last, when all had been said that could be said, and all had been conjectured that could be conjectured, whether probable or not, for that quick-witted and clever people had soon exhausted the whole range of possibilities even, the excitement began to subside, and those who loved the dead were left to weep in silence over a loss which ages have not yet filled up.

* See Note CLIV.

But those were not days of quiet: scarcely had the people begun to resume their business, and the early groups of talkers in the Agora to discuss the prices of cucumbers, and melons, and bullocks, and goats, instead of the death of their great artist, when a fresh subject of excitement was presented to them, and the corners of the streets, the porticoes, and the shops, all rang with eager voices, announcing that Anaxagoras had been accused by Cleon *, under the new law, of impiety, and of teaching unlawful and strange doctrines respecting the heavenly bodies.

Towards evening a large concourse of artisans was collected in the quarter of the armourers; and many a visage black from the day's labour was now seen in eager discussion of the event of the day, and among these were mixed men of apparently a higher rank, the perfumes wafted from whose garments showed a luxurious endeavour to counteract the unsavoury effluvia of a narrow, unpaved street, under the influence of a Grecian sun, and of a number of unwashed artisans, in woollen or leather garments, the first of which rarely fell under the hands of the fuller, and the latter bore, from its fabrication to its decay, all the soil, internal and external, which the hand of time could spread upon it. But at length all attention was centered upon a seller of herbs, who, with his basket at his feet, in which were a few withered cresses—the remainder of his day's stock—was leaning against the wall with his arms crossed on his breast, and a working tanner, who carried an atmosphere with him which betokened his trade, and

* See Note CLV.

who, with his still unwashed hands crossed behind him, and his whole person redolent of the fumes of the tan-yard, stood opposite to him with the air of a man who was stout enough to maintain his opinion even if the grounds of it were not altogether defensible."

"I tell thee, Demochares," said the herb seller, "that this accusation is only a bit of thy friend Cleon's spite. What cares he about the gods, excepting when he gets drunk at the Dionysia? but that indeed he does every day, so even that is no matter of devotion to the god; and as for sacrifice or offering of his, which of us has ever known the smell of it?"

"But I say," said the tanner, in a loud dogged voice, "we all know that the blessed Phœbus is able to tell all things, and every body goes to his oracle at Delphi; and how could that be if what Anaxagoras says were not a great lie? and therefore I say, for that lie he deserves death. I don't care whether Cleon has a spite against him or not; though truly Cleon is a good man, and a friend of the people, and his hand is always open to those who deserve well of him."

"Yes, yes—open enough sometimes, when there is a mistress in the case," added the herb seller in a lower tone.

"What is that, Terpsion?" called a burly figure, now making his way towards him, black with the labours of the forge, "what is that that thou wast saying?"

"I was saying," said the herb seller, "that Cleon had taken up this prosecution of Anaxagoras out of spite. Νὴ Δία! I know all about it."

"And what dost thou know, then?"

"Why, I know he is mad, because pretty Glycera, the singer, has given him the slip. Many and many a time he has met old Myrtis—she that gave herself out as her mother—at my shop; and then he brought her purses of money, and jewels, and I know not what besides; and the old woman used to promise him fair, and tell fine stories of what she would do; and indeed it was reasonable enough to suppose that if he offered high enough, he would succeed; but somehow or other Glycera did not fancy his pimpled face, and old Myrtis many a time lamented to me how she was obstinate, and would not see him; and then the girl suddenly left her house, and went away into a small lodging, and lived upon hard fare. Myrtis used to buy lentils of me for her, and said it was all because she was bewitched by that old Anaxagoras, and would listen to no reason. So Cleon came, and came, and Myrtis—cunning old hag—lived on the best upon his money, while pretty Glycera drank water and ate lentils, and would not touch an obolus of it—no, nor any body's else; for I could see her lodging from my shop; and all this was the old philosopher's doing, for every morning she used to go with Myrtis to his lecture, veiled like a priestess, and never anywhere else, but sat at home and sang, and amused herself innocently enough, poor thing! with a little bird."

"This is a strange story, Terpsion."

"Strange it may be, but it is true. I tell thee, Metrodoros, that the girl lived there as innocently as a child, and even Myrtis, anxious as she was to get her in the mood to make her fortune, could never

prevail with her to see Cleon again, after she had been at the first supper at his house, when she ran away because some of them tried to take more freedom with her than she liked: and that I say is the reason why Cleon hates Anaxagoras."

"And I say," said Demochares sulkily, and without moving from his place, "that Anaxagoras deserves to die for trying to bring the blessed Phœbus into contempt."

"Ay," said a well-dressed man, "and he avers too that Dian yonder, that only shows us her face, and keeps the rest of her person modestly concealed, is nothing but a place of mountains and forests like our earth here! Was there ever anything so preposterous? as if we could be persuaded out of our senses. It must be sheer impiety, and nothing else which could induce him to talk such folly."

At this dozens of voices were raised at once "like our earth?" "A pretty jest that." "Mountains and forests?" "What?" "He will find lions walking about there next."

"And," resumed the speaker, "Pericles has been his scholar, and many more besides Pericles, and now you see what a good law it was that you passed a short time since: for we shall now get rid of all the impiety which has caused sickness among us."

"And short crops," cried one. "And want of work." "And the invasion of the Spartans last year." "And the revolt of Eubœa," repeated half a dozen more.

"Hark in thine ear, fair gentleman!" said Metrodoros, "I think I know something of thee. When young Lysicles, the son of Mnesarchos, redde the

programma of the decree about Megara last year, I think it was thy good pleasure to treat him in a fashion that none of us liked. Thou mayest remember, perhaps, that I took my place beside him because I thought the youth too slight to be a match for an older and a stronger man: and by Hephaistos! I think thou art Cleon's friend. May be Anaxagoras has offended thee too—ha! ha! ha!" and the smith laughed scornfully, and his merriment was echoed by most of the assembled artisans; for Glycon's known character for licentious gallantry gave point to the expressed doubt as to the cause of his enmity against the philosopher.

"Curses on the stinking rascals," muttered Glycon, shrinking back, "Pericles has a set of fitting supporters."

Metrodoros again laughed loudly as he saw the noble and his companions disappear from the group: but then he turned again to the herb seller. "How is all this, Terpsion," demanded he, "has this fellow been telling us lies, or is there really some truth in the accusation against Anaxagoras? They do say that there is but small devotion among some of our great men, and the sacrifices are very often poor lean beasts, that I know—not such as the gods can like the smell of; for they have no fat upon them, and the fat of the entrails you all know is what Zeus likes better than all the rest. Troth, it is not bad; I don't dislike it myself."

"Ay, ay," said Democharès in the same dogged tone, "you are finding out amongst you now that I am right. Anaxagoras deserves to die, for the sacrifices are not what they used to be. My father

used to talk of the beautiful collops that came to his share when a general came home successful and offered the great sacrifice he had vowed before the battle, if the gods granted him the victory: but this Pericles that you are all so besotted about may gain fifty victories, and we are none the better for it, for he never makes any vows, and when he came home from Eubœa last year, what did any of us get but the green leaves that crowned the triremes?"

"That is true, so it was," exclaimed again a dozen voices at once, "and is that the fault of Anaxagoras, thinkest thou?"

"No doubt of it, and therefore he deserves to die, I say."

"Why, indeed," said a butcher from among the crowd, who seemed attracted to Demochares by the smell as beetles and flies seek their appropriate perfume, "if indeed that be so, I think he does. If all the world is to live upon lentils and water-cresses as that set does, it will go badly with Athens."

"Lentils and water-cresses are food for thy betters," exclaimed the herb seller in great wrath; "I have sold many a basket of cresses to Pericles' steward, and people say that green diet quickens the wits. What good has that beast Dromeas ever done the state? and yet he does not live upon lentils and water-cresses."

"Ay, that is what I say," resumed Metrodoros, "a man that would wear his armour well must not be fat. By Hercules! if our hoplitai were to blow themselves out like Dromeas, or Hermippos even, they would be an ill match for the Spartans. They are men of thews and sinews, though we do laugh

at their odd talk, and I should be sorry to see an Athenian lose his breath in a race in heavy armour with a Spartan. Pericles knows what makes a good soldier, and he sets the example himself. Excepting that he is broader in the shoulders somewhat, the armour of his first campaign would fit him now. Ah, that is the figure of a man for activity, all sinew and no fat, and not heavy, like our Athletai, who eat themselves to death in a few years, but spare and light, able to run twenty stadia at a breath, and not pant when he has done. Well, I wish I was sure about this business of his teacher."

"I tell thee he deserves to die," said Demochares again.

"What? what? Pericles deserves to die?" exclaimed the whole assemblage rushing towards the tanner; "nobody shall touch a hair of his head. Pericles! Pericles for ever!—the conqueror of Eubœa—the chastiser of Megara!" and Demochares thought himself happy to escape by the aid of a light pair of heels from the armourers' quarter.

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE GYMNASIUM.

THE obsequies of Pheidias were over: Charmides had placed the garland on the white hair of that venerable head: how different from that with which assembled Athens had crowned it but a few short months before!—but when the obolus and the cake were handed to him to be placed in the mouth of the unconscious corpse *, he had not been able to conceal his contempt for the superstitious rite, and, to the horror of many of the bystanders, he threw them aside with an exclamation of disgust; and soon the rumour spread, that the disciples of Anaxagoras, of whom he was well known to be one, contemned the gods, and believed in no future state. The circumstance was unfortunate; for it gave a handle to the philosopher's enemies, who carefully gathered up and spread any rumour which could make an unfavourable impression on the people: and again Athens was convulsed with the struggles of party; and every fresh man had some fresh report to contribute to the general stock, even more preposterous than the last heard.

To these rumours were soon added, that Charmides, at the time of his father's imprisonment, had

* See Note CLVI.

become enamoured of Chloe, the daughter of Menippos, and one of the scholars of Aspasia, who took care to have young women in her house to please the rambling taste of the great man who visited there; and that it was in such company that he had learned his impious contempt for the customs of his ancestors.

The gymnasia were the favourite places of gossip; and many idlers of rank were one morning congregated at the Lyceum, partly, as usual, to witness the exercises of the youths there assembled, whose beauty often formed the theme of conversation, even with the gravest *, and partly for the sake of talking over the present state of politics with those whom they were sure to find seated on the benches provided for the friends of the young men who were the pupils of the institution: for the gymnasia were a public concern, and were carefully watched over by a public officer appointed for that purpose, to prevent the intrusion of any suspicious characters who might endanger the morals of the rising generation — a precaution not very effectual when profligacy had spread among the higher orders, but which showed at least the intention of the lawgiver; and it was so far effectual, that it prevented the entrance of *mean* vice at any rate. It is not in Athens alone that its ugliness has been wont to be greatly diminished by a purple robe. Here, if a Dromeas did not find entrance, Hermippos, and Glycon, and Dracontides found no difficulty; and here, on this occasion, the

* See Note CLVII.

comic poet was, as usual, reclining lazily on a bench near the spot where the youths undressed, that he might be able to decide critically on the relative beauty of their form; and his eyes, usually heavy with habitual intoxication, would sometimes kindle into a certain degree of animation if a remarkably handsome lad happened to approach.

"Who is that?" said the voluptuary to his next neighbour, as a singularly fine young man, somewhat older than the rest of the youths there, passed by them to take a part in the exercises, — "I don't know him."

"It is Lysicles, the son of Mnesarchos," said the other; "the favourite of Leostratos, who has brought him with him from the country but lately."

"Ho! ho! Leostratos finds a handsome youth good company, does he? Ay, he is right; nothing passes away time so pleasantly. It is true, fathers are not always so complaisant: and, now I think of it, knowest thou that Pericles has taken Charmides, the son of Pheidias, home to his house?"

"What? has the great man abandoned his favourite, Aspasia?"

"Oh, he has been tired of her long ago; but she has had art enough to bring together at her house enough to satisfy his fancy without going elsewhere. Pheidias used to do so; but I fancy at last the old man rebelled. As I said before, fathers are not always so complaisant, eh, Eupolis?"

"Plague take all fathers that set up for censors of manners, say I! May they all perish as Pheidias has done!"

"Right! right!" said Hermippos, yawning; "they

are very impertinent disagreeable people. I never enjoyed myself till mine was dead."

"And how goes on the prosecution of Anaxagoras? — Ha! didst thou see that lad? — he grows handsomer every day."

"Yes, that is young Lysias; and yonder sits his great admirer, Euphemos. — But thou wast asking about the prosecution: it is said that the great man himself means to undertake the defence when it comes to a hearing."

"Indeed! Pericles is not wont to plead in the courts, is he?"

"No; but I fancy he begins to think he is in some danger himself. If he allows all his friends to be picked off one after another, people may find out that he is not so all-powerful, as he wishes to have it supposed. But we shall find him work enough. I mean to lay an information against Aspasia: indeed I have put it in writing, but I was too lazy to carry it to-day."

"Against Aspasia? What is the charge?"

"Oh, as usual, impiety: and I shall add to it another, — for corrupting the morals of our girls, and keeping free women in her house for the pleasures of her great protector. Ah!" said he, drawing a long yawn, "it shocks my moral feelings:" and he yawned again.

"What strange crime is it that hurts *thy* moral feeling, Hermippos?" said a young man behind, who had overheard the last words. "I thought they had been asleep so long that nothing could ever rouse them: but I suppose those long yawns are the symptoms of their awakening."

"Why, I own they are somewhat drowsy: but then, think of the crime. Would it not wake the dead, that this Pericles should engross all the pretty girls of Athens? Put the case to thyself, Glaucon."

"The danger does not touch *me*," said the handsome Glaucon, with a saucy laugh; "speak for thyself, Hermippos:" and the young men round him looked at the bloated face of the comic poet, and laughed too.

"Ay, ay! you fellows will not drain a cup of wine for fear of spoiling your complexion, I suppose," replied Hermippos, glancing at the very plain features of the young son of Sophronicus, who, with his friend Criton, was among the group.

"True; thou hast frightened me away from the wine-skin as we scare birds from the fruit," replied Glaucon: "many a cup of good Chian have I lost by looking at thee."

"Ugh! ugh!" with a long yawn and a stretch, was all the reply which the poet deigned to give to his laughing opponent; and then he observed to Eupolis, in a voice loud enough to be overheard, "He is past the age for giving himself airs."

"That man is not worth so much notice as we are bestowing upon him," said Criton, drawing back his friends. "If all men were like him, I should not wonder at the present state of things; but that Anaxagoras should by many be held worthy of death, while such men as this pass unharmed, passes my comprehension. If ever I become an atheist altogether, it will be from witnessing such things."

"But is death really the greatest of evils?" said Socrates.

"Oh surely, surely it is," said several at once.

"I think of it often, and it puzzles me," said the young sculptor: "and now tell me — for perhaps you can explain it — why is death such an evil?"

"We must quit all the pleasures of life when we die," said one.

"True: but thy father, Andronicos, who has been blind these three years, — what are his pleasures?"

"He enjoys having his children about him, and talking with them."

"But his children cannot always be with him; and, when he is without them, is he not lonely and sad?"

"I fear he is."

"Yet a blind animal eats and is satisfied."

"But the animal has no intellect, to require its gratification also."

"But does life ever satisfy the intellect? For myself, I always feel that I am striving and stretching after something — I hardly know what, but something that life does not give. It is the anxiety, the aspiration after life, rather than its fruition, that we possess, as it appears to me."

Some of the auditory looked grave. "Thou thinkest then, like Anaxagoras," said Glaucon, "that there is in man something destined to outlive the body, and which even now is striving after its proper felicity. It may be so."

"But then is death an evil? Will Anaxagoras consider it as such?"

"Perhaps not, for when he discourses on such things there is an expression almost of rapture in his

countenance. But to us it is an evil at any rate to lose the friends that we love."

"Yes, if we were never to rejoin them. But if indeed there be a state where the wise and the good shall meet, and enjoy that fruition of life, which we here only sigh for, then I think that the parting of friends is but like a farewell upon the road, accompanied by an invitation to partake of a banquet at the end of the journey."

"Thou art young and strong now, Socrates," observed another, "and thou canst afford to talk lightly of death, but when it draws near thou wilt not view it so calmly."

"It may be so; but methinks the man who lives as man *should* do, can have little cause to fear dying as man *must* do; for after having spent a long day in labour, rest is pleasant, and the sweeter if we feel that we have won a right to repose by our previous diligence. If we wake no more, the last moment, when we review what we have done, is at least a pleasant one; but if we do wake," said he, turning to his friend, "then, Criton, wilt thou consider Anaxagoras unfortunate, and Hermippos happy?"

Criton hesitated—"If it be so—but I would that we had some certainty. I can *feel* all this; but when I am to put it to use I need a demonstration. Our imagination is so easily befooled by our wishes."

"But I think our imagination never reaches beyond our knowledge. It would puzzle thee to devise any thing that thou hadst never seen or heard of, however much thou mightest wish it; our very language fails when we would speak of what has never entered into the thoughts of those who framed the language."

"True, but what then?"

"Then if we have words to express, and a power of imagining a life unlike this, those who framed the language, and we who use it to express our imagination, must have had some previous knowledge of the thing we talk of, and wish for. Who would ever seek to cross over to Ægina if he had never either seen its hills from a distance, or heard others talk of it, or been there himself in times past? It would be to him as if it existed not. The shell when we put it to our ear speaks the language of the ocean-cave where it had its birth; the stone is silent."

"And thou, Socrates, thou art the sea-shell," said Criton warmly, "for surely there is in thy soul something of the remembrance of that better state that thou hast discoursed of: I will see if I cannot find the like in my own. But our poor friend Anaxagoras, — we have forgotten him amid our disputations, — will he speak in his own defence?"

"I heard Hermippos say just now, that Pericles would undertake his defence," said Glaucon: "if any one can save him, he will."

"The law is framed on purpose to catch him," said Andronicos, "and even Pericles will find it hard to contrive any way of evading it. How came he to let it pass?"

"It was done by a trick. Those who were there told me that the votes were taken in the midst of a tumult, when no man's voice could be heard. He looked as black as thunder, they say, when the numbers were announced."

"Hast thou heard the ridiculous charge against Pyrilampes?" said another. "I was gravely assured

yesterday, that the peacocks and rare birds he keeps in his garden down at Phaleron, are merely bribes for the women whom he entices thither for the particular pleasures of his friend. By the account of my informant, even Zeus never had so many amours as Pericles, and Hercules himself might have been somewhat embarrassed if he had had them all upon his hands."

"Yes," said Glaucon, "they say that he was intimate with Menippos' wife; and now they say the same of his daughter, the pretty girl who is always beside Aspasia when she lectures. Gods! I should want as many heads as Cerberus, with six mouths in each, to repeat all the tales that are current in Athens just now. And the best of the story is, that these very men who are become so amazingly squeamish just now, are the greatest libertines in the city. It is a fine thing to see Hermippos screwing up a demure face to accuse Pericles of licentiousness."

"And how does the great man bear all this?"

"Just as he always does. He is as cool and as imperturbable as the snow on the mountain top. Didst thou hear of his sending his slave to light the fellow home at night, who had been following him about with abuse all day? It furnished our mighty Demos with a good laugh."

"Ah, that was like him; his long head will be more than a match for his opponents after all."

"Perhaps: but I suspect they have at last found his vulnerable spot. Didst thou not hear Hermippos say that he was about to accuse Aspasia also upon the strength of the new law?"

"Aspasia? the beautiful Milesian?"

"Yes, even she: Hermippos calls her all sorts of bad names, swears she is a procuress, and the gods know what; but the end of all is, to get her put to death: and as for all the accusations against her, they are so contradictory that I believe the greater part to be a pack of lies. There is not one of her pupils half so handsome as herself, and who would look at the girls whilst he could see and hear her? But the part that is most dangerous to her they are likely enough to be able to prove, for I do not think the gods have grown fat upon her offerings any more than upon ours; and from what I saw and heard of her the few times I had the curiosity to attend her lectures, I do not think she will stoop either to entreat or to dissemble. By the Gods! she is a noble creature! and it is well for her that old Zeus is not as brisk as he used to be, for she is well fitted to have made the peacock queen jealous. But the old fellow is grown staid of late, and I suppose Juno and he live upon better terms. It is long since any of us have had the honour to trace our birth to his godship."

"Hush, hush! it will be thy turn next to be prosecuted if thou speakest thus."

"No, no, I am too well known for a careless fellow to be thought dangerous to any one: and who supposes that Hermippos or his companions care the worth of an obolus for all the gods of Olympus? But it is a convenient pretext."

"I wonder that Thucydides lends himself to this sort of proceeding," said Criton: "the persecution of a woman is beneath him, and a philosopher belongs to the world."

"And therefore he has no especial friends: that

world citizenship profits a man but little at a pinch; and as for the women, all the time they keep to the distaff and the loom, poor things! I grant thee that there is small glory in warring against them: I would as soon amuse myself with hunting sucking pigs, that can do nothing but squeak and run. But a woman like Aspasia! Νὴ τὸν Δία! if she were not so beautiful that I am more than half in love with her, I should think her a worthy antagonist. Let her come into the Pnyx and harangue the people, and you would see then whether she was a mean opponent."

"True, I was wrong there; Aspasia's eloquence may well be a terror to bad men, and I can comprehend Hermippos' enmity better than I can that of Thucydides. But a man may live with wolves till he learns to howl. I am glad I have kept clear of political party, for I have not thy easy temper, Glaucon, I should be in earnest in what I did."

"That is wrong, quite wrong, my dear Criton; laugh at them all, as I do. It is the only way to get well through the world. But there may come a time when neither laughing nor crying will do, and that time is NOW. Nay, never stare at me thus. I have not been at all the suppers, and heard the talk of all parties, for nothing: the lookers-on always see the battle the best. And now I say that neither thou, Criton, nor thou, Andronicos, nor any of us, ought to be idle. We shall be disgraced in the eyes of the whole world if things go on thus: Pheidias poisoned! Aspasia, Anaxagoras, sacrificed! I am determined to turn politician for once, and try what I can do to save her; for she is guilty according to the letter of the law, there is no doubt of that."

"I fear it will be in vain; the power of Pericles seems on the wane, and he is the only person that has any chance of stemming the torrent of popular folly. I may use that word among friends. Why does she not leave Athens?"

"Because, notwithstanding all that my friend Hermippos says, she has a spirit and a heart. The one she keeps for use; the other, if I mistake not, has been stolen, or pretty nearly so, by that monopoliser of good things, Pericles; and truly I suspect, from what I saw the night when she delivered that last splendid oration, that he values that conquest more than he did that of Euboia. Well, he is right," added he with almost a sigh, "she is the most glorious creature that ever blessed the eyes of man."

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE EUPATRIDES.

When Glaucon parted from his friends he turned homewards; but the customary carelessness of his mien was gone, he walked like a man so deep in thought that he knows not whither his steps are tending. Wealthy and idle, he had hitherto filled his time, like the rest of the young eupatridai, with a little philosophy, and a great deal of licentiousness. His wit made him a welcome guest at the supper parties which he enlivened; and though the first bloom of his boyhood was past, his manhood had still enough of attraction to win a large number of admiring friends among those idolaters of beauty.*

When Anaxagoras became known as the instructor of Pericles, he became also the fashion; and no one could be quite *the* thing in Athens, unless he had heard the philosopher of Clazomene. The young nobility thronged his lecture-room, heard enough to enable them to point a jest by a clever allusion to the superstitions of the people, or to puzzle a stranger with a few novel opinions in astronomy or physics; but when he began to talk of purity of life, and indifference to wealth and greatness, they laughed and repeated Esop's fable of the fox and the grapes.

* See Note CLVIII.

Nevertheless the effect of his teaching, had in fact been such as Diopeithes complained of: superstition sunk before increasing knowledge, and among the rising generation, the rites of the popular religion were scoffed at and disregarded, though, too frequently, nothing better had supplied their place. This indeed is but the ordinary phase of the human mind, when emerging from the darkness of a superstitious belief: for, as has been well observed by a philosopher of later times, there is an earnestness in *un*belief even, among the first who break the trammels, which fills the mind so completely, that the void about to be created by the abandonment of long-settled prejudices is not felt: *that* is only experienced by the next generation, born among the ruins of a former age, tumbled about so irregularly that it is no less difficult to set about the task of reconstruction, than it is imperiously necessary that it should be begun.

Glaucon was the type of his age in this as well as in other respects: his mind had enough of the energy of unbelief to prompt him, now that he saw the ancient prejudices rousing to combat the propagators of philosophic truth with pains and penalties instead of argument, to feel indignant at the attempt to fetter the inquiring mind. It was an encroachment upon Athenian liberty, and the young noble liked it not the better because it was enforced by the clamour of the people, that sovereign Demos, which the higher sort served so grudgingly. Yet in a mind so little accustomed to decided or consecutive action, even this would have failed to rouse him had not another feeling mingled itself with it.

In Athens up to that time the female sex had been known only in two capacities, as the mothers *in esse* or *in posse* of Athenian citizens, or as the ministers to the licentious pleasures of one of the most licentious cities of ancient Europe. No Athenian had ever thought it possible that a woman could be fitted for an object of friendship or esteem: the best were uneducated household drudges, careful in storing up the goods of the husband, and diligent in augmenting them: — the worst, there is no need to describe, for they have made themselves sufficiently notorious.

Accustomed to regard women only in this light, the Athenians, when first Aspasia visited their city, looked upon her only as an Ionian courtezan of somewhat higher pretensions than usual, and her lectures were attended by the young men whom the fame of her beauty had attracted, rather for the sake of pleasing their eyes than improving their understanding; but when it was found that all attempts at farther intimacy failed; and that her visitors were only men high in office, and such as were most remarkable for gravity of manners; after the first idle jests on her odd selection of lovers had been spent, the truth began to find its way; and in spite of the envious gossip which always abounds in cities, many acknowledged that the force of her eloquence, and the singular power of her mind, were sufficient to account for the visits of Pericles, and of other friends whose age or whose respectability hardly allowed any other interpretation.

Glaucon had, in common with others, been among her hearers; and, in common with others, had felt

the influence of a beauty, rare even in Greece, added to a fervid eloquence which, even without the aid of such singular loveliness of form, would have found its way to the heart. But it was soon known among the young men who frequented these lectures, that Aspasia was either too chaste or too proud to receive any other homage than that of their public applause; and he loved his own ease too well to waste time in the pursuit of the haughty beauty, who was soon known to be regarded by Pericles with feelings of no ordinary admiration. It was useless to enter the lists with him, and she was soon left unmolested by the proposals of lovers, or at least of those who called themselves so.

But when Glaucon heard of the accusation which was evidently directed against her life, he remembered the feelings of admiration with which he had at first regarded her faultless features and form; mingled with an unwonted degree of respect for a character so incomprehensible to an Athenian, yet which, from its very incomprehensibility, gained something of divinity also. Human love hardly fixes itself on unapproachable perfection: there must be something of frailty, some circumstance of mortality which we can sympathize in, ere we attach ourselves greatly: Glaucon had therefore admired Aspasia like a star in its sphere, but when the accidents of mortal life began to attack her; when she was menaced with danger and even with death; something of anxious tenderness for one so lovely and so innocent of any real crime, grew up in his mind, which, as it was not at all like what he had been wont to call love, puzzled him considerably. He

felt a wish to shelter her; he dreaded that Pericles, all statesman as he was, should abandon her to her fate, in order the better to consolidate his own power; and when this thought crossed his mind, he felt very much as if he should like to stab him to the heart the very day of Aspasia's death: and then came the farther thought — a very easy transition in such cases, — that if Pericles should abandon her, it was no reason why others should follow his example; and with a sudden movement and an exclamation, aloud, of "At least I will not," he changed his course, and turned his steps towards her house.

But even then, the Athenian eupatrides felt embarrassed: a visit from a man to a woman in her own apartments threw a slur upon her character— it was an insult to attempt it, according to the etiquette of Athens, where women were nearly as rigorously secluded as in the harems of the east: — and yet Aspasia was known to receive male visitors, and his business brooked neither delay nor the intervention of a third person. In the midst of thoughts like these, he arrived at the door, and after a moment's hesitation, knocked, and was admitted by the porter. He pleaded urgent business, and was ushered into the room where she was wont to receive her pupils.

On this occasion she was alone: — seated beside a table, on which were drawn several mathematical figures, she was leaning her head on one hand, whilst the other played idly with the chalk which she had been using, and showed that at that moment her thoughts were wandering far away. She started as he entered, and looked up, and he thought he

could perceive disappointment as well as surprise, when her eyes met those of a stranger. The slight vexation which this caused him gave him courage to speak, and advancing a few steps, he asked if it was permitted to a well-wisher, but little known to her, to intrude upon her privacy? "I know" added he, "that I am transgressing against the rules of society in thus presenting myself, but I entreat that I may not be thought insolently intrusive."

Aspasia smiled; "we professors of philosophy," said she, "do not pay much attention to those rules, and therefore, without farther preface, let me hear wherein my visitor needs my assistance."

"It is not because I need assistance that I am here," replied Glaucon, "though νὴ Δία! I might mend my brains a good deal by such good teaching; but to proffer it," and he mentioned his name.—"I have just heard what it is essential to thy safety that thou shouldst know, and I came myself to communicate it, that I might at the same time assure thee that thou hast no sincerer"—he hesitated,—"that there is no one more anxious to serve thee than I am. I was in company with Hermippos this morning: thou knowest the character of the man, I doubt not; and I heard him say that he had drawn up an accusation against thee, under the new law of Diopeithes, which he meant to lay before the Basileus to-morrow. Aspasia, under that law, eloquent, beautiful, gifted as thou art, thou hast no chance of escape: but there is yet time; the information is not yet laid*, thou canst withdraw without being guilty of an act of contumacy."

* See Note CLIX.

"Noble Glaucon, accept my thanks: I am not taken by surprise, and have only wondered hitherto why I have been spared so long."

"Then," said he, with a gleam of satisfaction lighting up his countenance, "thou art prepared for flight—this is better than I had hoped—can I serve thee?"

"For flight? no! that would be passing sentence on myself."

"But in this Athens of ours, where clamour does so much, to remain just now might—nay, probably will—endanger thy life. Pardon the freedom, but . . . . "—he hesitated again,—"thy . . . thy *pupil*, Pericles, large as is his favour with the people, will, I fear, be too much embarrassed with the state of public affairs to be able to serve thee much. Thy enemies depend on this ——"

"But when honourable men like thee shrink from the persecution of the innocent, what can a vile faction do?"

"Everything, in a moment of popular excitement. You may manage these things better in Ionia, perhaps, but our Demos is of a very cat-like nature—it scratches if it be even stroked too long; and no good intention will defend us from its claws sometimes. Listen to me, Aspasia; I have seen and heard what all Athens has—that Pericles had devoted himself to thee in a way that he never did to any one before; but he is ambitious,—he is a statesman; and he may not choose to hazard his power and convulse Athens in order to save thee: even if he should do so, he may not succeed. I will not affect a virtue which I have no pretension to; I will not

say that if thou wert other than thou art I should have felt quite such an interest in thy fate; but I will say, that even shouldst thou have given thyself to another, I would still serve thee as a brother,—for I am no Hermippos,—and I can do thee justice. I am well aware that thou wilt give thyself to but one; but I am rich; a ship might be found in the harbour, or my chariot and slaves should be at thy service: I would not ask to sit beside thee in the chariot," added he, smiling, "like thy more favoured friend; I only ask to be allowed to place thee in safety. The object of the party is merely to show the people that Pericles is not able to protect his friends completely: thy voluntary retirement would answer their purpose sufficiently."

"Noble Glaucon!" said Aspasia, her cheek flushed with the emotion of the moment; "thou hast said enough. If my retirement is to weaken the power of Pericles,—to prepare the way for his enemies to make him their last and most illustrious victim,—I stay, be the danger what it may to myself. Thou hast enough greatness of soul to understand this feeling; and I should not appear to thee so much worth the saving, if I were to seek to purchase my own safety by abandoning one—why should I not avow it?—who would not scruple to endanger himself for me."

"True, true; I was a fool." He paused; and then added, in the tone of a man who has thought and resolved, "No matter! I might have guessed that such would have been thy determination: but remember at any rate, brave woman! that thou hast a *friend*"—he laid an emphasis on the word—"who,

idle as he may have been,—and I fear thou wilt not hear much good of him,—will think it his happiness to serve thee."

"And why wilt thou not let me have the pleasure of hearing good of one who has given me so fair a specimen of what he could be if he would?"

"Would it be a pleasure to thee, Aspasia?" said the eupatrides, looking at her with a smile: "take care; we are on dangerous ground."

"And what danger can there be in urging a noble Athenian to be what noble Athenians can and ought to be? Thou hast underrated thyself, noble Glaucon. I do but tell thee what thou might'st be."

"No, no; I *might* be, no doubt, whatever thou would'st make me; but I must not trust myself to thy tuition. If I were to do so, Aspasia, I should set myself lower in thy esteem than I now stand; for I should be tempted to ask for a reward when I had learned my lesson well. I can only deserve thy friendship by not seeing thee too often: but tell Pericles—and I have more virtue than thou canst guess in speaking his name calmly after thy frank avowal—that if aught in my power can be of service on the coming occasion, he may command my aid. Now, Aspasia, I do deserve one little reward for that"—he took her hand, and pressed it to his lips;—"and I will be gone, lest I should spoil all by asking for more." He turned to go, but paused at the door; and, looking back, said in a voice of some emotion, "Thou wilt trust me, wilt thou not?"

"Noble Glaucon, I do, and will."

"And employ me?"

"If need be."

"Farewell, then!" and as he walked from the door, he muttered, "I would I were Pericles!" and then he drew a long breath, as if to shake off a load from his breast, and added, "That woman might lead a man the world over." It was not a state of mind in which silent thought could be endured; and after another half sigh, half groan, he turned his steps towards the Agora, where he was sure to find some idlers engaged in getting rid of time; for, after the throng of market people had departed, the perfumers' shops around the market-place were among the favourite lounges of Athens.*

He soon heard his name called from a group of young men assembled under one of the porticos,— "What news to-day, Glaucon?"—"Whence comest thou?"—"Whither goest thou?"—"Wilt thou sup with us to-night?"—were questions all asked in rapid succession.

"I was going to try what I could do in a contest with old Time, who has the ill manners to be particularly disagreeable to-day; and as you are a strong party engaged in the same business, I cannot do better than join you. Where do you sup?"

"With Speusippos, at Peiræus. He promises us fish fresh from the sea."

"No, μὰ Δία! I must encounter my enemy nearer home. I am too lazy for a walk to Peiræus to-day."

"But what art thou about, Glaucon? Thou hast some egg now that thou art brooding over, and art afraid to leave the nest for too long a time."

"No; it is true that I have been tending some

* See Note CLX.

fools' eggs for a time; but my nestlings are hatched, and a fine brood they are."

"A laugh spread among those who did not apply the witticism to themselves; and Ariphron, the son of Archippos—for he too formed one of the party—called from behind, "That brood increases fast enough without thy aid, friend Glaucon; hatch something better."

"Nay; I love my own skin too well. Since Diopeithes' law, hatching fools is your only work. They come forth as fast as sparrows; but a nest of wise men requires such long brooding, that he is right to make the attempt capital. Athens would be depopulated if we were to make these the only legitimate citizens."

"But if a brood of wise men should be hatched at last, what shall we do with them?"

"Oh, throw them into the Barathron, and get rid of them, troublesome fellows! Ariphron, art thou going with the sparrows to Peiræus?"

"No; I have a nest of my own."

"Nay; leave thy unprofitable brood, and come and sup with me. We will talk over the new law that is to be proposed respecting Cleon and Hermippos."

"The new law? what?—what is that to be?" exclaimed several.

"Yes," replied Glaucon with mock gravity; "I hear that Cleon and Hermippos are to be appointed censors of the public morals: so thou seest, most excellent Ariphron! that it concerns thee."

"Yes; but that is another reason for not leaving

my nest. Come, thou shalt sup with me, and hear my nightingale sing."

"Good! nightingales are birds of passage, and I had best hear her whilst I can."

A loud laugh again followed this sally; and the rest of the party insisted on taking the clever satirist to Peiræus with them; but he was obstinate: and finally, after a stroll on the banks of the Ilyssus, they parted company, to keep their several engagements.

CHAP. XXXIX.

THE COURT OF HELIAIA.

THE day at last arrived which was to decide the fate of Anaxagoras, and virtually of Athens also; for all were well aware that the crimes of which the philosopher was accused were shared by his illustrious pupil; and, if he was condemned, it was hardly possible that even Pericles should stand his ground: on the conviction of this excellent man, therefore, depended the hopes of the aristocratic party; and no art was spared to secure it.

Causes of this nature had formerly belonged to the jurisdiction of the court of Areiopagos; but since Ephialtes had carried his law for making a fresh distribution of causes to the different courts, the matters of chief importance to the state came before the more democratical tribunal of Heliaia; where those who sat as judges were taken indifferently from the ranks of the citizens, and were paid a small sum by the state to remunerate them for the loss of time incurred whilst exercising their judicial functions. The judges in this court were numerous, amounting generally to some hundreds; and their functions were of a mixed nature: for first they heard the witnesses, and decided upon the testimony; and next, if they found the accused guilty, they assigned the sentence by vote; the majority, and even that

sometimes a very small one, deciding the question. Thus on one occasion, a few years later, the punishment of death was carried only by a majority of six, though 556 voted.

In important causes it was not unfrequent to summon also the judges of the lower courts to join the Heliastai, thus swelling the number of dicasts to some thousands; for where powerful interest was expected to be exercised in a case, this addition to the numbers made both bribery and influence more difficult; and but that the excited passions of a whole people often condemn or acquit more unjustly than the most corrupt judges, it might have been considered a very effectual method of securing an unbiassed sentence: but there are votes of the Athenian people still recorded, by which they testified their late and vain regret for sentences into which the heat of the moment had hurried them, and which show sufficiently that the greatest danger for innocence lay in the very number of the members composing the court, who themselves formed so large a portion of the citizens that they were nearly exempt from the influence of that corrective of power — public opinion; for, unless they condemned themselves, who was to bring them to any account for their acts?

Thucydides, with the art of a practised lawyer, had called for this union of the courts in the case of Anaxagoras: for the crime of which he was accused was one peculiarly odious to the lower class of citizens; and the larger the number of those who could be brought to vote, the greater was the chance of condemnation: and the friends of the philosopher

saw with grief that the measures of the opposite party had been taken with such skill, that he was placed in a position of great danger.

With the dawn of morning the judges assembled; and very soon Anaxagoras, pale from the effect of recent indisposition, but with a countenance of calm dignity which never failed him during the proceedings, entered the court, accompanied by a number of his friends. But the eyes of all were fixed on but one; for among those friends was Pericles. Those who knew him well might perhaps have traced something of heartfelt anxiety through that air of stern composure,—something of previous suffering in his somewhat sunken cheek; but to the great mass of observers there was nothing in his look or manner which could tell that he had now entered upon the arena where probably life, and what was far dearer to him than life, would ere long have to be wrestled for. Beside him were Leostratos and Glaucon,—the warrior and the man of pleasure united on this occasion by one bond of honourable feeling: and behind were Ariphron, the son of Archippos, Ariston, young Lysicles, and others of the pupils of the accused, including many belonging to the first families in Athens. They took their places, Cleon and Thucydides occupying that of the accusers; and the judges proceeded to bind themselves by the usual oaths to decide according to the laws, and the decrees of the people and the Council of Five Hundred; which done, the water which was to measure the time during which the respective advocates were allowed to speak was delivered to them.*

* See Note CLXI.

Cleon, who on this occasion had measured his own powers better than he was wont to do—being aware of his deficiency in the knowledge of legal forms—yielded the first place to Thucydides; and the latter, after a few preliminary observations as to the proper form of the proceedings, mounted the Bema, placed the clepsydra before him, and opened the pleadings. He said that it was in vain to attempt to deny that the service of the gods had, in many respects, become lukewarm; that private sacrifices were becoming more rare, and of less value; and that even the public ones, which were furnished to the state by contract, were rather bought at so low a rate as to allow of a profit to the contractor, than chosen for their excellence so as to be worthy of the deities to whom they were offered. There was a murmur of affirmation among the judges as he said this; and he proceeded: "I see that you agree with me, Athenians; the evil is a known and an increasing one; and to obviate its ill effects on this city and people, a law was lately passed by you to punish the instigators of such impiety. We accuse the present defendant of being the main cause of it, by his unholy researches into matters too high for man; and though, since the passing of the law of Diopeithes, he may have been more cautious, we are prepared to prove that he still holds the same dangerous doctrines, and that, even if he do not openly lecture upon them as formerly, he still instructs pupils in private. Anaxagoras! I ask thee thus publicly if my charge be unjust? I ask thee if thou hast not taught that the darkening of the moon, which has always been held by our fathers to be a sign of the divine displeasure, is merely the

effect of natural causes, and that the light of that divine orb is but a reflection of the sun from a mere lump of earth? Athenians! I see you shudder; but listen."

He paused; and Anaxagoras, thus called upon, calmly answered, "I have: the truths of science cannot be gainsaid."

"Thou vile blasphemer!" exclaimed Cleon; "hast thou not taught that the rites of Aphrodite and the procession of the Dionysia are disgraceful to Athens?"

"I have taught," said Anaxagoras, pointedly, "that licentiousness and drunkenness are disgraceful. If that be a crime, judges, I must abide the punishment of it."

A smile, approaching to a laugh, spread among the dicasts, to whom the character of Cleon was well known; but Thucydides, knowing the dangerous good humour which a clever retort was wont to produce among that most wit-loving people, hastened to resume his graver charges. "Anaxagoras!" he continued, "hast thou not also taught that the all-blessed sun is nothing more than an ignited stone, of which a fragment, according to thee, lately fell by the river Egos?" *

"I have taught that, also," said the philosopher, unmoved. "When stones fall from the air, the man of science seeks their origin; and a conjecture — for it never can be more — ought not to be imputed as a crime, especially when that conjecture was hazarded previous to the passing of the law under which I am prosecuted."

* See Note CLXII.

"Athenians!" said Thucydides, "this is only a subterfuge. I shall have it in my power to prove that these things are still taught by him. Cleobulos! stand forward!" and, thus called upon, the host of Olympiodoros stepped into the open space reserved for the witnesses. "Didst thou ever hear Anaxagoras teach the doctrines I have questioned him upon?"

"I have."

"Upon what occasion?"

"I attended a lecture at his house in company with an Ephesian stranger who was anxious to see and hear all the novelties of Athens."

Pericles whispered his friend; and Anaxagoras demanded aloud, "When was that?"

"It was in the early spring."

"Hast thou not heard these doctrines on any other occasion?" asked Thucydides.

"I went again afterwards with Olympiodoros, the stranger in question, at a later period; but the questions argued then were not astronomical."

"What was the subject of this second lecture?"

"It was on the constitution of man and the universe; and he argued, from the unity of purpose to be observed throughout, that the whole must owe its origin to One Mind rather than to many."

"Athenians, you hear!" exclaimed Thucydides; "all our venerated deities are swept away at one stroke."

A murmur spread among the dicasts; and after a short pause, to give time for it to subside, the prosecutor resumed his questions.

"Hast thou any reason to think that these doc-

trines have been taught by the accused since the passing of the law of Diopeithes.

"I have: Olympiodoros was my guest; and I know, though I did not myself accompany him, that he visited Anaxagoras privately up to the time of his quitting Athens a month since. From his conversation at his return from these visits, I am well convinced that the instruction was exactly such as I had heard publicly."

"Anaxagoras, is it true that thy private lessons to Olympiodoros were of this nature?"

"Amongst the many pupils I have instructed," replied the philosopher, "it would be difficult to say exactly what were the words I used to each. Call them and let them prove what I have taught them."

"This is merely another subterfuge," said Thucydides; "he knows," added he, turning to the judges, "that his pupils are so besotted by him that it would be vain to ask their evidence against him. Is not this clear from the throng of persons illustrious for their birth or rank by whom he is now surrounded? I cannot prove it from the testimony of his pupils, and he knows it; but he cannot deny the charge, and he merely seeks to evade it. Judges! he cannot invalidate any particle of the testimony of Cleobulos, a man whose rank and character place him above suspicion, and a part of our charges he has himself acknowledged; but I will call another witness. Democharès!" The tanner stood forward. "What dost thou know of the doctrine taught by Anaxagoras? hast thou attended his teaching?"

"Yes; he says the sun is a stone, and the moon

a lump of earth; and for that blasphemy he deserves death."

"Good man, could'st thou understand my lectures?" asked Anaxagoras, quietly.

"No! the gods forbid! I would not be guilty of such a thing for all the riches of Athens."

Glaucon, and some of his companions, laughed aloud; and even Thucydides smiled, but he hastened to resume his gravity. "You see, Athenians," said he, "the horror excited in the mind of this worthy man by these blasphemous doctrines is so great that he dreads even to enter upon the discussion of them: follow his example. I call upon you, as you value the prosperity of this city, the health of the citizens, and the plenty which can alone secure both, to purge it of those impious persons, who, by denying that homage to the divine powers which can alone secure us these blessings, are about to draw ruin upon the country. Pestilence and famine are the scourges sent by the immortal gods to signify their displeasure: and if we suffer such doctrines to be preached currently in Athens, so as to corrupt the rising generation, we shall soon require some fresh Epimenides for the lustration of the city: fortunate if by that time there remain any one devout enough to call forth such a measure. Anaxagoras, hast thou aught to say in thy defence?"

"I confide that to abler hands. I have been too ill myself lately to be capable of speaking audibly to so large an assembly:" and at these words Pericles advanced. Thucydides made a gesture of displeasure, and whispered his companion — "It is

as I was told, then; Pericles takes the matter up personally. We shall have a hard fight for it."

It would be difficult to express in words the look of withering contempt which the son of Xanthippus cast on the ill-sorted pair as he ascended the Bema. Thucydides shrunk under it; and even Cleon felt himself for a moment disconcerted, and doubted whether he were quite so good a match for Pericles as he sometimes thought himself; but all other feeling was soon absorbed in anxious curiosity as to what would be the line of defence he would adopt.

Pausing a moment ere he addressed the judges, the keen eye of the orator glanced over the ranks, as if to discover whom he could personally recognise, and it appeared that the survey had been in some degree satisfactory, for his brow seemed more open as he folded his arms in his robe, according to his custom, and with his wonted clear and melodious voice began his address:—

"Athenians!" said he: "I stand before you now in a new character: I scarcely feel that I am your general, for my opponents are no longer political ones; the attack on me is personal, and you see in me to-day merely a man pleading for his friend, and asking of the people of Athens that the sweet intercourse of many years may not be broken by any act of theirs. I must begin by begging you to recollect that the law under which he is prosecuted is a new one, not consecrated by a long experience of its utility, and hardly in accordance with that free spirit which has hitherto been the glory of Athens; nay, its direct tendency is, to curb the progress of science and deprive this city of the benefit it has derived

from the presence of great men from all parts of Greece, who came hither with the fruits of their genius to a people capable of appreciating them. Athenians! the first man condemned under this law was Pheidias—a man whose talent made the Athenian name famous throughout all Hellas: and what was his crime? As far as I could learn, it was merely that his model for the figure of a warrior might, in the judgment of his accusers, have been better chosen; and for this discrepancy of opinion between him and the court he was condemned! Will any other artist give free scope to his fancy if he be liable to such penalties? Will not the sculptor and the painter rather seek elsewhere for patrons more indulgent? And is this the way to make Athens great? Again the law is enforced, and again its weight is directed against whom? a criminal? No! against a man whose purity of life and manners, whose immense scientific acquirements, and whose deep sense of divine truths would rather deserve a statue from the people whom he honours with his presence than a penalty for having reached a greater height than common men.

"Anaxagoras, in teaching the cause of eclipses, has but repeated the doctrine of Thales, the friend of Solon: and Solon, who emulated his scientific attainments, saw no danger in promulgating the real cause of the phenomenon, nor did he shrink from sharing in the calculations which reduced this law of nature to such certainty that it became possible to predict the hour when the eclipse would occur. Athenians! since that time we have risen to greatness, and no god has punished Athens because its lawgiver joined

in the physical researches of the sage of Miletus; and Thales himself lived and died the object of reverence both in his own and other countries. Had he visited Athens now, would you have condemned him to death under the law of Diopeithes?"

"Thales never asserted the sun to be a stone," said Thucydides, interrupting him.

"That cannot be proved either way," replied Pericles; "for the Persians, though they could not hold their conquests, could destroy; and science and art sunk for a time in the ruins that marked their march. These are beginning again to raise their heads; shall Athens be more barbarian than Xerxes, and proscribe them? Athenians! there was a time when a Persian satrap asked where that city of Athens was situated, which—I almost blush to relate it—sent deputies to him to ask his aid: and now! need I mark the difference? It is not by our numbers, for we are few; nor by our strength, for we are but men, that we have arrived at our present grandeur, but it is by our science. If our vessels be the best constructed—if our weapons be the best tempered—if our machines be the wonder of our enemies—it is to such men as Anaxagoras that we owe it. Let us not then drive such from our shores by a sentence which will be bruited over all Greece. Show rather, by your acquittal of this excellent man, that the Athenian people is still, as formerly, the patron of art and learning; and that rather than condemn one so estimable in every relation of life, you can mitigate or overlook a law obtained from you under pretexts which blinded you to its consequences, and which was passed in the midst of a

tumult which prevented cool reasoning from being heard. Your general asks that the philosopher shall not be sacrificed: Pericles, the pupil of Anaxagoras, asks for his own sake that the life of his master and friend may be given to his entreaties."*

The wary eye of Thucydides had marked the effect of the address upon the judges; and when the president called upon the public crier to make proclamation that the dicasts should proceed to vote, even the practised statesman's heart beat audibly as each man in turn went to the altar, took thence the beans, and cast them into the vases of condemnation or absolution. On the fate of Anaxagoras hung both the life and the hopes of his accusers; for if they failed of obtaining a conviction, they were themselves liable to a like penalty; and on the other hand, if the philosopher were found guilty, it was hardly possible but that his scholar and defender must fall with him.

To warriors who had been accustomed to meet death in the field without flinching; to the disciples of a philosophy which taught men to disregard it, such a scene was a grave one indeed, in the great drama of existence; but it was not overpowering: whence then came those convulsive sobs, distinctly heard amid the deep silence? All eyes were turned towards the group of friends who surrounded Anaxagoras, but none could tell who that slender youth was, who, with his face buried in his mantle seemed to have lost every sense but that of grief. The philosopher looked round, and, seeing

* See Note CLXIII.

whence the sound proceeded, turned towards the weeping boy, and gently laying his hand on his shoulder whispered, "If thou art a pupil of mine, good youth, curb thy sorrow. The sentence of death is upon all men; wherein, then, am I in a worse state than others?"

Without uncovering his face, the boy drew the hand of Anaxagoras within the folds of his robe, and pressed it passionately to his lips, with the faint exclamation, in a broken and half-stifled voice, of, "Father! I obey;" and again all was still.

The dicasts had now all flung in their votes; and the president, rising from his seat and approaching the altar, empowered the appointed officers to open the vases and count them. With his wand extended over the numbered beans so as to prevent either mistake or fraud, he gravely watched the hands of the tellers, and so profound was the silence, that even the slight sound of the beans as they fell, one after another, upon the stone, was distinctly heard through the whole court.

And now the tale is completed, the president approaches the waxen tablet, and, whilst anxious eyes follow his hand as it draws a long mark on the yielding material*, he proclaims aloud —

"THE CRIMINAL IS CONVICTED BY A MAJORITY OF TWO."

One piercing cry followed, and the unknown youth sunk senseless on the ground.

Pericles, with prompt kindness, approached the

* See Note CLXIV.

spot; but Ariphron, who stood near, had already caught the fainting youth in his arms, and the opening mantle discovered a face of such loveliness, that for a moment, even Anaxagoras was forgotten by those who gazed on it. The philosopher looked on the pale brow, and he recognised the features; and then what his own doom could not extort, was given to compassionate feeling: "My poor child!" said he, bending down, while a tear dropped on the white cheek; "this world is too rough an one for thee:" and, laying his hand firmly on the arm of Ariphron, he added in a low tone, "Forsake her not! she is my legacy."

It was Glycera; and Ariphron answered, "Never."

Meantime, according to the usual form, the defendant was called upon to decide what penalty he considered as the fitting one for the offence he was convicted of: an odd ceremonial, which even on the gravest occasion, threw a degree of ridicule over the proceeding.*

Pericles again rose:—"Athenians!" said he, "according to the tenor of the law, and your oath, perhaps this decision was unavoidable, but not so the penalty which the prosecutors have attached to their accusation. The moment is now arrived, when, without breaking any oath, without injuring the state either politically or religiously, you may follow the dictates of your feelings. Give me the life of my friend! he is called upon to fix the penalty, and he has deputed me to speak for him: I say then, let the punishment fall on me, not on him; remove

* See Note CLXV.

him from Athens if you will, there is no place which will not feel honoured by his residence; I only shall be the sufferer by his loss: fine him, if you think proper; my fortune shall pay the sum imposed: and as this prosecution, I well know, is aimed against me personally, rather than against this innocent man, so my enemies may surely be satisfied with a sentence which falls so heavily on me: but, Athenians, beware of imprisonment! let not future ages have to tell that, in Athens, imprisonment and death were one. Till the prisoner's life is safe from unseen foes, Athenians! no imprisonment."

"Pericles, that insinuation is an unworthy one," said Thucydides warmly; "the death of Pheidias is a misfortune which I deeply lament. But I might have expected that this use would be made of it."

Pericles looked at him in contemptuous silence, and then repeated "Judges! Athenians! *ωρὸς τῶν Θέο*! no imprisonment!" *

"A man whom the law declares worthy of death has no great reason to fear imprisonment," said Cleon, laughing scornfully: "why are we delayed by vain entreaties? Let the judges vote."

"My words were addressed to hearts of flesh, not of *leather*," said Pericles. "Let the judges vote! they will not condemn an innocent man to death."

"Now do I envy Pericles that cut at the tanner," whispered Glaucon to Ariston. "See how yon greasy fellows have caught it; they are half of them grinning. My life upon it, that word has carried the day."

* See Note CLXVI.

"I would I could hope it, but things look dark."

The crier now put the question whether Anaxagoras was worthy of death; and once more the parties most interested awaited in breathless silence the result of the scrutiny. Even the judges, ignorant which way their sentence was awarded, stretched their heads forward, and turned an ear anxiously towards the president to catch the first sound of his voice. Pericles stood in his place beside Anaxagoras, erect, unmoved; his robe as usual wrapped round him, but the tighter strain of its folds would have shown a close observer that the hand beneath held it with an almost convulsive grasp; and the eye which glanced from under his knit brow had in it an indignant fire, which belied the assumed quiet of the exterior.

In a moment more the president again raised his wand, and, retiring a few steps from the altar, pronounced aloud—

"THE CRIMINAL IS ABSOLVED FROM THE PENALTY OF DEATH!"

Then at once broke forth the voice of congratulation and pleasure; and friends pressed round, and forgot, in the contrast of their present feelings with those of the moment before, that the sentence of banishment was affirmed, and that the lessons of wisdom which had flowed from the lips of the greatest man that the Ionian school of philosophy had produced would be heard no more in Athens. Even the greater part of the judges, moved by his noble fortitude, rejoiced to find that they had saved him, and forgave to the man the imagined crimes of the philosopher: and thus it was that Pericles and

Anaxagoras — who left the court, the one as an only half-acquitted criminal, the other as his not less guilty, and scarcely successful defender — left it amid plaudits, and were accompanied home by the gratulatory shouts of the versatile multitude.

CHAP. XL.

THE FAREWELL.

It was night: the last gilding of sunset had passed away, and the peaks of Hymettus in the distance, and the nearer mass of the Acropolis, showed black against the clear sky, where myriads of stars were shedding a lustre unknown in the foggy north. Yet still the hum of voices rose from the populous streets, and ever and anon figures were seen passing and repassing by the light of torches carried by slaves, who marked, by their numbers, the rank of him they accompanied. Here and there an artisan picked his way along by the light of a small lamp, that but served to make the darkness more visible*, and paused to listen to the sounds of revelry which issued from some portal as it opened for the reception of a guest attended by half-a-dozen torches, carried by as many slaves, and closed again, leaving the gazer dazzled with the glare, and scarcely able to find his way through the uneven and ill-kept street, where irregularly projecting and overhanging houses rendered the passage along it both dark and difficult, except where the light in a shop for the sale of provisions or of liquor threw a faint gleam into the dusky atmosphere. As the night advanced

* See Note CLXVII.

the mingled hum was stilled, and the distant bay of dogs or the wail of a solitary cat was heard at intervals, and again was drowned by the burst of uproarious merriment from some portal wreathed with garlands of flowers, where the noble and the great were holding their wild orgies.*

At one of these portals an old woman, clad in the humble dress of a slave, presented herself, and, when the porter scanned her with a haughty glance, and seemed about to reclose the door in her face, she held out a ring, and said, "Show Cleon that; he will remember when and where he parted with it—but, hark'ee, bring it back again to me. Tell him if he would hear what he wishes to hear he must come and speak to me immediately."

"Ah!" said the porter, "I understand. No, no, the ring will be needless, he will come readily enough to such messengers. Stay here and I will send to him."

As he spoke a roar of laughter was heard within, and music rang out sweetly amid the discordant din of revelry.

"He will be quite drunk," muttered the old woman, "and I shall have lost my labour;" but presently a loud voice, inquiring "Where is she?" was heard, and in a moment more the master of the mansion, flushed with liquor, his mantle hanging loosely, and the roses of the garland he had worn thrown at the back of his head, issued from the interior.

"Here, fellow! take thy torch and show me what

* See Note CLXVIII.

sort of a thing she is," cried he to a slave as he approached.

"It is an ugly old woman, great sir," said the slave with a grin; "she is not worth the lighting."

"Ha! ha! ha! thou art a good fellow, and merry like thy master. Come hither, old hag, and tell me what thou wouldst have."

"Noble sir," said the old woman, "dost thou not remember Myrtis?"

"Myrtis? what, thou that hast cheated me so often, promising me all kinds of things, and taking my money, and then doing nothing for it. Thou filthy old witch! I am well inclined to beat thee."

"Noble sir, it was not my fault that the girl was perverse: beauties always are, but I will make amends."

"How? hag that thou art! how?"

"He is very drunk," muttered she; but then again addressing him, she continued: "This night Glycera is gone to take leave of the old fellow that you have banished from Athens. People say he will depart to-morrow, and she and others sup there to-night. She will leave the house, accompanied by one or two at most, besides myself; and if thou canst fall in with the party thou mayst carry us both off*,—and what shall I have for my service?"

"Ha! ha! pretty Glycera, after all! I will hug thee, old hag, for thy news: thou art my divinity: but where am I to find her?"

"What am I to have if I tell thee?"

"Thou old vulture! a good beating if thou tellest me not."

* See Note CLXIX.

" Nay, I came not hither to be beaten," said the old woman, retreating ; " if my news is no more worth, I will keep it to myself."

" Old Hecate ! stay where thou art; wilt thou be satisfied with this"—and he offered her a costly ring, —" until I redeem it with a purse of gold ?"

" Yes: she is at a house near the gate Diocharis: go that way by the temple of Diana Aristoboulé, thou wilt be sure to meet her; but I must hasten back. It will be thy own fault if thou hast not pretty Glycera in thy house this very night."

" Ha, ha ! pretty Glycera ! yes, yes; the gate Diocharis ; what temple was it, old hag ?"

The old woman repeated her directions, and Cleon reeled back to his companions, roaring " pretty Glycera " all the way he went.

" Why Cleon, man ! what ails thee ?" exclaimed Eupolis, who was one of the guests ; " what hast thou been drinking now ?"

" An old woman."

" Drinking an old woman ? verily I wonder not that thou art mad."

" How did she taste, Cleon ?" asked Hermippos with a half yawn.

" There must have been a strong flavour of garlic," cried Diphilos.

" Wash her down with a cup of Chian wine," exclaimed Chærephon. Truly it is a labour for Hercules, and thou must need refreshment."

" Hark ye, gentlemen," said Cleon, as soon as they would allow him to speak; " I have an enterprise in hand in which ye shall all share, if you will give me your company."

"What, more old women to drink?" said Hermippos, "not I."

"Poh, poh! I am not talking of old women—it was an old woman I tell you——"

"There, there! it *was* an old woman, you see;" exclaimed the whole party at once.

"You are all mad and drunk—drunk, I say," exclaimed Cleon angrily; "but I tell you Anaxagoras has got the prettiest singing girl in Athens supping with him to night, and as I hold that to be a shameful monopoly, I say let us go and bring her hither to sing to us. What business has that old fellow with singing girls?"

"Bravo! bravo, Cleon! lead the way. We will fetch home the singing girl if it be only to spite him. *He* must have singers at his suppers forsooth! we will teach him better than that," exclaimed Diphilos: "Rouse thyself, Hermippos, thou art half asleep: let us go."

"No, no—bring her here, and then I shall see what she is like. I will take a nap in the mean time."

"Let him alone, gentlemen," cried Cleon; "he does not deserve to be of our party. Come along. Ha! ha! pretty Glycera! pretty Glycera! she shall sing us one of her best songs when we have brought her hither."

"Yes, yes, hurrah!—pretty Glycera!" roared the guests, and hastily prepared to follow their host; who, ordering his slaves to take torches to light them, sallied forth in the direction which Myrtis had indicated.

Meantime a very different scene was passing in the house of Anaxagoras The following morning was

appointed for his departure from Athens, and a few of his intimate friends were spending the evening with him, to hear the last sounds of that divine eloquence which unfolded further than any philosopher had yet done in public, the deep truths of man's spiritual existence, and with a power of persuasion that was shaking the throne of superstition to its very foundation. On this occasion, the last probably on which he would address them, he dwelt with more than ordinary earnestness on the great doctrines which distinguished his school from almost all others, and drew consolation for his sorrowing friends from the unity of that great MIND, which, pervading all things without being entangled in them, surveys and maintains the universe.

"What matters it," said he, "whether my last breath be drawn at Lampsacus or at Athens? the soul can seek its true home with equal facility from either, and so much of my journey is done that it cannot be long ere I shall return to my country."

"But that country," said Charmides, who had seated himself on the ground beside him, "where is it? what is it? The heart cannot rest upon uncertainties, and when I look forward there is a veil which I cannot penetrate."

"I do not look *forward*, I look *upward*, dear Charmides, and there I see power, and wisdom, and goodness united in that mighty existence, before whom man is but an insect: and I trust that the mind which formed, will preserve and receive those who have not debased the sacred spark entrusted to their keeping.* No one can compare himself with

* See Note CLXX.

the brutes, without perceiving that there is in himself something besides the mere animal life—something that looks for higher pleasures, and would willingly roam to other worlds in pursuit of the knowledge which is here so sparingly bestowed upon us. If this emanation of the divine intelligence be cherished, and have its proper food afforded it during the time of its imprisonment within these walls of flesh, it gains strength and health as its prison walls decay, and must, from its very nature, again soar upwards to seek a union with its progenitor. But, if instead of this, it be tainted and weakened by the passions and weaknesses of the animal, it loses the strength requisite to carry it upwards, and it must remain grovelling among the things of earth, which alone it can enjoy. Pythagoras believed that such souls were sent back into fleshly forms to undergo a fresh probation: of this I will not pretend to speak, since there is a so much shorter road: and he who has attained to the point of loving goodness for its very excellence, without regard to its profitableness, has but one step farther to make,—that from earth to heaven. The MIND which formed man capable of so much, did not so form him in vain: he has qualities which can only develope themselves in a higher state of existence; and unless the world be the sport of a blind chance, that development is reserved for him."

"My reason acknowledges this," said Charmides sadly, "and I try to satisfy myself with these arguments; but when my heart asks for assurance—when I look at the dead, and ask myself if we are ever to meet again,—then I feel a void which I cannot fill up. I listen to thee, and for a time I am

comforted, but when I return to my solitary home, and all is silent there, I think of the voice which used to cheer it, and," — he passed his hand across his eyes — " all seems blank and dreary. Where shall I find my consolation when thou art gone ? "

" Find it in occupation, my son: the paths of science are full of peace."

" I should not find them so without thee: I am weary of Athens, — let me follow thee."

Anaxagoras smiled on him affectionately, and gently parting the hair on the brow of his young friend, as he sat looking up towards him, he replied, " When Pericles abandons thee, come to me; but do not now deny him the pleasure of fulfilling his last promise to thy excellent father. It will be his care, I doubt not, that thy home shall not be solitary. Come, Glycera, fair child, take thy lute and cheer us: we are growing sad, and I would not that the last evening spent with my friends should leave them aught but pleasant recollections."

Glycera took her lute, and attempted to sing; but her heart was too full: for it was to Anaxagoras that she traced all her happiness, and she felt a sort of vague dread that with his departure it would cease; and as the thought arose, her hand almost unconsciously rang a wailing symphony upon the strings, so sweet and sad that it seemed as if her very soul had breathed itself in music. " Father ! " said she, " I want cheering myself, and cannot cheer others; " but then catching up the instrument again which she had laid down, as if to give vent to her feelings, she sang—

"I must not sing—I must not tell,
The anguish of that word, Farewell!
But though the full heart must not speak,
It has its language—it can break!"

and she burst into tears.

"My child," said the philosopher, "I have been and am but the instrument in the hand of a Higher Power to effect his purposes. To that power I commend thee and all who love me, and whom I love too well to part from without some emotion. Very delightful has their friendship been to me; and very pleasant will be my recollection of it wherever I may be: nor will I believe that in that sky where I expect to find a home, so sweet a remembrance will be lost. With the wise and the good of other ages, the friends of this will be joined where no partings will sadden our intercourse:" and calling Ariphron to him, he added in a low tone, "Remember thy pledge: that heart is worth more than wealth, and if thou break it a curse will be upon thee."

"Fear not," replied the young man in the same tone; "I have tasted more of happiness in the last few months than in my whole life before: I owe it to thee, and warmly do I thank thee for it: never shall my pledge be forgotten."

"And now," said the philosopher, "the word must be spoken. Farewell to you all! may you deserve to be happy, and be so!" and with many a kind and reiterated embrace the excellent man took an affectionate leave of his pupils, and retired to his couch to refresh himself before his departure.

The streets in the vicinity of the dwelling of

Anaxagoras were dark and still, and the young men were not inclined to break the silence; the slaves lighted their torches, and, with a silent grasp of the hand, the friends parted, each taking the way to his residence. Glycera leaned on the arm of old Myrtis on one side, Ariphron walked beside her on the other, and in this manner they had proceeded some distance, when sounds of bacchanalian jollity reached their ears. "A supper party, I suppose," said Ariphron; "such an one as I remember when I was as thoughtless as the rest. See! there are torches coming this way: they are going home, and not likely to be good company; let us turn into one of these lanes and avoid them." But scarcely had he spoken, when he found himself encompassed by a set of half-drunken companions—slaves and parasites,—in the usual state after a so-called merry meeting; and whilst turning to push aside the most troublesome, and half blinded by the glare of the torches which were flashed close in his face, he for a moment lost sight of Glycera: amid the roar of drunken voices, his ear caught something like a stifled scream; he looked round—she was no longer at his side!

With the strength of a madman he dashed away the slaves who surrounded him and impeded his progress; overturning in his course some of their masters also, who were far less firm upon their feet: but the torches were instantly extinguished, and though for a short time he could follow the sound of rapidly retreating feet, he presently lost it amid the sound of his own beating heart and rapid movement; and he was soon so far bewildered in the darkness among the maze of intersecting streets and lanes, that he was

unable longer to trace the direction they had taken, and found himself obliged to pause in order to ascertain where he was. Burning with rage, he attempted to awaken the citizens in the houses near, to aid him in the pursuit; but they were too much accustomed to the nocturnal frolics of the young eupatridai to pay any attention to his shouts for light and assistance. He had run on so madly amid the darkness that he did not, on looking round him, even recognise his road; and after many vain attempts to recover it, the only hope that remained was that some other supper guests with their attendant torches might chance to come that way, and enable him to discover the way to his now desolate home. Weary and heart-broken, he sate himself down on a stone, covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE EXILE.

WITH the first dawn of morning, the chariot of Pericles stood before the door of Anaxagoras; for he was resolved to manifest to the world that neither he nor the people of Athens generally had acquiesced in the sentence by which that great philosopher had been removed from the scene of his useful exertions. From the street in which Anaxagoras resided, to arrive at the gate leading to Peiræus nearly the whole city must be traversed, and he chose to make this public display in order to show the citizens that he still dared to defy the party which had prevailed against him for a short time, and to show that party also that he was still supported by the citizens.

There was more than wonted magnificence displayed in the kind of procession thus made through the streets: for the personal habits of Pericles were unusually plain and modest, but on this occasion he seemed determined that nothing should be omitted which could take from the departure of his friend every trace of the disgrace of banishment. Slaves on foot ran beside the richly-bitted horses; sumpter mules, laden with baggage followed; and the chariots of many of the personal friends of both joined in the long line which threaded through the narrow streets, interrupting every instant the progress of laden asses, and porters with loads of wood on their backs; and

attracting the notice of the tradesmen, who were just opening their houses, and preparing for their morning's employment.

The larger mansions, shut away from the street by a wall which merely opened by one gate towards the thoroughfare, were still; or perhaps the lazy porter was half opening it to admit a load of wood for the heating of the baths; or the steward of the house was just leaving it, followed by two slaves carrying baskets, to make his morning purchases in the Agora: but the citizens — the demos, as they loved to term themselves collectively, — were nearly all abroad, and many a wondering glance was cast on the unusual spectacle; for it was seldom that even the pentacosiomedimni of Athens made their journeys otherwise than on foot; and a hum of questions was heard among the throng, — till what was at first asked as a matter of uncertainty, began at last to be affirmed as a certainty, and a murmur ran through the streets that Pericles was about to leave Athens, and go into voluntary banishment with his former tutor.

The consternation produced by this report spread rapidly; every where the lanes began to pour forth their inhabitants; and signs of serious tumult were beginning to be apparent. Menippos, who from being in the rear had heard what was passing, hereupon rode up to his general, and communicated to him the fears of the people; and Leostratos, — who had joined the procession, partly to show honour to Anaxagoras, whom he considered as a persecuted man, and partly, perhaps, from an apprehension of some

such occurrence as was now imminent, — rode up at the same instant.

"Pericles," said the friend of Cimon, "when I proposed to Thucydides to do as I did, and break with a party whose practices disgraced us, he said the voice of two or three honest men would be weak against the whispers of ambition. I did not believe him, and gave thee my hand. — But now — look there!" — and he pointed to the gathering masses, among whom threatening murmurs began to be heard. — "By the mighty gods! if this be planned" — and he struck his closed fist against his brow, — "I have helped to betray my country!" — for even whilst he spoke, his soldier's eye distinguished among the movements of the multitude something of a military precision, that showed many among them to be men accustomed to bear arms; and most probably the very warriors whom Pericles no long time before had led to victory.

Almost at the same moment another dark mass of citizens rushed from a street which crossed the one now occupied by the retinue of Pericles, and nearly filled the space beyond; most of them grasping hammers, some even with lances and swords, — for they were the smiths and armourers, always the chief partizans of the great general, — and they had caught up the weapons which their shops afforded, as they sallied forth: not well knowing, indeed, what was the matter, but determined to maintain the man of the people at all hazards. At the head of them, — towering above the rest by the head and shoulders, and displaying limbs formed in the mould of a Hercules, — was Metrodoros, the master armourer of

Athens; swinging in his hand a hammer, which few other men could lift, and exhorting his companions to show the general that he might stay among them in safety: — then flourishing his hammer in the air, he uttered a loud wish that he had the head of any man who thought to drive Pericles from Athens, "there — just there!" — and hoarse murmurs of applause from the begrimed Cyclopes around him, showed that a word only was wanting to muster a force which might make the wielder of it the despot of Athens.

For a moment Pericles made no reply to the passionate exclamations of Leostratos; — he saw all that was in his power, and the temptation was one that even a great mind might feel to be almost too strong for human nature. One word from him, and his enemies might be overpowered, — Aspasia safe, — himself in a situation to accomplish all that he could wish, and by a wise sway render Athens the mistress of Greece. All this brilliant future was his if he seized the present opportunity, — if he let it slip, danger, and perhaps death, awaited him: — bright visions of power, vengeance, and fond love floated before him; and his heart beat quick, and his eye flashed, as he stood up and looked round him on hundreds of strong arms ready to do his bidding; but it was only for an instant, — and turning to Leostratos, he said, "Tell Thucydides what thou hast seen; and when thou hast done so, ask him if, with the like power to crush *me*, *he* would have missed the opportunity? Those men yonder require but a word from me to rid me of my foes; but that word shall not be spoken: no Athenian citizen ever has, or ever

shall, put on mourning on my account. Stand aside, Menippos, I must speak to the people;"—and he sprung lightly from the chariot, and threw himself at once among the throng.

Leostratos followed him anxiously with his eyes as he made his way through the serried ranks of the assembled citizens, towards the array of the armourers:—even the assurance he had just heard scarcely satisfied him; for he hardly believed that it was in man,—still less in an ambitious man,—to throw away such an opportunity;—granting even, which he still doubted, that it had not been previously concerted. As Pericles moved on, the throng closed behind and around him; and threats to his enemies, and gratulatory shouts, and hasty inquiries were heard,—till amid the din it was impossible to distinguish what words he addressed to them, but it was evident that those whom he had passed were quieter, and though there was still a sound of eager talking, the gestures of the crowd behind him were less animated,—their voices less angry than before. At last he arrived in the open space which Metrodoros had kept clear by the swing of his mighty hammer, and loud and reiterated were the plaudits when the hardy artisans saw their idol among them. There he was —the Olympian Pericles, in all his majestic beauty, side by side with their leader!—See! he has laid one hand on that brawny and blackened arm, and is speaking a kind word or two; but, with the other, meantime, he has laid hold on the hammer which Metrodoros bore as his ensign of office, and with a strength which won another shout from the Vulcans of the armourers' quarter, he has flung it to a dis-

tance, while his voice is heard above the din in all its firm clearness, sternly exclaiming, "Athenians! citizens! down with your weapons!"

Leostratos, who had gazed till then in anxious suspense, almost forgetting to breathe in the intensity of his feelings, now drew a deep inspiration, and throwing up his arms in the gesture of military acclamation, exclaimed aloud, "Noble Pericles!" — and, in a lower tone, he added, "May the curses of all the gods be upon me if I forsake that man! for he has won a better victory for Athens to-day than ever he did in Eubœa,"—and then turning to Lysicles, who was close behind him, he said, "Remember this, my boy—thou mayst live long ere thou wilt witness the like."

The startled populace shrunk as they heard the commanding tones of the great orator; and amid the silence which ensued, the sound of that melodious and yet powerful voice rang upon the ear like the deep music of an organ. Never had Pericles felt more great, never had his heart glowed with a deeper feeling of his immortal nature, than it did at that moment of proud self-denial; and the expression of the soul within gave elevation to his countenance, — persuasion to his voice.

"Athenians! citizens!" said he, "return in peace to your homes: the descendant of Cleisthenes would blush to own his safety to an armed guard. I am a citizen like yourselves, amenable to the laws, and never with my consent shall they be infringed. If I have enemies, the laws will defend me, nor shall one drop of blood ever be spilt in my cause. By the gods! I am but conducting my friend honourably

on his way to delay a little longer the pain of parting. I shall return to you again, to live, or if it must be —to die for you,—but only as a wise man and a good citizen may. Good friends!" and he turned to the men about him and personally greeted many of them—"go home; do not give my enemies an opportunity of saying that I am become dangerous to the state."

Many kissed his hand, many kissed the border of his garment even, and some shed tears, they scarcely knew why: but the tumult was appeased. Metrodoros picked up his ponderous hammer, and drew off his friends; and in a few moments the street lately so thronged was nearly cleared. Pericles stood there till he saw that the crowd was quietly dispersing, and then, with the cheering consciousness of a fulfilled duty warm at his heart, he returned towards the friends who were waiting for him. Leostratos had dismounted, and as he drew near, the veteran advanced to meet him and held out his hand: "Forgive me, Pericles," said he, "I did thee injustice for a moment, but it is over;—for, by the immortal gods! thou hast acted like an honourable man and a good citizen; and I shall hold thee in dear esteem, as long as I live, for thy conduct this day. I have seen many more years than thou hast, and my blood ought to be cooler; but νὴ τὸν Δία! if I had stood in thy place to-day I doubt if I should have done my duty as well."

"Because thou hast never learned of Anaxagoras," said Pericles, as he again stepped into the chariot,—"since but for his wise lessons perhaps I might have played a different part this morning. Thank the banished man for the peace of Athens!"

CHAPTER XLII.

THE DRUNKARDS.

WHEN Cleon, who had been one of those rudely overthrown by Ariphron in his pursuit of Glycera, recovered himself enough to look about him, all was dark and silent: he called aloud, but he was only answered by a grunt from Diphilos, who was in the same case as himself, and equally unable to recover his feet; for the open air had taken the usual effect on the drinkers, and made them feel the whole force of their previous potations. This was of less consequence while each could lean on the arm of his attendant, and thus guide his unsteady steps; but when the slaves, frightened by the furious threats of Ariphron, had extinguished the torches and taken to flight, neither of the prostrate drunkards could either recover his erect position, or well tell whereabouts he was now located.

"Geta!" shouted Cleon, "Geta, I say!— thou rascal, where art thou? — Here! give me thy hand to get up," continued he, addressing one of the pillars of the temple near which he was lying,—and which, in the confusion of his senses, he mistook for a man, as with difficulty he raised himself upon his hands,— "What, thou will not? — Dost thou not know who I am? — I, Cleon, the son of Cleanetos"—and he made an effort to raise himself on his feet, — "Ugh! what dost thou push me down for, thou villain?"

cried he, as again he fell heavily — "Thou shalt pay for this."

"Cleon, I say," groaned Diphilos, — "let the fellow — alone — and come and — help me — I can't — see where — I — am."

"Plague take thee for a drunken fool! — why dost thou not get up and look about thee, then? — Look! — yes — look about!"

"I cannot. — Holla! holla! good people!"

"Hold thy peace, blundering knave!" said Cleon, who had some slight recollection that their enterprise was not exactly such as he could wish to call the citizens to aid in — "roll this way if thou canst not walk. — Ugh! — ugh! — I am down again."

At this moment several torches came in sight, and a young man, whose large retinue of attendant slaves showed him to be of rank, advanced towards the spot. "What is all this noise, Carus?" said he, addressing one of his torch-bearers; "go forward and see what is the matter."

"It is only a couple of fellows lying calling to each other for help to get up, they being both too drunk to stand," replied the slave laughing, as he returned to his master.

"What and who are they?"

"It is Cleon, the son of Cleanetos," exclaimed another of the torch-bearers, who had advanced to satisfy his curiosity.

"Yes — Cleon, — Cleon, the son of Cleanetos," exclaimed the prostrate tanner; "give me thy hand, good fellow."

"Cleon — and who else?"

"Noble sir, I do not know him," said the slave.

The master advanced. — "Hold thy light and let us see. — What! — Diphilos! — thou here!"

"Yes, I think," — he raised his half-closed eyes towards the speaker, — "Art thou not Glaucon?"

"No doubt, — who else would have the charity to pick thee up? There! set him on his feet, — stand up, man, now, — what, hast thou never a slave to help thee home?"

"No, — they — are — run — away."

"And Cleon, — are his slaves run away too?"

"Yes, yes, — all run away, — the singer — and all."

"What singer? What pretty piece of mischief have you been after to-night?"

"Ah!" cried Diphilos, drawing a long groan, — "after? after? — it was Glycera — Glycera — the singer — I say."

"What? — Glycera? Glycera the singer?" exclaimed Glaucon, surprised; — "What is all this?"

"Ah, my good friend!" said Cleon, advancing now by the aid of the slaves towards Glaucon; "my excellent friend, we have had a frolic to night — such a frolic! ha! ha! ha! pretty Glycera! ah, help me home, — she must be there!"

Glaucon, who, though returning from a supper party, was sober, began to have a dim apprehension of some outrage; and therefore without pushing off, as he might otherwise have done, the drunken advances of his new friend, encouraged them. "So, so, — a fine frolic!" said he, laughing, "thou hast carried off a singer, and tumbled into the gutter thyself and let her escape? *Thou* shalt not help me when I want a friend for such an enterprise."

"Ah, but I have got her!" said Cleon, triumphantly "I have got her!"

"I don't believe a word of it — Where?"

"At home, at home, I tell thee."

"At home? and thou bellowing here!—I tell thee, I don't believe it."

"Come and see then — I will pay thee fifty gold staters if she is not there."

"Most bountiful Cleon — it is hard that thou shouldst lose thy mistress and thy money too; for assuredly she is not there,—at least not willingly,—who would run off with thee in thy present pickle?"

"Willingly! ha! ha! ha! who cares whether it's willingly? Ah my dear friend, what a pleasure it is to get an unwilling beauty in one's power," exclaimed Cleon, a little sobered by the strong effort of his imagination.

"Yes, that may be a very pretty pastime, no doubt —but again I say, thou art boasting of what thou canst not compass."

"Not I — come and see — come and see, my dear friend! I never knew till to night, nor didst thou ever know — I am a deep fellow — I am — thou never knewest half how dear thou art to me," and he leaned affectionately on his shoulder.

"No, in truth did I not," said Glaucon, with something of a shudder at such a near approach. "But my very dear Cleon, thou art very heavy — suffer one of my slaves to aid in the friendly office of taking thee home, for now that I know in what esteem I am held by thee I cannot think of leaving thee."

"Ah, my dear friend, how kind! and pretty Gly-

cera and all,—ha! ha! ha!" and he staggered on, laughing loudly.

Glaucon turned back and spoke a few words in the ear of his principal attendant, and then making his slaves take Cleon and Diphilos amongst them, he pursued the road towards the house of the former.

The slaves of Cleon meantime, far more sober than their master, had hurried forward at their utmost speed to avoid the pursuit of Ariphron, half carrying, half dragging the unhappy Glycera, till, ere they had arrived at their destination, fatigue and terror had completely overpowered her, and she hung a dead weight upon their hands. Alarmed, and dreading their master's vengeance if any harm should occur, they paused and called old Myrtis to the aid of her mistress; but the old woman, exhausted with the forced race she had performed, could only pant and cry.

"We have got a pretty business in hand here," said Geta; "to-morrow there will be a complaint made before the Polemarchos*, and we shall all be put to the rack to get evidence against our master."

"Nay, it is but a singer," said another; "the Thesmothetai will not be so very particular about such an affair as this."

"Poh, fool!—only a singer!—she is a free sojourner, I tell thee, and so under the care of the Polemarchos; and Ariphron is so bewitched with her that he would as soon lose his head as lose her. He would pay the price of half a dozen of us rather than not have his revenge. If I had known who it was that we were to carry off I would have had some

* See Note CLXXII.

contrivance to avoid the job, even if I had been forced to lame myself to escape it. We shall not have a joint left by the time two days are over;" and he began to cry bitterly.

"Nay, Geta, Geta!" exclaimed the others, "think of something—don't cry thus."

"Hu! hu! what can I think of with that old hag sitting there to bring us ill luck?* hu! hu!"

"Throttle her," whispered one; "nobody will miss her, and then"—

But the whispered sound, though faint, caught the old woman's ear, and, watching them till in their eager conference she could escape unperceived, she suddenly darted off with the speed of a person who runs for dear life, and disappeared.

"So she is gone," said Geta; "I begin to breathe better already. Did you not see how she sate cross-legged there, and mumbled. I felt all my strength oozing out of me — I am quite another man now."

"And now then, what shall we do?"

"Why look you, — for I feel quite myself again now, — hark! did I not hear something? — If that mad Ariphron should catch us!"

"No, no, all is safe," exclaimed his companions, — "now then, let us hear."

"Why look you, we are all good stout fellows, and for running no man can beat us, and if we are are not disabled by that accursed rack, can make ourselves worth any master's money. Let us be off; the gates will be open for the country people before day, and we may be on the territory of Megara† by noon. Cleon is too drunk to look after us sooner."

* See Note CLXXIII. † See Note CLXXIV.

"Thou art a wise fellow, Geta, and I will be one, if thou goest. It will be small consolation to me when I have died under the rack, that Cleon will do me honour by asking a good price for me. I say let us run."

"And I, and I," said the two others. "What is it to us, whether our master has a singer more or less? he may buy himself another any day, or pick up this again if he can keep himself sober long enough. Here! put the girl down in this corner: — if she be dead they will find her in the morning — and if not, she may run away when she comes to herself, as that old witch has done. The gods defend us from meeting her!"

"Ay, but she ran down yonder towards Peiræus, and we shall go for the country," said Geta: "make haste, I see some lights,— we shall be caught if we stay;" — and hastily depositing the still unconscious Glycera by the wall of a house, they fled from the spot.

The lights which Geta had seen advancing were those borne by the slaves of Glaucon; who, anxious to know the fate of the poor girl, about whom since he had supped with Ariphron he felt interested, — was hurrying home the tanner and the poet as fast as their unsteady legs would enable them to get along. He himself kept a little in advance of the torches, so that by the aid of their light he could see all that was passing without being dazzled by their glare, and very soon the party arrived at the spot where Glycera, somewhat revived by lying still on the cool earth, was beginning to open her eyes. — The glare of the torches revived her terror and she

was making an effort to rise and escape when Glaucon's eye caught sight of her, and he stopped. He uttered an exclamation of pleasure as he recognised her: "Glycera! my poor child! is it thou?" said he, bending towards her, and giving her his hand to raise her: "thanks be to the gods! who have never done much for me before."

Cleon's ear caught the sound;—"What, Glycera! pretty Glycera!" — and he struggled with the slave who was leading him, and endeavoured to approach the spot.

Glycera shrieked with terror, and clung to Glaucon, crying, "Save me! save me!"

"Do not be alarmed — thou art safe, — indeed thou art — with me," said the eupatrides kindly. "I hold thy Ariphron in too dear regard to steal his nightingale."

"Rascal! what dost thou hold me for?" exclaimed Cleon, still trying but in vain to rid himself of his officious attendant; "Glycera! pretty Glycera! ha! ha! ha!"

"My very affectionate friend," said Glaucon, throwing one arm round Glycera to support her, and extending the other towards Cleon, "I shall call upon thee some day for the fifty gold staters: go home and prepare them for me."

"But Glycera, pretty Glycera, — thou must bring her too, and then we will have another skin of wine, and thou shalt be as merry as me. Holloa! pretty Glycera! and thou shalt sing to us, my queen! my goddess! My dear Glaucon, bring her hither that I may kiss her — let me go, fellow; I say."

"Honourable sir," said the slave, still holding his arm, "thou wilt fall."

"Nonsense! Glycera! pretty Glycera!"

"Most excellent Cleon," said Glaucon, "go home — thou art a great deal too drunk for a lover, my very dear friend."

"No, no, — I am all right — quite right."

"Go on, fellows," said Glaucon; "take him between two, if he will not go with one."

"But, Glaucon! Glaucon! Glycera!" The slaves moved on, and Cleon's voice was heard in the distance, still shouting, "Glaucon! Glycera!"

"And now, what is become of Ariphron?" inquired Glaucon, who had retained only one slave with a torch, beside him, and supported the frightened girl in his arms.

"Oh, I don't know — take me to him, — take me to him."

"That would be somewhat easier if I knew where to find him: but if he be any where within hearing, I think the roaring of yon bull will rouse him. But now — do not tremble so, for indeed thou art safe — thou must come with me for security, till he makes his appearance. I will not swear by the gods, for they are but perjured villains themselves, and were never to be trusted when a pretty girl was in the way; but upon the word of an honourable man, and one that hopes to be a great deal more honourable than he has been, and one who hates Cleon from his heart, for a beastly tanner as he is — are not all these asseverations enough for thee? I will but take thee to my house, and put thee in safety there, and then see thee no more till I can bring Ariphron with me

—Ay, now thou canst smile," and the good-natured Glaucon almost frightened her again by the pressure of his still supporting arm, as it clasped her waist and she expressed her thanks tremblingly; but then she uttered a cry of pleasure, for at that moment Ariphron, who as his friend had thought possible, had caught the sound of Cleon's shouts for Glycera, and who had been thus roused from his fit of despair to follow the voice, came suddenly upon them. The poor girl sprang to his arms, and for a moment every thing else was forgotten.

Glaucon stood silently there, and gazed at the happy pair, till something like a sigh heaved his breast,—there was no one who would so greet *him* ;— but presently shaking off the unwonted mood, he laid his hand on Ariphron's shoulder, and laughingly said he would have one embrace too for having caught his bird for him. "And now, Glycera! pretty Glycera!" added he, mimicking the voice of Cleon; "thou and Ariphron shall come home with me, and I will pour out a libation * to my good genius Aspasia, for having been the cause of my coming home sober to-night."

* See Note CLXXV.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE LYCEUM.

THE exultation of the aristocratic party at their partial triumph over the influence of Pericles, had been somewhat damped by the occurrences of the morning of Anaxagoras' departure from Athens. There was evidence, in all that then took place, of a strong feeling among the citizens in favour of the son of Xanthippos; and during the period which necessarily elapsed between that day and the one appointed for the trial of Aspasia, no efforts were spared on the part of the more active partisans of Thucydides to blacken the accused, and to incense the people against her by charges of the most disgusting description, urged in terms so coarse, and yet bearing such internal evidence of falsehood, that though some of them are still extant, to translate and insert them here would be a needless offence.

Leostratos, now more than ever convinced of the justice of his own view of the case, and anxious for the liberty of Athens, endangered by the course pursued, again sought Thucydides. He represented to him, in strong terms, the dishonour of resorting to such means in order to crush an adversary; the needlessness of doing so when that adversary had shown himself worthy of the confidence of all good men; and the risk incurred by thus treating one who had so large a hold on the affections of the people.

"Poh! it is the usual trick of all statesmen," said Thucydides. "Pericles would not probably have had it in his power to vaunt himself so proudly as the son of the conqueror of Mycale, if the conqueror of Mycale had not first removed from his path the conqueror at Marathon: — and did not Pericles himself so treat Cimon?"

"Pericles himself was great enough to acknowledge himself wrong in that case; and that ought to be allowed to wipe out the past. No man ought to know better than thou, that Cimon considered the amends made him as quite satisfactory. The man who is not ashamed to retrace a false step, and acknowledge the merit of a political rival, is a great man — and thou, Thucydides — thou hast still that greatness in thy power."

"Yes — I may play the orator to support the measures of Pericles for the rest of my life, and see him enjoy all the credit of them when they succeed — but when they fail, bear a part of the blame — a pleasant position!

"But Athens! — hast thou no thought for our common mother?"

"Our common mother, my good friend, grants her favours to the successful. She is but a courtesan, after all; and if we can but gain our point, she will be just as happy in my hands as his."

"Thucydides, some angry god has blinded thee. I saw the struggle in the mind of Pericles — it was an awful one, and for a moment I thought that all was lost. If, when a dearer interest is at stake — if the beauty and youth of Aspasia should excite popular compassion, — if then — I dread the thought

—the same opportunity should present itself,—will he then be as moderate?"

"Fear not: — the daggers of Harmodios and Aristogeiton are not so rusty yet but that they may be used again. But thou art a spy from the enemy, Leostratos! Thou hast given thyself to him, and there can no longer be any fellowship between us."

"Is it indeed come to that?" said Leostratos, sadly. "Well! be it so, then! I did not think ever to have renounced the friendship of Cimon's brother —but I see it must be. We part, Thucydides!— thou to pursue thy course, I mine — which is the best the future age must determine."

"And it will," — said Thucydides, with a cold sneer; — "thou hast forsaken a party where thou wast somebody, to join one where thou art nobody, and thy name will be heard of no more. Pericles will brook no companionship: — like the sun, he aims at eclipsing all lesser luminaries by his own effulgence; — while I, whether I fail or succeed, shall be remembered as having carried on a contest which will gain fame from its difficulty, and, if it be successful — from its importance."

"And which left all others behind in the unscrupulousness of the means employed — if this be fame I am content with obscurity."

"Thou dost well to be contented with thy fate," replied Thucydides; and with this sharp retort, the friends of years parted to meet no more.

Irritated and vexed with the result of the interview, Leostratos, on quitting Thucydides, took the road to the Lyceum.* Lysicles was there, and he

* See Note CLXXVI.

longed to have some one to whom he could disburden his full heart. He felt as if he could compose his mind better in the cool shady walks of his favourite gymnasium, than in the crowded streets of the city. He turned his back therefore on the Acropolis, and soon found himself at the portal; for it was not very far removed from the gate Diomeia.

The chair of Anaxagoras had already been filled by another of the same school: his pupil Archelaus now lectured publicly as a teacher in the city where the philosopher of Mind had been wont to deliver his impressive lessons rather as a friend than a tutor; but the law of Diopeithes had already begun to exercise its fatal influence over every branch of knowledge; and Archelaus, mindful of the fate of his master, confined himself to questions of physics, and drew no moral deductions from his researches, at least not in public. There he gravely asserted that all distinctions of right and wrong were to be sought for in the laws, and that whatever they enjoined was right, and *vice versâ:* and as far as regarded physics, he contrived to involve his public teaching in so inexplorable an obscurity that he was not likely to incur any of the dangers which the plain speaking of Anaxagoras had involved him in; though in private it was suspected by some that he spoke in a very different style.

Be that as it may, those who had heard him propound with dogmatic gravity that the universe (τὸ πᾶν) arose out of infinity, (τὸ ἄπειρον) and that being the universe it must of necessity itself be infinite *, found in this magniloquent sentence nothing that could at all interfere with the mundane egg or any

* See Note CLXXVII.

other of the received opinions; and Archelaus, like the cuttle-fish, remained safe amid the darkness he had himself created. No one thought of attacking what, when they left the lecture-room, they found to be a farrago of incomprehensible words; and he became popular because the very obscurity of his expressions enabled those who had a memory sufficiently strong to retain them, an excellent opportunity of displaying acuteness in the puzzling an opponent — or still more, one who had not much frequented the schools; and never were there more obstinate disputations than resounded through the walks of the Lyceum, as the young men who had attended the lecture exercised their wits in attack and defence on points which neither defender nor impugner at all understood; and when Leostratos entered the garden of this gymnasium, instead of finding there the quiet which he had hoped for, his ears were every where assailed with the tones of sharp disputation, where the words *τὸ πᾶν* and *τὸ ἄπειρον* were bandied from side to side with almost ludicrous eagerness.

Throwing himself on one of the seats, he observed pettishly that it was too hot for such earnest discussions, and that he advised others to do as he did, and be quiet.

"But," said the young man to whom he had made this observation, "heat and cold are but relative terms: — heat is the moving power; — cold is quiescent: — then thou being seated on this bench art no longer hot, but cold, — and the air being quiescent also, it is a mistake to call it hot, since the sensation of heat is not produced by it, but by movement." —

"I think, if I understand thee, thou wouldst say that, being hot with my walk, I shall get cool if I sit still. There is some truth in that, though indeed it needed not so many words to persuade me of it."

"Nay, but know, O man! that thou art cold already, and being so it is a natural consequence that all warm bodies must recede from thee, since the whole secret of the universe consists in the retrocession of the hot from the cold, and thus movement is generated."

"That is, thou wilt go away, and rid me of thy company; well, I thank thee for that, at any rate."

"Nay, — but I do not *go* away, for that would be an action of volition; but I recede by the order of nature, which has adopted this mode of generating motion in the particles of the infinite."

"Leostratos," said a voice behind him, "didst thou never see a proof of this proposition in thy campaigns?"

"Of what?" said the warrior, looking round and perceiving the gay face of Glaucon amid a group of young men near; "If thou canst understand what he means, thou art wiser than I am."

"O ignoramus!" said Glaucon gravely; "knowest thou not that steel is cold, and that by the order of natural retrocession those who happen to come in contact with it will find movement excited so as to remove themselves, — I say wrong — to be removed to the greatest possible distance? In thy battles thou must have had a good opportunity of examining this law of nature, especially if thou hadst any such philosophers as this under thy command."

"Truly, Glaucon," said Leostratos laughing, "thou hast explained much that my stupidity never would have discovered; so, my good youth" . . . but the young man, who dreaded the keen sarcasm of Glaucon, had walked on, throwing a look of contempt behind him on those who laughed at the depth of the recondite learning which he had just imported from the lecture-room.

"Now, Archestratos," said Glaucon to one of his companions, "since the young professor has forsaken us, I will take his place. Canst thou tell what τὸ πᾶν is?"

"Not I, — thou hast some explanation of thine own that I shall never fathom."

"Thou art nearer the truth than thou thinkest — τὸ πᾶν is — the outpouring of Cleon's stomach which I found him grovelling in a few evenings ago, and that, the gods know, is unfathomable. I never should have been able to understand Archelaus but for the aid of that man."

"And what is τὸ ἄπειρον then?" — asked Archestratos, laughing.

"Canst thou doubt it? — his impudence! — Did he not call me his dear friend, and lay his accursed filthy paw upon my shoulder?"

A peal of merriment rang from the young men, in which even Leostratos joined, so infectious was it — and with a true Athenian appreciation of a lively jest, the politician forgot for the time all the thoughts that had chafed him, and was amongst the gayest of the laughers while Glaucon, with much witty comment and amusing mimicry, gave an account of the tanner's attempt to play the gallant.

"And this man," said Glaucon, throwing himself on the bench beside Leostratos, as if fatigued by telling his story — "this man is to be the leader of Athens if Pericles be overthrown."

"*He* the leader! nay, nay, we are not sunk so low as that yet."

"Yes," replied Glaucon, "he will be the leader: does he not even now drag Thucydides through the mire as he will? besides, I have learned another thing from Archelaus to day — Men are generated by the power of heat setting the mud in motion — don't you see that Cleon is sprung out of the mud of the tanyard, and when this new creation begins, we men of the old world shall have no chance; for every fresh lump of mud will produce a fresh batch of roaring demagogues, as fast as frogs hatch on the banks of the Cephisus. Thucydides fancies he is supporting the aristocracy, and so, worthy man! he will doubtless continue to think till he finds out some day that an elegant delicately turned vase from our finest potteries, fares ill when it undertakes a voyage with a great dirty iron cauldron that nothing can make dirtier and uglier than it is. Cleon support the aristocracy! bullying beast that he is! — Why there is not one of us whose skin he would not gladly tan to make leathern aprons of."

"Thou art a mad fellow, Glaucon," said Leostratos, "but herein thou speakest sensibly and well. It is but an unnatural coalition between the great and the would-be great, for men who have something to get are always more active than those who have only something to maintain, and the *getters* generally gain the upper hand in the end."

"Then it seems to me that it is a bad plan to warm the mud till the brood is hatched, and we have to bow the knee before the things of our own creation. When the nobles are divided the people always contrive to step in, and settle the matter by taking the power to themselves. The fact is that Pericles is by nature and by birth fitted to be the leader of the aristocracy; but our wise heads have contrived to reverse matters, and thus the son of Xanthippos heads the people, and the son of Cleanetos tails the nobility."

"And what is the remedy thou wouldst propose for this?" said Archestratos, "for there is some awk ward truth in what thou sayest, and I, for one, have no fancy for being Cleon's lieutenant."

"Nay, let Leostratos speak — he has taken his own resolution apparently, and can most likely give a good reason for it."

The young men crowded about the friend of Cimon, and begged him to let them hear his opinion on the state of affairs.

"I think like Glaucon," said he: "there is a class of men rising in the state who will by and by make it too hot for us of the old school: — hardy, impudent fellows, who by dint of lungs as brazen as their faces, will, by and by, gain favour with the people, and get the whole power into their own hands. Pericles is the only man who is able to curb this brawling set, and our true interest requires that we should have him at our head in his natural place, as the representative of one of the first families in Athens; instead of which he has been driven into the arms of the democracy: for to save himself he

must flatter the people. If you ask my advice, it is to do as I have done, and, by joining him, to draw him back into our ranks. Never was any thing more suicidal than the course lately adopted by the party, but what better could be expected when such men as Hermippos, and Dracontides, and Glycon are suffered to lead?"

"Glaucon, what sayest thou to that? Glycon and Hermippos were among thy sworn friends."

"They have both fallen too deep into the mud of the tanyard for me lately," said Glaucon; "and now, my good friends, we have been talking of what we *ought* to do, but there is one small consideration that must enter into our calculations; — what *can* we do? — Archestratos, thou art of noble birth, and hast wealth enough — I may say the same of myself. Let us devise some great plan that we can execute."

"Pshaw! what weight have we in political affairs?"

"None at all! — There is not a shoemaker or smith that has not more power in the state than we have: — and is it because this is so that we stand aloof and suffer the only man who really has influence, and *could* use it in our favour if we would deserve it of him, to be hunted down by a rascally pack who do not dare to attack him singly? — Our turn will come next, and we shall deserve it."

"Why, Glaucon, what has made thee into a politician all at once?"

"And a sound one too," said Leostratos, "for there is much of truth in all that he has said."

"I found wisdom going begging the other day, when Thucydides turned her out of doors, and carried

her home with me. It is well that I did, or Glycon would have poisoned her."

Leostratos started. "Poison didst thou say? why poison?"

"Because, when he does not like people, they die — so says Hermippos when he is drunk, and *then* he sometimes tells truth; — and I well know that Glycon and wisdom never yet were friends. I have grown rather shy of him myself of late, lest he should take a dislike to *me*."

"Thou hast some deeper meaning in this," said Leostratos.

"No other than what I heard Hermippos say. Come, you shall all sup with me to-night, and we will talk farther of these matters, for one would be loth to set the torch to one's own dwelling; and in truth I like mine well enough to wish to remain in it, which I suspect I shall not be allowed to do above twelve months after Aspa . . . pshaw! what was I saying? — after Pericles is run down. Wilt thou come, Leostratos, and bring young Lysicles with thee?"

"And finish the night by being all very drunk?"

"No, no — there shall be no drinking — we will dismiss the slaves and talk. Truly the state of things just now is enough to sober us all." *

* See Note CLXXVIII.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE EVE OF THE TRIAL.

It was the eve of the day appointed for the trial, and Aspasia was reclining on a couch under one of the arcades of that favourite aulé which her taste had beautified with every ornament which art and nature could afford. The rich sun of Greece had given fragrance and colour to the flowers and fruit which adorned it,—the hand of Pheidias himself had modelled the group of the Naiads, and presented it as a pledge of his friendship:—since that but two years had elapsed, and now—the son of Pheidias sate beside her, and wept for his father;—and she, the cherished friend, was the next day to be tried for her life; and ere three more were past, might be as cold and senseless as the figures she looked upon.

Chloe, the daughter of Menippos, who loved her beautiful instructress as much as she honoured her, was there also; but she busied herself in tying up the stray branches of the vine which twined round the columns, and hung its rich clusters along the architrave; for her heart was heavy, and she sought by this occupation to hide the tears which ever and anon coursed silently down her young cheek, when she thought of the morrow.

Aspasia alone was unmoved—or, perhaps, that

phrase is ill chosen, for there was in her countenance something of yet loftier expression than usual, as if the soul, while anticipating its deliverance from the bondage of flesh, was already trying its pinions for a higher flight—already feeling the breath of heaven reviving its flagging strength.

"I do not blame thee for thy sadness, Charmides," said she, kindly laying her hand on that of the young man, who leaned his face upon the arm of the couch to conceal the tears which he could not repress, "but I wish it were less. Grief for the friends we lose is excessive, if it disable us from our active duties, or prevent us from striving to imitate those whom we lament; for it is only by following in their steps, and, like them, fulfilling our duties, that we can make ourselves worthy of a reunion with them."

"But," said Charmides sadly, and without raising his head, "when I look round me, and see all that have been most worthy of happiness the sufferers, then I think that it would have been well to retire into a corner, and be content to share the common boons of nature without asking for more. If thou hadst been content to have past thy life in some such little garden of delight as this, without striving to mend thy fellow creatures, no danger would have dogged thy steps—no Hermippos would have sought thy life."

"True—I might have eaten my grapes, and drunk the clear water of the fountain—I might have lain upon my couch, too, and smelt the sweet flowers—what more?"

"And enjoyed the love of thy friends, undisturbed by envy;" said Charmides, looking up.

"But what sort of love would that have been? Art thou gratified, Charmides, when men gaze upon thee because thou hast a fair cheek, or seek thy society merely because thy features or thy form have something pleasing to the eye? Is this the love of friends?"

"No—but thou hast more than this to win affection."

"It may be so—but if I have more than this, it is because I have not been contented with the life which thy inexperienced mind holds to be so good. I can command affection by deserving it; and the inward consciousness of the strong mind which no circumstances can vanquish, has in it a happiness which no bodily gratifications can ever confer. Eating and drinking merely, unless hunger and thirst were always fresh, affords but few moments even of corporeal satisfaction; and the lover of eating finds the period between one meal and another very dreary. If we were meant for such a life as this, we should have had a capacity for constant eating like bullocks and goats. I fear that, according to thy theory, Dromeas and Clitophon would be the happiest and the most perfect of men."

"Aspasia, how canst thou jest at such a time?"

"Because it is not in the nature of a firm mind to be saddened by personal danger; and because I feel that whatever be my fate, I have been sowing seed which will fructify for the benefit of other generations. It cannot be that this system of superstition and impurity is divine: it has sprung up, like a noxious weed, on a soil capable of producing better things; and to the last moment of my existence, it

will be my pride and my pleasure to remember that I have done something towards the rooting it up. Those who would go beyond their own age must expect to be misunderstood; I am neither surprised nor shocked at finding that I am so; but I bear it as the price I must pay for the pleasure I have in feeling that I *am* beyond it. And then —" her cheek flushed as she spoke, and gave fresh brilliance to her dark eye — "some do understand me, and οἱ πολλοι —what are they to me?"

Charmides was silent—he knew to whom she alluded, but he felt unwilling to give utterance to the name; for none knew exactly the nature of the ties which existed between Aspasia and her illustrious friend: but then, when he saw how that high mental communion could brighten even the darkest hours of life, he felt that something was wanting,—that there was something which the soul yearned for, and found not, in the every day habits of Athens, and he gave utterance to the thought. "Has it never occurred to thee, Aspasia," said he, "that there is something radically bad in our social system? It seems to me, when I hear thee speak, that there is a fountain of happiness for man which he has not opened;—an intellectual life—an interchange of pure thought, which, if all women were like thee, and, and—thy pupils—might fill up with the weary void which all are conscious of, and therefore strive to fill up with riot and debauchery. I can understand an Aphrodite Urania; it is a beautiful creation of a chaste imagination which the heart at once acknowledges."

"Yes, but Athens has consecrated an Aphrodite Pandemos!—Solon has been called a sage, but it

seems to me that when he sanctioned that worship* he forfeited the title. Thou sayest well that there is something radically bad in the social system of Athens, and it is to be found there; for with that temple was laid the foundation of that profligate heartlessness, that merely sensual existence, which disgraces this city beyond most others. Look at the result! The young can gain no instruction from the mother whom nature has formed to be the tutress of the child, for where such a system prevails, females are held in too low esteem to be allowed the liberty requisite to gain experience and form the character. They must be shut up by gates and bolts, as the only means of securing one virtue which they are not supposed to possess by nature, and thus become mere moving machines, incapable of guiding themselves, or in fact possessing any virtue at all—for virtue is active, not passive—he is not a virtuous man who only does not steal because his hands are tied. And from the father the young man gains—what?—his example! He, too, has worshipped at the shrine of the popular goddess, and blames not his son till the demands upon his purse haply awaken him to reprove—not the vice, but its consequence. Yet, how is every attempt to break through this abominable system maligned. They call us ill names, Chloe dear!" said she, "calling the fair girl towards her, "and yet I would rather see thee tying the vines yonder, and thinking of the great MIND that made them and thee, with all that burden of evil report on thy shoulders, than sitting spinning

See Note CLXXIX.

with thy slaves, emancipated three or four times in a year, it may be, to join in . . . what shall I call it? —a *religious* procession. But tell me honestly, dost thou feel that thy freedom is too dearly purchased?"

"Not as far as regards myself," replied Chloe sadly; "but when I think how much higher a price may perhaps be paid for it, I do. For, when I remember the scene in the gynæceum on the first day of the Dionysia, and think that such might have been my fate, I feel ready to worship her who has rescued me from it. Oh, if ever I am compelled to return to it, accustomed as I have been to the conversation of thee and thy friends, what a torture it will be! — and yet," added she, "what a selfish thought is that; but it seems to me that even in the gratification we find in intellectual converse there is something of mental elevation — am I wrong in clinging to it so passionately?"

"See, Charmides," said Aspasia, turning to the son of Pheidias, "thou art right: women, no less than men, sigh for intellectual pleasure, and both would be the happier and the better for enjoying it. Yet here in Athens, the great body of both sexes oppose themselves to all improvement in the system, and condemn those who attempt it to banishment or death; and banishment or death we must bear in order to secure a better fate to the future age."

"But, mistress," said Chloe, "why is it that the good must perish to mend the bad? If I had the ordering of the world, I would make the good great and powerful enough to compel the bad to mend their ways."

"Would the crushing the bad amend them? the good would only in that case be envied and hated, and their yoke thrown off as soon as an opportunity offered. But the sight of a good man suffering patiently and bearing all the ills of life with fortitude, merely by the strength of his love for what is right, and honourable, and worthy, is something that makes men wonder and inquire; for it is evident that he can gain no external advantage from his conduct, and can only be supported in it by his innate love of what is good and fair: and this has in it a nobility of soul and purpose which wins admiration; and what men admire they at last imitate; and thus the very power of the good lies in their lack of power, and those who suffer in our age sow the seed by which the next is made fruitful of better things."

"And thou, mistress! must thou be that costly seed?" said Chloe, sadly; "the next age is not worth so dear a purchase. I feel as if life were not what it ought to be: — it ought to have something in it better than I have seen. It is like a sad dream that I want to awake from. How is it that thou art always so cheerful and contented?"

"Because I am always occupied, and, as I believe, usefully so. I think that every human being has some mission assigned him on earth by the very circumstances of his creation, and that the mind is so formed as to be happy while fulfilling it — restless and uneasy when it is prevented from doing so. I have discovered my mission, and am busied in accomplishing it: for as the bee has a peculiar pleasure in the very act of forming and storing its honey-comb, and would pine if prevented from doing so, man also, when he has once

entered upon the course he was formed for, finds happiness even in the labour he encounters while pursuing it; — yea, even in the sacrifice of himself to assure the accomplishment of the great end for which he has lived. But these missions are various, and no one knows, when he enters the world, what it is to be, though, with the restlessness and anxiety of an unsatisfied instinct, he very soon begins to endeavour to discover it. Hence arise disappointment and discontent; for many enter wrong paths, and when they have already spent much time in them, find that they must retrace their steps, and begin their course afresh: and when, in early life, the choice is before us, the very uncertainty breeds uneasiness. It is, therefore, with a view to shorten this period, to remove the uncertainty, and to prevent mistakes, that philosophy steps in and offers to guide us to the true starting point. Anaxagoras taught me my mission, and I have executed it: — hence the secret of my content."

"And *my* mission, mistress?" asked Chloe.

"I love thee too well to be able to point it out quite calmly now. I may be mistaken, and drag thee into danger without making thee happy. I would rather, far rather, think that thine was — to be a minister of peace to a wounded heart; and to give and receive that pure intellectual delight which two human beings who understand each other can so thoroughly enjoy." Aspasia looked at the glowing cheek and downcast eye of her young friend with something of joyful surprise — drew her to her side, and whispered, "have I indeed found the right path?" She took the hand of the son of Pheidias, and continued, "Have I understood thy aspirations

aright, dear Charmides?" The pressure of his hand in return was his only reply, and Aspasia taking that of Chloe also, and placing both together between her own, pressed them to her bosom. "It was the dearest wish of my heart," said she, "and it is accomplished. Let what will be my fate now, thou, dear child! art safe, and the bolts of the gynæceum will never close on thee."

CHAP. XLV.

THE TRIAL.

THE morning dawned, and all was astir in Athens. The last act of the great political drama which had for some time been in the course of representation was now commenced, and on the event of this day hung so many great interests that no one could view it with indifference. Even the fame of Aspasia's beauty, and of the enthralment in which she was reported to hold the great statesman so much above the common passions of men on all other points, added to the general excitement, and the streets leading to the court were early thronged and lined with eager faces, all anxious to catch a glimpse of the woman whose death politicians and statesmen considered essential to the well being of the state: whose lessons formed orators; whose philosophy had made the popular superstition tremble; whom none saw unmoved; whom none heard unconvinced; and who now was about to answer for the crime of endangering the state by her beauty and her learning.

That night more than one eye in Athens had been wakeful: for though the accused could sleep the calm sleep of conscious innocence, many a heart beat anxiously at the thought of her danger; and not a few waited with a no less anxious expectation the result of a trial on which hung the last hope of the aristocratic party.

Leostratos, who, almost without knowing it, had yielded to the fascination of that wonderful woman, and who was determined to afford her all the aid in his power, rose early, in order that he might proceed to her house and join the other friends who intended to accompany her into court, and called his young friend to accompany him: but when he saw him he paused in surprise. The pale countenance, the eyes swollen with weeping, showed that the night had not been past in sleep, and even the veteran soldier began at last to divine that a deeper interest than that of mere politics had wound itself into that young heart. "Thou art sad, my boy," said he; "I promised to be a father to thee, come to my arms and tell me what it is."

Lysicles threw himself on his bosom and sobbed aloud, and the elder friend pressed him silently in a paternal embrace; for he began now to be aware that speech was useless, and even the warrior's eye was moist when he saw the deep anguish of youthful feeling, now roused for the first time but to be crushed. "Lysicles, dear boy!" said he at last in a tremulous tone, "try to man thyself, or thou wilt unman me. We may perhaps save Aspasia, but not for thee, my son."

"I know it, I know it," said the young man, fixing his eyes still full of tears on the friendly countenance of the warrior: "do not think so meanly of me as to think *that* to be the cause of my grief. Let me know her safe—and—happy—" he did man himself, and added in a firmer voice, "and I am content."

"Thou art a noble lad," said Leostratos, embracing

him again with fervour; "bear up, and let us try to save her then:" and they prepared to join the friends who were to make part of the company who on this occasion had determined to show their great statesman that the nobility of Athens had not abandoned him.

Pericles, meantime, so fearless himself, trembled for the woman he adored; and as the time approached when the die must be cast, his wonted confidence left him: the law was precise; and Aspasia had never sought to disguise her contempt for the so-called religion of Athens. Hundreds of witnesses might be called, any one of whose testimony would prove her guilty of the crimes which the law of Diopeithes declared capital; and as the magnitude of the danger impressed itself more forcibly on his mind, he cursed himself as the destroyer of one who was dearer to him than his life. He knew that her great mind would never propose flight; he knew that his oath to follow her into banishment, would have made her feel that she had but one course to pursue; she must either ruin him or bide the brunt; and well he felt which part would be chosen by a mind like hers; but *he* ought to have proposed it; *he* ought to have saved her at all hazards; *he* had been selfish, *he* had been ambitious; *he* had been idly confident in his own power, and the horrible consequence was now imminent.

Such were the bitter thoughts which tortured the mind of the great statesman, as he tossed sleeplessly on his couch and watched for the dawn. With the first glimmering of light he arose, walked into the aulé of his house, and tried to cool his fevered blood

with the fresh morning air. But then there came a melancholy pleasure over his mind, for this fearful day was that of his betrothal to his beloved. When he had anticipated the consequences of the law of Diopeithes, and pledged himself to share her fate, be it what it might, Aspasia had accepted the pledge: it was sworn before heaven, and she was now his: in life or in death they would be parted no more: and when that thought arose ambition was silent, and even Athens almost forgotten. He called his slaves, dressed with unusual care,—for was it not the day when he would receive the faith of his bride?—and proceeded to her house.

Aspasia was already up, and received him with her wonted cheerfulness: but his haggard countenance, so much at variance with his studied dress, alarmed her: "Thou art ill, Pericles," exclaimed she, taking his hand anxiously in hers: "thy hand is hot; thy looks are changed, lie down and take some rest; there is time enough, and I will sit beside thee."

"No, no, dearest! I need no rest,—hast thou forgotten that we are now betrothed? Go, dress thyself as becomes the bride of Pericles. It was fit that my spousal should be at the foot of the Bema, and so let it be."

"These are feverish fancies, dear friend! if it will gratify thee, I will dress in any way thou wilt; but at least take some rest."

"No, let me see thee dressed," replied he, with a melancholy smile. "This was my mother's bracelet," added he, showing a rich jewel; "I will place it upon thy arm myself, and the wreath, the bridal wreath,—let nothing be wanting; for by heaven! either for

life or for death, this day sees our public betrothal. Thou art mine, Aspasia,—by thine own pledged faith thou art mine! Make haste, and let me place the wreath upon thy brow with my own hand! Thou hast no mother to do it for thee, but, dearest! from this hour thou shalt find all in me!"

Aspasia wrung her hands, for there was something in the wandering of his eye — in the unnatural dwelling upon the trifles of dress at such a time— that alarmed her, and made her dread that the firm mind was shaken: but she hastened to comply with his wishes, and soon returned, attired as he had asked.

He had remained motionless on the couch whilst she was gone, rather *feeling* than *thinking* of what the day might produce: but when she appeared, radiant in all her perfect beauty, set off by the elegance of dress, he gazed upon her with the pride of a lover. "This is as it should be," said he: "those who are unable to appreciate the gem within, will at least guess that such a casket was not made to hold a mere brick." He took her hand and clasped the jewel upon her arm, kissed it when he had done so, and taking the wreath of flowers which she had laid upon the table, placed it on her glossy tresses with anxious care that it should be in the position best calculated to set off her features; and then, folding her in his arms, added, in a voice broken by emotion, "Aspasia! dearest; the first wreath I placed upon thy brow was at the bidding of the people of Athens: it was the sweetest reward of my victory. They have called thee before them again, and again I place the wreath — for the bridal — or — the tomb. Dost

thou remember that day, Aspasia? when thy blushes won a second plaudit from that heart of Athens that always throbbed with mine till now. How little, in the felicity of that moment, did I dream of this!" and she felt a tear not her own moisten her cheek.

"And the heart of Athens is with thee still, my Pericles," said the courageous woman; for in the broken-hearted tenderness of his expressions she could still read his stern resolve not to survive her: "let what will be the result of this day's trial, it is not the heart but the delusion of the people which has caused it. They love thee, Pericles, and thou must live for them: let me have the pride of thinking that at least I saved her greatest man for Athens."

"That is like my own, noble Aspasia! but, dearest! what should I be without thee? thou hast been my second and better soul! No! we are one now, — henceforth there is no parting."

There was something more fearful even in this deep calm than in the violence of passion; and Aspasia felt it almost a relief when the voices of friends, who came at the request of Pericles to accompany her into court, were heard without, mingled with the merry laugh of Glaucon, the very sound of which had something in it that cheered the heart. The door was opened, and Pericles saw, with surprise and pleasure, all the most distinguished of the young nobility of Athens waiting to join him on an occasion which of all others was the one when he would have most wished for their countenance.*

* See Note CLXXX.

"Noble Pericles," said Glaucon advancing, "though we have no hammers, we have hearts; and we are ashamed of the persecution which thou hast suffered from men whose proceedings we take this opportunity of publicly disavowing. Allow us on this occasion to form thy retinue: the hearts of the people are with thee; let us add the hearts of the nobility."

A silent gesture of grateful acknowledgment from Pericles was all that his full heart would allow — for what was political power to him at that moment? — and Glaucon turned to Aspasia. Her dress struck him; "Is it so then?" he said in a low tone; "well, well! it was to be expected, and he has acted as — as — he ought: but if thou shouldst hear a little good of me some day, Aspasia, do not quite forget one who," — he hesitated for a moment, but added, "who loved thee well enough to have done the like —" and he drew back ere she could answer him.

The company set forward; never had a more brilliant one led a bride to her new home, than now accompanied the betrothed of Pericles to the court of Heliaia, to receive judgment for an offence which she gloried in too much to deny; but which in a few hours she might be called on to expiate with her life. The whole had more the air of a triumphant procession than of the friends of an accused criminal conducting her to receive judgment.

When they entered the court, Hermippos, supported on either hand by Thucydides and Diopeithes, had already taken his place on the left of the Bema, and behind and around him were many of the other heads of the party. Pericles led Aspasia to the other side,

and leaning over her seat with affectionate concern, explained to her all the forms of the place, and pointed out by name the persons whom she did not already know. Thucydides glanced at his great rival, and saw with astonishment the change in his appearance; —it was evident that the arrow was in his heart. It was no longer the Olympian Pericles, standing erect in his power, and defying opposition; his very soul seemed crushed; the flash of his eye was gone, his lofty carriage was bent, and the rich curls, which on this occasion were arranged with unwonted care, shadowed a brow and cheek so wan and worn, that he seemed more like a ghost than the living man.

"We have hit him hard this time," observed Thucydides to Diopeithes; "I did not expect to see him so much unmanned."

"Yes," answered the other; "my law, I trust, will rid us of the Peisistratidai, though they muster strong to-day."

"I would it were over," said his friend; "hast thou observed who those are who surround Pericles to-day? How has he contrived to win over so many of the representatives of families that were not wont to figure in *his* train? It looks ill; and there are faces too among the judges that I do not like; and even if Pericles should fail, the woman herself, they tell me, is capable of conducting her own defence."

"Yes, but the law is clear; Anaxagoras was found guilty, notwithstanding his potent friends."

"Well, well! the die is cast and we must bide the event."

The usual forms having been gone through, Hermippos, who had avoided all supper parties for many

days in order to prepare himself for the occasion, mounted the Bema, and began his accusation. He brought forward all the charges which had been brought against Anaxagoras as to astronomical and other novelties, and then producing a sum of money which he handed to the officers of the court to be laid upon the altar, he called for the steward of Aspasia to be examined on the rack as to the practices of his mistress in her own house.

At this demand Aspasia rose, threw back the veil in which she had hitherto wrapped herself, and with a cheek glowing with indignation exclaimed, "Judges! I refuse it. I know that by so doing I prejudice my cause. I know that you will presume guilt when this testimony is refused; but knowing all this, I do refuse it. The man whom you demand," said she looking up at Hermippos, "has been a faithful and attached servant, and that must be a base mind which imagines that I would purchase safety by the tortures of the innocent. But no," added she, drawing up her fine form to its full altitude, and turning away with a look of contempt, "I am wrong; thou hast done me justice in thine heart. Judges! he knew that the demand would be refused, and therefore was it made."

"Is she not a noble creature?" whispered Glaucon to some of the young nobles around him; "well may Pericles look anxious; but we will save her yet; Athens must never bear the stain of having sacrificed such a woman."

Hermippos looked round him and smiled; for he

* See Note CLXXXI.

felt that he had gained the first advantage, since the master who refused to submit his slave to the rack was always presumed to have reason to dread his testimony; no one had ever yet imagined that humanity had any place in dealings with slaves, and Aspasia was right in supposing that she had prejudiced her cause by the step she had taken. Her accuser at once proceeded to suggest to the judges the suspicion which naturally arose out of such a refusal; he urged that much of his charge consisted of what was transacted privately in her own house, where those who were present, being equally implicated in her guilt, would of course refuse to give testimony, and where slaves were the only disinterested witnesses. He accused her in terms of purposed coarseness — for thus the wound inflicted was envenomed — of corrupting the morals of the city by her practices; of beguiling free and noble damsels to her house in order to make them minister to the impure pleasures of her great patron; and thus setting at nought the decency no less than the religion of the country; "but this charge, judges!" added he, "you see is likely to fall to the ground for want of evidence; for those who have witnessed these impure orgies, and could testify to the time, place, and persons, are refused to the court, and the ends of justice are thus to be defeated. It is for you to show that such artifices cannot impose on you. I shall produce credible witnesses to the impiety of her speech; and as action is usually presumed to follow intention, I claim judgment upon this ground."

He then called several witnesses who all deposed to the having at different times heard her speak in

terms of contemptuous reprobation of the religious processions and ceremonies of the city; and when their testimony had been duly heard, he continued, "You have now full proof, judges! that my charges are true; the law is clear, and your oath binds you to decide according to the law. Put out of your minds who it is that now stands before you as a criminal: suffer not your eyes to be led away by her beauty till you forget her culpability, but assert the power of the people by a decision which shall show these gentry who think to overawe you by their presence, that they, like us, must yield to the strength of the law, and not expect to defeat the ends of justice by brow-beating the court."

"Thank you, friend Hermippos," said Glaucon in a low tone; "we will see that by and by;" but a somewhat ominous murmur had arisen among the judges at this artful appeal, and he said no more.

And now Pericles, leaving the place he had hitherto occupied behind Aspasia, moved slowly forwards, and ascended the Bema. Not a voice — not a breath disturbed the deep silence, so intense was the curiosity of all to hear in what manner he would open the defence; but to the astonishment of all, he stood silent; worn with watching and anxiety, he could feel his heart beat and his temples throb; but the collectedness of mind which was needed to enable him to do justice to the cause was gone; and in the agony of feeling that his mental power was failing him at the moment when it was most needed, the proud strong man covered his face with his mantle, and burst into tears.*

* See Note CLXXXII.

A glance of triumph was exchanged between the accusers, but it was short-lived, for when did Athenian feeling ever sleep? At the sight of that unwonted emotion in him who till then had seemed as impassible as the God after whom they had loved to name him, the judges rose tumultuously from their seats, and crowded to the altar; while one herculean form and deep voice raised and swelled the cry which was immediately echoed by the rest — "ASPASIA IS INNOCENT, ASPASIA IS ACQUITTED."

Pericles raised his head like a man suddenly awakened from a frightful dream, and almost staggered under the sudden rush of joyful feeling; and then he saw that brawny arm which swung the hammer so well, raised towards him, while the broad face was lighted with a smile of triumph; and he recognised Metrodoros the armourer, who replied to his look of grateful recollection by a fresh shout of "Aspasia is innocent, Aspasia is acquitted;" and he saw no more — for the heart of Athens was with him, and Aspasia was in his arms.

Meantime the president opened the vases, and made the scrutiny *pro forma;* but very soon he moved to the tablet and drew the briefest possible mark upon the wax, proclaiming aloud that the accused was acquitted by the unanimous vote of the judges, not a single black bean being found in the vase of condemnation.

"So," said Thucydides, "it is over, and Leotratos was right; who could have imagined that the fellow, whether in his strength or his weakness, would be equally triumphant?"

But whilst this was passing, Pericles had but one

thought; enmities were forgotten in the full tide of his delight; and with a cheek flushed with the happy emotion of the moment, his eagle eye beaming with all its wonted fire, he took the right hand of his adored Aspasia, pressed on her lips the kiss of betrothal, and, turning to the assembly, exclaimed in a voice which if it had not all its deep thunder, yet gained in its power over the heart even from the emotion which somewhat broke its firmness—"Athenians! you have given me more than life! I now take you as witnesses, that I have pledged the faith of a husband to Aspasia the daughter of Axiochos, and I ask you as guests to my nuptial feast."—And then a shout arose from rude rough voices, yet full of all the animation of joy, and "Long life and happiness to Pericles and Aspasia!" rang from the heliastai; the cry was caught up by the throng waiting in the streets, and echoed amid the workmen employed on the long walls, till it reached and was responded to with wild glee by the mariners at Peiræus.

While that shout was yet ringing, Aspasia and her now affianced husband left the court. Glaucon staid behind for a moment, and turning to the assembled company of eupatridai, congratulated them on their triumph. "We are not yet powerless in Athens, when we choose to bestir ourselves," said he; "and this day may be a lesson for the future. To-night a feast at my house shall celebrate our triumph: be my guests, all of you."

Leostratos looked at his young friend: "It will be too gay a feast for a veteran and a youth," said he, with kind consideration; "celebrate your triumph, young gentleman, and we will think of you at home;"

and grasping the hand of Glaucon he added—"Thou hast acted a part I hardly expected from thee; go on in the honourable path thou hast entered, and let us see that Athens has still men like those of the days of old."

"O kind and dear friend!" said Lysicles, "as they withdrew, thou hast redde in my heart; I have done with Athens and its stormy passions. My father is right: in the quiet of the farm, amid the song of the birds and the lowing of the bullocks, I shall find a peaceful existence. These few months have made an old man of me, and, like him, I long for repose."

CHAP. XLVI.

CONCLUSION.

It was not long after this that the streets of Athens saw a very different scene, as a gay party, with dance and song, conducted Aspasia as a bride to the house of her illustrious husband*; and at long tables spread in the Agora, the armourers with Metrodoros at their head, mingled with the other heliastai, sat as guests at the feast which celebrated the nuptials of the loveliest woman and greatest man of the age, till shout and song broke the silence of the night long after the usual hour for repose.

Never was there a cloud upon that auspicious union, till the hand of death dissolved the tie. From the hour of their marriage, the wedded pair were indeed what they were created to be, and Pericles found in Aspasia the help which his heart sought. With her his political plans were matured, his orations were composed; in his campaigns she accompanied him; when engaged in the duties of his office at home, she shared and lightened his cares. Never did he leave his home in the morning without clasping her in a fond embrace, never did he return without a similar greeting. One son, the heir of his father's talents, crowned their union, and the affectionate husband and father lived to receive from the grateful attach-

* See Note CLXXXIII.

ment of the Athenian people, as a reparation for the wrong they had done him in a moment of ill-humour, the reversal of the law which forbade foreign marriages: his son was enrolled in his father's ward by the name of Pericles, and Aspasia was received on the footing of an Athenian citizen.

The triumph of this great and good man was stained by no personal revenge; the ostracism, which carried no dishonour to his adversary, removed Thucydides from Athens; and the conscience of others, rather than any act of Pericles himself, led them to withdraw also; but no instance of vindictive feeling on his part is recorded. No less god-like in his forgiveness of injuries than in his power of mind, he disdained to remember his wrongs, and his measures had no personal object. Perhaps in his resolution never to leave Aspasia behind him, even when his military duties called him away from Athens, might be traced a recollection of the fate of Pheidias, but that was all.

The record of human life is far more melancholy than its course; the hours of quiet enjoyment are not noted; the thousand graces and happinesses of social life, the loveliness of nature meeting us at every step, the buoyancy of spirit resulting from health and a pure air, the bright sun, the starry firmament—all that cheers man on his road through his probationary state, that warms the heart and makes life pleasant, is omitted in the narrative, which can only deal with facts; and we read of disappointment, and sickness, and death, and exclaim "Why is man born to sorrow?" He is not so: years of enjoyment brace the soul for the grief when it comes; and when it does come, it

comes mixed with so many alleviating circumstances for those who do not willfully reject all the lesser pleasures which the loving Father of all his works has with so tender a care scattered at our feet, that even the grief is far less in the reality than it appears in the relation.

The reader has here the record of a part of a man's life, and death must close it; yet the path towards the grave was for nearly fifteen years strewed with abundant flowers, and but few thorns. It is with a feeling of sadness, nevertheless, that after having traced the course of an individual through years of happiness, we stand beside his death-bed, and see the spirit withdraw from the arena where it has struggled and triumphed, even though we know that it withdraws only to receive the victor's crown; and we cannot take a last leave of Pericles without a sigh. It is evident that even the impartial writer who left us his history for "an everlasting memorial" had some such feeling; for he dwells on the virtues of the great Athenian statesman with the affection of a personal friend; —indeed, he might have been such, —and seems to enjoy the thought, that he could hand down to posterity a true character of one so much and so undeservedly maligned by many of his contemporaries.

Had Pericles been spared to his country ten years longer, the fate of the world would probably have been very different. His measures were calculated to place Athens at the head of Greece; and had it been so, Alexander of Macedon would never have mounted the throne of Darius: but Athens, with all its taste for the beautiful, and its love of enjoy-

ment, was not the fit civiliser of the far north; and the life of Pericles might have been the mental death of those countries where his name is now honoured. Athens did its work in opening the mines of human intellect, but the sterner Roman was called to the mission of spreading the riches of Grecian literature among the Barbarians, whom the proud Hellenes despised.

The ashes of Pericles slept in the Cerameicus*, under the monument raised over them by a grateful people; but there was war without and sickness within the walls of Athens. The pretty villas and farms of Acharnæ lay in ruins, for the Lacedæmonian forces had on their second incursion destroyed all that had been spared on their former one; and though the commanders formed in the school of that great man still maintained the honour of the country; though Phormion swept the seas, and though Potidæa had yielded to the Athenian arms, still it was evident that the master mind which had directed the whole was absent; and the wise few looked to the future with apprehension, while the thoughtless many were exulting in the passing triumph.

But our old friend Lysicles—where is he? He had returned to Acharnæ, and amid the peace of a country life, and all the various small enjoyments which make up the sum of what suffices for content, he had lived there not unsatisfied with his fate. He had resisted—the only wish of theirs that he ever had resisted—all the recommendations of his parents to perpetuate the family by linking himself in

* See Note CLXXXIV.

marriage with some one of the young persons they proposed to him, and after a time the death of Mnesarchos had left him master of the estate. Still he lived there in retirement, hearing but little of what was passing in the city, save when Leostratos at times revisited the neighbouring farm; but he too was dead now, and when the order came to abandon the country to the enemy, Lysicles took his slaves, his flocks, and his herds, and passed over into Eubœa.

The first thing that roused his attention was the news that the plague was desolating Athens; and then his steward observed that his anxiety for news from the city was as great as his indifference had formerly been. Then, for the first time, he inquired after the family of Pericles; he heard of the death of his two sons Xanthippos and Paralos, of his sister, of his friends—of the repeal of the law respecting foreign marriages—"And his—wife?" said he with an effort, "his—his surviving—son?".

"It is said that they were sent to Lampsacus* at the first breaking out of the sickness, to be under the care of Anaxagoras, who still resides there," replied the man.

Months passed on, but then the rumour came that the great general of Athens was himself on a sick bed; and, ere long, the universal lamentation told that he too had swelled the list of victims to this cruel malady; and Lysicles, in common with every true Athenian, mourned for his country. He thought of the last glance he had had of that noble countenance, of the last tones of that spirit-stirring voice,

* See Note CLXXXV.

and his young feelings came back upon him, and a tear, long a stranger, moistened his eye. The fine imposed by the Athenians on their wise general, in their anger at the destruction of their farms and villas, had lessened his property considerably; his son and his widow would find few friends in a city where Cleon was already beginning to play the part which has damned him to everlasting fame; and Lysicles thought of the times which were long since past, and felt that his heart was not yet so insensible as he had supposed. He sought a vessel bound for Lampsacus, turned a part of his property into money, and took his passage thither.

The name of Anaxagoras was well known in that city, and Lysicles on landing at once sought some one to lead him to the house of the philosopher. He followed his guide with a beating heart, and a tumult of feeling that may be better imagined than described. It was not till he was at the door, and already within the entrance, that he recollected that his appearance was rustic, and his manners perhaps roughened by many years of absence from polished society; but even that thought carried him back to the moment when he, the rustic youth, first found himself at the table of Aspasia; and he forgot all the intervening years, and followed the slave who led him on, almost expecting to see the same scene repeated.

It was evening, and the slave led him to the door of the garden where he said Anaxagoras was to be found, for Lysicles had not dared to pronounce any other name. "Thou wilt find him there, beside the fountain," said the man retiring; and he shut the

gate and left the son of Mnesarchos to gaze on the scene before him.

There, indeed, beside the fountain sat the venerable sage, the slant rays of the sun just gilding his white hair and beard which fell low on his breast; and kneeling beside him, and looking up in his face with all the reverence and affection of a son, was a boy, lovely as a young Apollo, whose dark curling locks, flashing eye, and proud bearing had even then much that reminded the beholder of him whose name he bore. Beside him sat a woman, and Lysicles' glance was soon fixed on her alone. It was no longer indeed the Aspasia of his recollection; her figure was fuller, and a kind of matronly tenderness and gravity had given a different character to a beauty still unrivalled. There was a sadness too upon the brow, whose lofty dignity had once seemed to set the chances of the world at defiance; but yet even this change had its charm, and Lysicles stood half concealed behind a part of the wall with his very soul in his eyes, not daring to come forward, lest when he did so his last wish, rather than hope, should wither, and leave him a desolate man for the remainder of his days. But at that moment the eye of Anaxagoras was directed towards him; he saw that he was discovered, and he advanced towards the sage.

The boy at once started to his feet; and with all his father in his step and eye, approached, and proudly questioned the stranger as to the cause of his intrusion.

"I am forgotten, then," said the son of Mnesarchos in that sweet Attic tongue which was not to be

mistaken by ears which had been so long accustomed to it; "yet though time may have changed the exterior, methinks the soul should still show itself through the outer shell. *I* cannot forget the venerated features of Anaxagoras, though I regret to see that sixteen years have bowed that white head more than I could have wished."

Aspasia gazed at him with a kind of bewildered astonishment. "Thou art an Athenian," said she; "and thy voice seems to me as if I had heard it before. Who art thou? What wouldst thou?"

'Lysicles bent his knee before her, while a flush like that of a boy came over his manly countenance, and at that moment, and in that action she recognised his features, and starting from her seat with an exclamation of joyful surprise, she cried, "It is surely Lysicles, the son of Mnesarchos."

"Lady, it is himself, changed in appearance it may be, but not changed in heart. Whilst thou wast happy and prosperous, I was contented to know that thou wast so; but now, when friendship may be needed, thou may'st perhaps remember that Lysicles was once honoured with thy notice sufficiently to make him excusable if he proffer it."

"And why camest thou not before, excellent Lysicles, when I could have been more useful to thee than now? I often wondered that thou hadst never sought us. Why so late in reminding me that thou hadst a title to be called my friend?"

"Because," he hesitated, and again a flush came over his cheek and brow, "because—no matter—it was *not* because I had forgotten thee, lady. But that was not what I came to say. I am a rustic, a

simple man who must speak his purpose straightforward or not at all;" and as he spoke even the cheek of Aspasia gained a heightened colour, for in the emotion of his tone and look she had suddenly redde the secret of long years, and she remembered the expressions of devotion which she had noticed but slightly in the boy, and had forgotten amid the more stirring events of the time, till his present manner at once recalled them. "Lady," continued he, gathering courage and speaking in a somewhat firmer voice, "it is not fit that the son and the widow of Pericles should live in exile from their country. The sickness, indeed, is not yet enough abated to make the return safe at present; but when it is,—I know that the ingratitude of Athens lessened the fortune of its defender;—but, though an Athenian, I am not ungrateful, and my object in this voyage was to say that heaven has blessed me with more wealth than I need. I am alone—and—childless—and —is it presumption to ask that I may be allowed to make the son of—of Pericles—my heir? I do not ask to adopt him; that would be to insult both thee and the memory of our benefactor. I only ask leave to show that one Athenian heart can remain true and grateful in spite of the lapse of years. It is to the wisdom of Pericles," added he with more composure, as the resolution to do the *right* thing gave a greater calm to his mind, "it is to the wisdom of Pericles that we owed the security and the commerce which made me rich; but what have I, countryman as I am, to do with riches? Father!" and he turned to Anaxagoras; "I was thy scholar of yore, and I have not yet half repaid the worth of the lessons

which made me an honest and a contented man." He laid a purse heavy with coin on the knees of the sage, "This is but a very small part of the abundance which heaven has showered upon me; the bag shall be re-filled from time to time;—" and, not daring to look at Aspasia, he took the attenuated hand of the venerable man, and pressed it to his lips; but Anaxagoras threw his other arm round him, and clasped him in a fatherly embrace.

Aspasia saw the struggle in the mind of the Athenian, and he rose in her estimation by his self-command. "Excellent Lysicles," said she, "I will not pain thee by rejecting what thy friendship proffers, though the wise economy of my husband's household left him the means of paying the fine imposed by Athenian ingratitude, without by any means leaving his son in a situation unbecoming his birth. My child," added she, taking the hand of young Pericles, and leading him towards the son of Mnesarchos, "thy father loved this man, and wished he had a son like him: embrace him, and thank him for me for his faithful friendship."

The boy did his mother's bidding with affectionate warmth, and Lysicles clasped him to his bosom with an emotion which would no longer brook restraint: he sobbed aloud; but then, ashamed of his weakness, he grasped the hand of the sage once more, and hurried away.

In a short time he was again at his Eubœan farm; but he was an altered man, for hope had found its way into his soul. The first joyful exclamation with which Aspasia had greeted him still rang in his ears, and even if her after speech somewhat qualified

it, still he felt that the heart speaks first, the reason afterwards; and he found that his own reason did not suffice to prevent him from recalling so many of the visions of his early youth, that he often found his steps wandering he knew not whither when he awoke from his dream.

A year passed over, the gentle sage of Clazomenæ had resigned his pure soul into the charge of that Eternal Mind whom he had loved to contemplate, and Lysicles was again by the side of Aspasia, and her hand was clasped in his, and he was pouring forth, with all the fervour of a first and only love, the deep feelings of his heart. The period for youthful passion was fled, but that deep and strong attachment which is founded on esteem for worth, does but gain by its departure, and the son of Mnesarchos felt that the esteem of such a woman was enough. Ere many months had elapsed the dream of his youth was realised, and he sat at the feet of Aspasia as the wedded companion of his life, and her eyes were fixed upon him with kindness, and her lessons of wisdom again gladdened his ear.

He was no longer the rustic cattle dealer: his wealth, and his talents, cultivated by the tuition of his unequalled wife, soon raised him to the highest offices of the state, and Aspasia had no cause to blush for her second choice. Under such instruction young Pericles became all that his father could have wished to see him, and had Athens been to be saved he might have saved her. But here I must drop the curtain. Reader, farewell! Athens with its splendid acropolis, and its crowded streets, fades away, and thou and I must alike return to the

every day concerns of another race, belonging to a different system of civilisation, among whom these events of old time seem like a romance. But to me these beings have interest because they were real: I cannot look on the fate of the victors of Arginusæ without pain, and I quit the ungrateful theme.

NOTES

TO

THE SECOND VOLUME.

NOTES

TO

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CXV.

"In accordance with the origin of the drama, its contests were confined to the Dionysia, or festivals of Bacchus, the patron deity of scenic representations. These festivals were three in number, and took place in the spring months of the Attic year." (See Ruhnken, *De Festis Dionysiorum apud Atticos*, given among the *Opuscula Ruhnkeniana*, collected and edited by Mr. Kidd.)

1. Τὰκατ' ἀγροὺς, or the rural Dionysia, were held in all the country towns and villages throughout Attica, in Posedeion, the sixth Athenian month, corresponding to the latter part of December and the beginning of January. Aristophanes has left a picture of this festival in the *Acharnians*. About to offer a sacrifice to Bacchus, Dicæopolis appears on the stage with his household marshalled in regular procession, his young daughter carries the sacred basket, a slave bears aloft the mysterious symbol of the god; the honest old countryman himself comes last, chanting

the Phallic song, whilst the wife, stationed upon the house-top, looks on as a spectatress. The number of actors is here of course limited to one family, as Dicæopolis had purchased the truce for himself alone. In times of peace and quiet the whole population of the δῆμος joined in the solemnities.

2. Τὰ Ληναῖα, or τὰ ἐν Λίμναις, so termed from Λίμναι, a part of the city near the Acropolis, in which was situated the Ληναιον, an enclosure dedicated to Bacchus. This festival was celebrated on the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth days of Ἀνθεστηριὼν, the eighth Attic month answering to part of February and March, whence these Dionysia were in later time called τὰ Ἀνθεστήρια. Each day's ceremonies had their particular name: the eleventh was the Πιθοιγία, the twelfth the Χόες, the thirteenth the Χύτρος.* It was at these second Dionysia that the comic contests were more particularly, though not exclusively, held, as not unfrequently the rival comedians exhibited their new pieces during the great Dionysia. In like manner it would seem that the tragic poets did sometimes contend for the prize at the Lenæa, though in general the candidates reserved their dramas for the more extensive audience of the succeeding festival.

* The extant extracts from the Didasculia show this to have been the case. Of the eleven remaining plays of Aristophanes, four, the Acharnians, Equites, Vespæ, and Ranæ, were represented, as we are told in their several arguments, at the Lenæa; two, the Nubes and Aves, at the great Dionysia; with regard to the remaining five nothing is recorded. The law cited by Demosthenes (Contra Mid. vol. iv. p. 577., Orat. Attic. Oxford), expressly mentions the joint exhibitions of tragedy and comedy at both Dionysia.

3. Τὰ ἐν ἄστει, τὰ κατ' ἄστυ, τὰ ἀστικὰ, or τὰ μεγαλα Διονύσια, and sometimes simply τὰ Διονύσια, were celebrated between the eighth and eighteenth of Ελαφηβολιὼν, the ninth Attic month, equivalent to part of March and April. At the time of this festival there was always a great concourse of strangers to Athens: deputations bringing the tribute from the several dependent states, visitants from all the cities in alliance, and foreigners from all parts of the civilised world; for these Dionysia were the dramatic Olympia of Greece. It was then that the new tragedies were brought out and the great annual contest took place. We may estimate the importance attached to these scenic exhibitions from the care manifested in providing by public enactment for their due regulation and support. They were placed under the immediate superintendence of the first magistrates of the state*, the representations at the great Dionysia under that of the chief Archon, those of the Lenæa under that of him called the king Archon. To this presiding Archon, the candidates presented their pieces. He selected the most deserving compositions, and assigned to every poet thus deemed worthy of admission to the contest, three actors, by lot, together with a chorus.† The equipment of these choruses was considered as a public concern, and as such, like the fitting out of triremes, and the other λειτουργίαι, or state duties, was imposed upon the wealthier members of the community. The ἐπιμελητάι of each tribe selected one of their body to bear the costs and superintend the

* Ὁ μὲν ἄρχων διατίθησι, Διονύσια, ὁ δὲ βασιλεὺς ὡρύστηκε Λυναίων. Jul. Pollux, viii. 89, 90.

† Aristot. Poet. v. 3.

training of a chorus. This individual was termed Χορηγὸς. (*The Theatre of the Greeks.* Camb. 3rd Edit. p. 100.)

CXVI.

"The prize of tragedy was originally a goat; of comedy, a jar of wine and a basket of figs; but of these we have no intimation after the first stage in the history of the drama. In later times the successful poet was simply rewarded with a wreath of ivy. His name was also proclaimed before the audience. His chorægus and performers were adorned in like manner. The poet used also, with his actors, to sacrifice the ἐπινίκια, and provide an entertainment, to which his friends were invited." (*Ib.* p. 107.) Thus Agathon, in Plato's Banquet, is represented as giving a feast on the occasion of winning the tragic prize.

CXVII.

Euripides was one of the disciples of Anaxagoras, and was on terms of such intimacy with Sokrates that this last was commonly reported to have assisted in the composition of his tragedies. Diogenes Laertius quotes various lines from ancient authors in which this is asserted. (*lib.* ii. § 18.) Sokrates is said (*Ælian. Var. Hist.* l. ii. c. 13.) to have visited the theatre very rarely excepting when the tragedies of Euripides were performed, on which occasions he never failed to be present, even when the representation was at Peiraios. Aristophanes attacked the tragic poet

without mercy, accused him of contempt for the gods, and a love of new and strange doctrines, and endeavoured to lower him in public opinion by parodying and ridiculing his verses: but this was probably for a merely political purpose; the anecdote recorded by Plutarch, of the freedom granted to the Athenian captives in Sicily, who were able to repeat the verses of Euripides, sufficiently shows the estimation in which his poetry was held.

CXVIII.

Plato in his Banquet makes Alkibiades record of Sokrates, that "one morning, during the campaign against Potideia, having fallen into deep meditation on something, he remained standing where he was, and continued there motionless till noon. His fellow soldiers observed him, and said among themselves that Sokrates had been thus employed since early morning. At last, towards night, some Ionian soldiers, after they had supped, brought their beds thither, for it was in summer, in order both to sleep in the fresh air, and to watch whether he would pass the night in the same position. He did so until dawn, when the sun having risen, he made his adoration, and departed." *Conviv.* p. 220.

CXIX.

"Aristarchos of Tegea was the contemporary of Sophocles and Euripides. He lived upwards of an hundred years, exhibited seventy tragedies, but was only twice successful.— *V. Suidas.*" (*Theatre of the Greeks*, p. 6.)

CXX.

The following description of the procession on the evening of the first day of the Dionysia is a good *resumé* of all that can be gathered from ancient writers on the subject. It is extracted from the Abbé Barthelemi's travels of the younger Anacharsis.

"At this festival, which is celebrated in the Spring, the city is filled with strangers, who repair thither in crowds to bring the tribute of the islands subjected to the Athenians, to see the new pieces presented at the theatre, and to be present at the games and public shows; but above all, at a procession which represents the triumph of Bacchus. In this, the same retinue is exhibited with which that God is said to have been attended when he made the conquest of India; men who personate Satyrs, others who represent the god Pan; some dragging he-goats along to sacrifice them; others mounted on asses, in imitation of Silenus; others disguised like women; others again carrying obscene figures and singing the most licentious hymns: in fine, all sorts of persons of both sexes, most of them clad in the skins of fauns, concealed under masks, crowned with ivy, either drunk or feigning to be so, mingling their uninterrupted shouts with the sound of instruments, some agitating their bodies like madmen, and abandoning themselves to all the convulsions of fury; others executing regular and military dances, but holding vases instead of bucklers, and throwing thyrsi in the manner of darts, with which they sometimes menace and insult the spectators.

"In the midst of these bands of furies, the choruses deputed by the different tribes advance in the most perfect order; and a number of young women, of the most distinguished families of the city, walk with downcast eyes, decked out in all their ornaments, and bearing on their heads the sacred baskets, which, besides offerings of the earliest fruits, contain cakes of different sorts, grains of salt, ivy leaves, and other mysterious symbols.

"The roofs of the houses, which are in the form of terraces, are covered with spectators, and especially women; most of them with lamps and torches to light the procession, which almost always begins its march at night, halting in the squares and public places, to make libations and offer up victims in honour of Bacchus"

CXXI.

στεφανοῦσι δὲ τὰς τῶνἐρωμενων θύρας κ. τ. λ.
Athen. lxv. c. 9.

It was a usual practice among the Athenians to hang garlands at the doors of their beloved, nay, they even went so far as to make libations as to a deity.

CXXII.

The Athenian ladies were wont to make use of paint, both white and red, to heighten their complexion. Xenophon makes Ischomachos, in speaking of his wife, say that she had done so when they first married, but that by prudent remonstrance he had put a stop to the practice. (*Œconom.* c. 10.)

CXXIII.

Perikles never bore any other rank in Athens than that of one of the ten generals, or στρατηγόι, who were elected yearly. (*Plut. Vit. Perik.*)

CXXIV.

"The elements of the Grecian drama are to be sought in an age far antecedent to all regular historic record. In those remote times the several seasons of the year had amongst the Greeks their respective festivals . . . Amongst an agricultural population, like that of early Greece, Dionysos, at what time soever his name and worship had been introduced as the inventor of wine and god of the vineyard, possessed of necessity a distinguished sacrifice and feast. Music and poetry, wherever they exist, are almost invariably employed in the services of divine worship. In Greece, pre-eminently the land of the song and the lyre, this practice prevailed from the most ancient times. At the periodic festivals of their several deities, bands of choristers, accompanied by the pipe, the flute, or the harp, sang the general praises of the God, or episodic narratives of his various achievements. The feasts of Bacchus had of course their sacred choruses, and these choruses, from the circumstances of the festival, naturally fell into two classes of very different character. The hymns addressed immediately to the divinity, round the hallowed altar during the solemnity of sacrifice, were grave, lofty, and restrained. The songs inspired by the carousals of the banquet, and uttered amid the revelries of the

Phallic procession, were coarse, ludicrous, and satirical, interspersed with mutual jest and gibe. The hymn which accompanied the opening sacrifice was called διθύραμβος, *dithyrambus*, a term of doubtful etymology and import. Perhaps, like the repulsive symbol of the Phallic rites, its origin must be referred to an eastern clime.

"Besides the characters of the Dithyramb and the singers of the Phallic, there was, probably, from the first introduction of Bacchic worship, a third class of performers in these annual festivals. Fauns and Satyrs were, in popular belief, the regular attendants of the deity, and the received character of these singular beings was in admirable harmony with the merry" (licentious, rather) "Dionysia.

"The goat, as an animal, especially injurious to the vines, and therefore peculiarly obnoxious to the god of the vineyard, was the appropriate offering in the Bacchic sacrifices. In the horns and hide of the victim, all that was requisite to furnish a Satyric guise was at hand, and thus a band of mummers was easily formed." — (*Theatre of the Greeks*, p. 5.)

"Anciently," says Plutarch (περὶ φιλοπλουτ), "our national festival of Bacchus was celebrated in a more homely manner, though with great mirth and jollity: first, there was carried a vessel of wine, and a vine branch; then followed one leading a goat, another bore a basket of figs, and last of all came the Phallus." Thespis, a native of Ikarios, a town of Attica (V. Suidas), first improved the song and dance of the chorus of Satyrs into something of dramatic form (*Athen.* l. ii. c. 11.). The period when this took place has been hotly disputed—it probably may be fixed

about the time of Peisistratus, *i. e.* towards the middle of the sixth century before Christ. "Welcher," says the author of the Theatre of the Greeks, "has attempted to make out a connection between the introduction of the Satyric chorus into Athens, and the factions of that day. Peisistratus, he thinks, patronised the Dionysia and their exhibitions, because Bacchus was the favourite deity of the mountaineers, whose goodwill he was courting;" and this notion is supported by the expression of Aristoteles, that Peisistratus obtained power by opposing himself to the wealthy Pediakoi, or inhabitants of the plain; and that he captivated the affections of the people before he enslaved them (*V. Arist. Polit.* l. vii. c. 6. and 10.); as well as the assertion of Diogenes Laertius (l. i. c. 60.), that Solon prohibited the exhibitions of Thespis; for the Athenian lawgiver was all along opposed to the designs of Peisistratus.

CXXV.

Plutarch, in his Life of Perikles, has preserved various fragments from the plays of Kratinos, Eupolis, &c., of this purport. The representation of comedy was finally prohibited for a time, about the period of the Samian war, in consequence of the scurrilous attacks of the comic poets on the character of individuals; but after three years the prohibition was repealed.

CXXVI.

The long walls here alluded to were those which connected Athens with its harbours of Peiraios and

Phaleron. These were planned by Themistokles, but completed by Perikles; the magnitude of the work may be conceived when it is recollected that Peiraios was forty stadia (five miles) distant from Athens, and Phaleron not much nearer. It was in the space thus fortified that the inhabitants of Athens were collected, when, at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, the open country was abandoned to the enemy.

CXXVII.

"Formerly, as I was informed at Dodona," says Herodotus, "they sacrificed and prayed to gods in general, without giving any name to any deity, which in those times indeed they had never heard." (*Herod.* l. ii. c. 52.) The historian goes on to recount the manner of establishing the oracle of Dodona, and gives it as his opinion, that the black pigeon which is feigned to have commanded the erection of an altar to Jupiter in that spot, was an Egyptian woman brought thither as a captive.

CXXVIII.

In Athens, and in most ancient states, the testimony of a slave was not available unless it was given upon the rack: and to this cruel infliction the females were liable as well as the males. This will be seen by reference to the first oration of Antiphon (*Orat. Attic. Oxon* vol. i.) in later times, as well as by the anecdote recorded of Leæna, when tortured to extract from her what she knew relative to the con-

spiracy of Harmodios and Aristogeiton. In fact, we cannot read ancient authors without continually finding damning proof of this practice.

CXXIX.

"Diopeithes procured a decree that those who disputed the existence of the gods, or introduced new opinions about celestial appearances, should be tried before an assembly of the people." (*Plut. Vit. Perik.*) It is not quite certain whether this is the same Diopeithes who has been ridiculed by the comic poets as being so full of his subject that they call him ὑπομανιώδης and παραμαινομένος, *i. e.* half possessed. The Scholiast on Aristophanes (*Av.* 989.) speaks of him as δωροδόκος, *i. e.* corrupt in his public life. He appears to have been in some way disabled in his hands, and this personal defect, as was usual with the comic poets, was made a subject of abundant witticisms, the point of which it is not easy now to understand. He is mentioned three times by Aristophanes, *i. e. Equit.* 1085. *Vest.* 380. *Av.* 988.

CXXX.

This anecdote is given by Plutarch (*Vit. Perik.*).

CXXXI.

No words of any modern writer can draw a portrait of Perikles, so dignified and so captivating as his own great contemporary historian has left as a legacy to posterity. The scholar need only be referred to Thucyd. lii. c. 65. The unlearned will

thank me for a translation of it. "As long as he was at the head of affairs, in peace he guided them (the Athenians) with a gentle hand, and carefully watched over the public weal, so that the state through him became great: and after the war broke out, he seemed to be able even in this to appreciate most exactly the strength of the republic. For he said that there would be no danger to the state, if they would consent to remain quiet, making use only of their naval force, and seeking no fresh territorial acquisitions." . . . . After noticing how well every thing had succeeded whilst Perikles was living, the historian proceeds: "The cause of all this was, that being powerful already, both from his dignity of character and great good sense, and of integrity so transparent that no possible suspicion of self-interested motives could attach to him, he could freely restrain the multitude, and rather ruled, than was led by them. When he saw them inclined to be insolent and bold out of season, by his speech he inspired them with a certain degree of apprehension: when they were unreasonably alarmed, on the contrary, he gave them courage; so that the state, though called a democracy, was in fact ruled by one man."

CXXXII.

The mother of Perikles was Agariste, the niece of Cleisthenes or Kleisthenes (*Plut. Vit. Perik.*), and Kleisthenes was the son of Megakles, who was of the family of Alkmaion, the last Archon lineally descended from Codrus or Kodros. Kleisthenes was

mainly instrumental in the expulsion of the Peisistratidai, and established the liberty of Athens upon a firmer foundation than it had hitherto been.

CXXXIII.

We have no certain account of *how* this law of Diopeithes was carried, but we have so many narratives which show the mode of passing laws in Athens, that this may be well conjectured; and we know that Kleon early threw himself into opposition against Perikles. All the rest is matter of history, and it is clear that a law involving the safety of Perikles' dearest friends, could not have been passed by the people at the same time that they gave him unlimited power to spend their money, unless some art had been used to prevent him from being heard in opposition to it.

CXXXIV.

"The authorities, ten in number, whose business it was to pass and examine the accounts of public officers, were, according to Aristoteles, called in the Greek states in some places ἔνθυνοι, in others λογισαὶ, ἐξεταστὰι, or συνήγοροι" . . . . Under them were employed a number of sub-clerks and secretaries. "Citizens who were nominated to situations of this kind were commonly persons of small fortune. Public slaves (δημόσιοι), however, who had been educated at the cost of the state, were also employed, and were sometimes appointed for keeping accounts, of the generals for instance, and the paymasters, in time of war. . . . . The chief reason why the Athe-

nians preferred the public slaves for comptrolling the accounts, was, that they could be put to the torture, and torture was considered as the surest way of eliciting the truth.* Besides these subordinate checking clerks, there were others of a superior class, who have sometimes been confounded with the secretaries or clerks. It is difficult to obtain a clear knowledge of these officers at Athens, but thus far is certain, that there were three public clerks, as we learn from Suidas. Pollux (viii. 98.) gives a more correct account; one was chosen by lot by the Senate in every prytanea for the purpose of keeping the writing and the decrees, and is the officer who prefixed his name to the decrees, according to the form that was in use before the archonship of Euclid . . . the second was elected by the Senate by cheirotonia for the laws; a third, elected by the people, was the public reader in the senate and assembly." — Besides these, there was a "checking clerk for monies received," and one also "of the highest authority for the disbursements, viz. the treasurer of the administration (*ἀντιγραφεὺς τῆς διοικήσεως*). It is probable that all clerks and checking clerks (and certainly the under clerks) were prohibited from holding the same office twice (*v.* the law in *Lysias c. Nicom.* p. 864.) *i. e.* not for two successive years, and it was necessary that a new person should be appointed after the interval of a year. The public accounts being in this manner

* Demosth. c. Aphob. *ψευδομ.* p. 846. 7. 8. p. 856. 20. That more weight was given to the assertions of slaves upon the rack than to the sworn testimony of free men is also shown by Hudtwalcker *von den Diäteten.*

kept by the clerks, and comptrolled by the checking clerks, it was rendered possible to make the scrutiny which was entered into at the expiration of every office. It is the essence of a democracy that every public officer should be responsible . . . . . Hence the obligation of rendering accounts for official conduct prevailed to so great an extent at Athens: no person who had had any share in the government or administration was exempted from it, . . . no person who had not rendered his account could go abroad, consecrate his property to any god, or even dedicate a sacred offering; no one could make a will, or be adopted into any family; in short, the state had a lien upon the whole property of the individual until he had passed his scrutiny . . . . The logistai were the chief persons, and to them the accounts were delivered, into the correctness of which they examined; they also, as the calculators of the state, superintended the payment of the public debts. But while the accounts were being examined, or even afterwards, if an accuser came forward, (who was, however, obliged to appear within thirty days after the expiration of the office,) questions were put and answers required concerning the correctness of the statements (ἔυθυνα) . . . it is for this that the euthuni appear to have been appointed as assistants to the logistai, as may be inferred from their name. The euthuni or their assessors might decide that the account was unsatisfactory; that money had been embezzled, bribes received, &c.; when such was the case, the affair was brought before a court of justice in the same manner as when a public accuser came forward. . . . In order that the accounts rendered by

persons who had filled public offices should have the greatest possible publicity, and that it should be in the power of every one to bring forward accusations, these accounts were, like the decrees, engraved on stone and exposed in public . . . . Several documents of this description, some money accounts, some lists of treasurers belonging to temples delivered over to other treasurers, which were accurately weighed, have come down to our days; among which may be mentioned the remarkable account given by the Amphictyons of Delos of their revenues and outstanding debts." (*Boeckh. Pub. Œc. of Ath.* B. ii. c. 8.)

CXXXV.

The young Spartan king Leotychidas, being thought too inexperienced to manage an important military expedition alone, the Ephori sent Kleandridas with him when the invasion of Attica was decided on, as a sort of tutor. The "ten talents well laid out" were supposed to have passed into the hands of this person, who thereupon withdrew the Spartan force, and left Perikles at liberty to pursue his military operations in Euboia.

CXXXVI.

It is not certain who commanded at Tanagra: Plutarch, in one place, implies that it was Perikles himself. Thucydides omits the name of the commander. The circumstances related in the text are given by Plutarch chiefly in his life of Kimon.

CXXXVII.

Boiled lentils formed the meal of the humblest classes. Krates the Cynic, or rather Kunic, is described by Diogenes Laertius as having disgusted his pupil Zeno, afterwards the head of the Stoic sect, by insisting on his carrying an earthen dish of boiled lentils through the Kerameikos. Zeno hid it under his robe, but his teacher, who would not allow of this false pride, broke the pan with his stick, and Zeno had the mortification and pain of finding the hot lentils streaming down his legs.

CXXXVIII.

Terence gives a pretty description of a young female living in seclusion during the absence of her lover, in his Heautontimorumenos. It is the slave of the young lover who is speaking.

. . . . . "jam primum omnium
Ubi ventum ad ædeis est, Dromo pultat fores:
Anus quædam prodit, hæc ubi aperuit ostium
Continuo hic se conjecit intro: ego consequor:
Anus foribus obiit pessulum, ad lanam rediit
Hic sciri potuit, aut nusquam alibi Clinia
Qua studio vitam suam te absente exegerit;
Ubi di improviso est interventum mulieri.
Nam ea res dedit tum existumandi copiam
Quotidianæ vitæ consuetudinem;
Quæ, cujusque ingenium ut sit declarat maxume
Texentem telum studiosi ipsam offendimus,
Mediocriter vestitam veste lugubri,
Ejus anuis causa, opinor quæ erat mortua.
Sine auro tum ornatam, ita uti quæ ornantur sibi,
Nulla mala re esse expolitam muliebri:
Capillus passus, prolixus, circum caput
Rejectus negligenter.

"When we knocked at the door, an old woman opened it, and after I had entered bolted it, and returned to her wool-spinning. There is nothing like taking a woman by surprise, Clinias, if you wish to know how she has been living in your absence. We found her busy weaving, dressed only tolerably in mourning — for the old woman who is dead, as I suppose — without ornament, and her hair negligently thrown back."

CXXXIX.

μὰ τὼ θεώ! was a favourite exclamation among vulgar Athenian females it would appear. (*V. Aristoph. Ecc.* 155.)

CXL.

The sums which these μαγαλόμισθοι ἑταῖραι exacted from their lovers have been recorded by ancient writers. Phryne had accumulated so large a fortune that she is said to have offered to rebuild the walls of Thebes, if she were permitted to inscribe on them, "Alexander destroyed, Phryne the courtezan rebuilt." This offer was refused, but the priests of the temple of Apollo at Delphi were less scrupulous, and she was permitted to dedicate to the god a statue of herself wrought in gold, on a pedestal of Pentelican marble, the work of Praxiteles, who was one of her lovers. (*Athen.* lxiii. c. 59. 60.)

CXLI.

The proceedings against those whose accounts were

unsatisfactory, were instituted by the chief authority, the logistai, who conducted the action. (*Boeckh*, B. ii. c. 8.) I have already quoted largely from this chapter, in note 134. Boeckh gives ample references, and I have only retrenched them because the giving them all would make these notes too voluminous, and because I feel convinced that whoever wishes to know the subject thoroughly, will purchase that very excellent work.

CXLII.

The chronology of all the events of the few years preceding the Peloponnesian war has been strangely embroiled by Plutarch. Thucydides informs us of the massacre by the Megareans of the Athenian force placed in their city for its defence, but he does not notice that small state farther till we find them complaining (l. i. c. 114.) of being excluded from the Athenian ports and markets, when a pretext for war was sought by the Peloponnesian league (l. i. c. 139.). The repeal of this decree Perikles strenuously opposes (c. 140.). Plutarch mentions the decree (*Vit. Perik.*), but professes not to comprehend the cause of it, and refers to some verses in the Acharnians of Aristophanes: but it seems needless to seek a less cause when Megara had given such a provocation as that related by Thucydides. Athens was not wont to leave insults unavenged, and the decree alluded to seems to have been the only punishment the Megarean suffered, unless we consider the inroad which I have supposed, and which accords with the practice of the times, to have taken place in addition. Whe-

ther the herald Anthemokritos was slain at this time, or later, we have no means of ascertaining; but as Plutarch asserts that his message was a conciliatory one, it is more likely to have taken place at an early period, when there was greater need to avoid a war, than when Perikles, confident in the strength of Athens, had refused to concede any point to the ambassadors of Sparta. I must, however, confess that the expedition here described is no where recorded in history, that it is more a general likeness of a *raid* of this kind, than a particular relation of any real event, and that Thucydides does not mention any inroad into Megara till the first year of the Peloponnesian war (l. ii. c. 31.), when Perikles commanded; and these inroads, he says, were afterwards repeated every year, till the Athenians took Nisæa. I leave my readers, therefore, to arrange these events as may seem to them most probable.

CXLIII.

The military forces were generally obliged to take three days' provision with them when they marched. Aristophanes alludes to this in his Acharnians, when he makes Dikaiopolis exclaim, after tasting various kinds of truces and treaties, when one of thirty years by sea and land is presented—

ὦ Διονύσια
αὗται μὲν ὄζουσ' ἀμβροσίας καὶ νέκταρος
καὶ μὴ 'πιτηρεῖν σιτι ἡμερῶν τριῶν,—

on which passage the Scholiast observes, that "when an army was called out, it was usual to give notice of it beforehand to the citizens, that they might be

able to provide food for three days." And afterwards, when Dikaiopolis is calling for a dainty supper, Lamachos, the general, is introduced, as bidding his slave prepare the basket of provisions for the march, and put into it salt flavoured with thyme and onions.

"In ancient times," observes Boeckh, "the troops received no pay, excepting such foreign soldiers as engaged themselves in the service of the state; a practice which the Carians were the first to introduce, and which, among the Greeks the Arcadians, who resembled the Swiss in their mercenary habits, were particularly prone to. Perikles first introduced the pay of the citizens who served as soldiers (*Ulpian ad Demosth. περὶ συντάξ. p.* 50. *a*); the payment was made under two different names; one being the wages (*μισθὸς*) paid for actual service, which the soldiers, when the cost of their arms and clothes had been deducted, were able to lay by; and secondly, the allowance for provisions (*σιτηρέσιον, σιτάρκεια, σῖτος*), which were seldom furnished in kind...The pay of an hoplites never amounted to less than two oboli a day, and the provison money to the same sum." (*Pub. Œcon of Ath.* B. ii. c. 22.)

CXLIV.

These schemes of conquest were the foible of the Athenians, and were only curbed by the wisdom of Perikles. Even in his time, "the Athenians," says Plutarch (*Vit. Alkib.*) "had a desire for Sicily, and after his death they attempted it; frequently under pretence of succouring their allies, sending aids of

men and money to such of the Sicilians as were attacked by the Syracusans. This was a step to greater armaments. But Alkibiades inflamed this desire to an irresistible degree.... and while Nikias was dissuading the people from the siege of Syracuse, as a business too difficult to succeed in, he was dreaming of Carthage and Lybia, and after these were gained, he designed to grasp Italy and Peloponnesus, regarding Sicily as little more than a magazine for provisions and warlike stores. The young men immediately entered into his schemes, and listened with great attention to those who, under the sanction of age, related wonders concerning the intended expeditions, so that many of them sate whole days in the places of exercise, drawing in the dust the figure of the island, and plans of Lybia and Carthage."

CXLV.

Offences against religion were brought before the *βασιλεὺς*, or king archon. Plato opens the dialogue entitled Euthuphron, by making him and Sokrates meet at the *στοὰ τοῦ βασιλέως*, whither the philosopher had come to answer the charge made against him by Anytus, of corrupting the youth of Athens by innovations in religion, Euthuphron himself having come in order to bring forward a charge of murder; for the initiative process in both cases was before the king archon, whose business it was to lay the accusation before the court of Areiopagos, since, as in English law, it was not till after many preliminary steps that the matter was sent for trial in open court.

After Ephialtes had effected a change in the jurisdiction of the different courts (*V. Plut. Vit. Perik.*), the final sentence was in almost every case of importance pronounced by the Heliastai, as may be sufficiently seen from the Vespæ of Aristophanes.

CXLVI.

It was the usual fashion of the time for the parties to recite a speech which had been drawn up for them by some professed pleader. Many of the orations of Demosthenes, Isokrates, Isaios, &c. are composed for such a purpose. Lysias offered a defence to Sokrates in like manner (*V. Diog. Laert.* l. ii. § 40.), who, however, would not avail himself of the friendly offer, saying, that the oration was a beautiful one, but not suited to the character of him who was intended to speak it.

CXLVII.

The dress of the newly married pair was of the most sumptuous kind. Aristophanes (*Plut.* 530.) thus enumerates the luxuries that would be lost if poetry were banished.

Οὔτε μύροισιν μυρίσαι στακτοῖς, ὁπόταν νύμφην ἀγάγησθον·
Οὔθ' ἱματίων βαπτῶν δαπάναις κοσμῆσαι ποικιλομόρφων.

"You will have no perfumes for your bride when you lead her home in richly dyed and embroidered garments."

"The bride," says Prof. Bekker (*Charik.* vol. ii. p. 494.) was usually fetched home in a chariot, (*ἐφ' ἁμάξης*), by the bridegroom, towards evening. In this chariot drawn by mules or oxen, or indeed also by horses, she sat between the bridegroom and the *παράνυμφος*, a near relation, or else an honoured friend, who on this account was also termed *παρόχος*. Harpocration speaks the most in detail of this: — *Ζεῦγος ἡμιονικὸν ἢ βοεικὸν ζεύξαντες τὴν λεγομένην κλινίδα, ἥ ἐστιν ὁμοία διέδρῳ, τὴν τῆς νύμφης μέθοδον ποιοῦνται. Παραλαβόντες δὲ αὐτὴν ἐκ τῆς πατρώας ἑστιας ἐπὶ τὴν ἅμαξαν ἄγουσιν ἐς τὰ τοῦ γαμοῦντος ἑσπέρας ἱκανῆς. Κάθηνται δὲ τρεῖς ἐπὶ τῆς ἁμάξης· μέση μὲν ἡ νύμφη, ἑκατερώθεν δὲ ὅ τε νυμφίος καὶ ὅ πάροχος. Οὗτος δέ ἐστι φίλος ἢ συγγενὴς ὅτι μάλιστα τιμώμενος καὶ ἀγαπώμενος. Ἐπειδὴ δὲ ἡ ἅμαξα ὄχημα ἐλέγετο ὁ ἐκ τρίτου ὁ παροχούμενος πάροχος ἐκλήθη. Καὶ ἀπὸ ταύτης τῆς συνηθείας, κἂν πεζοὶ μετίωσί τινες κόρην, ὁ τρίτος συμπαρὼν πάροχος λεγεται.*

This mode of bringing home the bride by the bridegroom himself, however, only took place when the man married for the first time. If, on the contrary, a man married a second time, then the bride was brought home to him by a relation or friend who in this case was called *νυμθαγωγος* (*Poll.* iii. 40. *Hesych. in loc.*) Both bride and bridegroom wore garlands. (See *Böttig Kunstmyth.* § 253. *Schol. on Aristoph. Pax.* 869. comp. *Ar.* 159. *Liban. Or.* xxxvi. p. 825. R.); and, as we may see from Plutarch, the accompanying friends also. The doors, too, of both the houses concerned in the wedding, were dressed with festoons of leaves (*Plut. Amat.* x. p. 27.) To the *κόσμος* of the bride at least belonged perfumed

oils, μύρον (*Xen. Symp.* ii. 3.), her head was covered with a deeply falling veil. In this manner the procession went forward amid the singing of the hymeneal chant, with a flute accompaniment, while all who met them in the street greeted them with good wishes. (*V. Aristoph. Pax.* 1318.)

CXLVIII.

Garlands of flowers, roses generally, as we may learn from Anakreon, formed an indispensable part of a Greek entertainment. In the account of the nuptials of Karanos, which has been preserved by Athenæus (l. iv. c. 2.), not only garlands, but golden chaplets, were presented to the guests; and Alkibiades, when Plato introduces him to the banquet at the house of Agathon, has his head crowned with chaplets as well as flowers. Perfumes were no less a necessary part of the entertainment: at the above mentioned nuptial feast, female slaves carried gold and silver vases of essences to sprinkle the guests. As long as the habits of the people are uncleanly, the perfumer's will always be a very requisite trade. The flower garlands were presented to the guests after the first course was over. (*V. Athen. lib.* xv. c. 33.)

CXLIX.

I am not sure that this was practised in Athens. Plutarch mentions the burning the axle as a custom παρ' ἡμιν ἐν Βοιοτία (*Quæst. Roman.* 29.); but as it was symbolic of the bride's abandonment of her former house for that of her husband, it was possibly

more general than these words of Plutarch seem to imply.

CL.

Μιλτιάδην δὲ, τὸν ἐν Μαραθῶνι εἰς το βάραθρον ἐμβαλεῖν ἐψηφίσαντο, καὶ εἰ μὴ διὰ τὸν πρύτανιν, ἐνέπεσεν ἄν. (Plato, *Gorgias.*) Miltiades therefore was only saved from the barathron, by the compassion of the prytanis, who saw that the hero of Marathon was fast verging to his end. The barathron was originally a deep pit with spikes at the bottom, into which malefactors were flung: but according to the Scholiast on Aristophanes, *Plut.* 431., it was filled up by command of an oracle; the name however, it seems was continued to the common prison of Athens, for it is frequently mentioned in ancient writers. Was it the prison of those destined to suffer capital punishment? The expression of Plato (ἐνέπεσε) seems to imply some connection at least with the former destination of the barathron.

CLI.

Plutarch, in his life of Themistocles, tells us that he was buried in the Agora of Magnesia, where a handsome tomb was erected; but Thucydides, l. i. c. 138. 6., says, that it was a common report in his time, that the bones of the banished chief were, by his own desire, privately carried back to Attica, and buried there.

CLII.

Meton was the greatest astromer of his day. He was the inventor, or as Bailly thinks, the borrower of the cycle of nineteen years, and the reformer of the Greek calendar. It was in the last year of the eighty-sixth Olympiad, according to Diodorus, that his mode of reckoning the year was adopted among the Athenians, who from that time began their year at the summer solstice. Before that they had begun it in the winter. He is ridiculed by Aristophanes in his *Aves*, and made to talk much unintelligible nonsense, but herein he was no worse treated by the poet than all the most illustrious characters have been, for it seems that either the writer for the people was obliged to flatter their prejudices, or that Aristophanes was the organ of the conservative party in the state, and attacked all innovators, whether in science, politics, or religion, with the spiteful zeal of an electioneering partisan. According to Plutarch (*Vit. Nik.*) Anaxagoras was the first who with any clearness and certainty showed in what manner the moon was illuminated and overshadowed; although therefore I do not find it any where particularly mentioned that Meton was his pupil, yet it is hardly possible he should not have been so, as he must have been studying astronomy for some time, before he could have arrived at the verifying a cycle of nineteen years, and probably not above twelve or thirteen years elapsed between the banishment of Anaxagoras and the adoption of the reformed calendar of Meton.

CLIII.

The accounts given us of the result of the accusation against Pheidias are so contradictory, that it is allowable to choose among them. Plutarch says he died in prison (*Vit. Perik.*), and, as some supposed, poisoned: I have adopted this account as at least probable, for we hear no more of him at Athens.

CLIV.

Plutarch (*Vit. Perik.*) thus notices the rumours on this head: "Who can give credit to Idomeneus, when he says that Perikles caused the orator, Ephialtes, his friend and assistant in the administration, to be assassinated through jealousy and envy of his great character? I know not where he met with this calumny, which he vents with great bitterness against a man, not indeed in all respects irreproachable, but who certainly had such a greatness of mind, and high sense of honour as was incompatible with an action so savage and inhuman. The truth of the matter, according to Aristoteles, is, that Ephialtes being grown formidable to the nobles on account of his inflexible severity in prosecuting all that invaded the rights of the people, his enemies caused him to be taken off in a private and treacherous manner by Aristodikos of Tanagra."

CLV.

Diogenes Laertius (lib. i. § 12.) refers to Sotion as his authority for saying that "Anaxagoras was

accused by Kleon of impiety, because he said that the sun was *μύδρον διάπυρον*. He was defended by his pupil Perikles, but was exiled and condemned to a fine of five talents. Satyros, on the contrary, says, that he was prosecuted by Thucydides, the political opponent of Perikles." Lucian (*in Simone*) mentions Anaxagoras as having persuaded his disciples that there were no such gods as they had been wont to worship; and Marcellinus, in his life of Thucydides the historian, tells us, that he too was a scholar of Anaxagoras, and had adopted atheistical notions — that being the term usually applied to those who despised the superstitions of the times.

CLVI.

"The regular order of the burial ceremonies is most clearly given by Lucian (*De Luctu*, 10. t. ii. p. 926. R.): for there is no reason to suppose that any change in the earlier custom had taken place in his time; on the contrary, we find Lucian's testimony every where corroborated. The first thing that was done when any one died, and the preparation for the funeral began, was to place an obolus in the mouth of the corpse, to pay the passage money to the ferryman of Hades; *ἐπειδάν τις ἀποθάνῃ τῶν οἰκείων, πρῶτα μὲν φέροντες, ὀβολὸν ἐς τὸ στόμα κατέθηκαν αὐτῷ μισθὸν τῷ πορθμεῖ ναυτιλίας γενησόμενον.* Hence Krates says (*Mort. Dial.* xi. 4. t. iii. p. 379.) *οἱ δὲ ὀβολὸν ἤξουσι κομίζοντες, καὶ τοῦτον ἄχρι τοῦ πορθμέως.* (Compare I. 3. p. 333. xxii. l. p. 423.) It is an interesting circumstance that at the opening of a grave at Same, in Kephallenia, the coin was found between

the teeth of the skeleton. (*Stackelberg die Graber der Hellenen.* S. 42.) With this a honeycake (μελιτοῦττα) was given to the corpse, at least, thus it is called in Aristophanes (*Lysist.* 599.); and the Scholiast says, therefore, ἡ μελιτοῦττα ἔδιδοτο τοῖς νεκροῖς ὡς εἰς τὸν Κέρβερον, καὶ ὀβολὸς τῷ πορθμεῖ, στέφανος ὡς τὸν βίον διηγωνισμένοις. (*Charik.* II. p. 170.)

I might have been tempted to give a longer account of the burial ceremonies, but this has been done so amply by Professor Bekker in the work above quoted, that it would only swell the bulk of the notes unnecessarily were I to repeat it here. Charikles is now translated into English, and consequently within the reach of all who wish for further information on the subject.

CLVII.

The opening of Plato's Charmides gives a good notion of the sort of conversation that was customary in places of public resort. As usual Sokrates is made the chief interlocutor.

"I had arrived the evening before, from the army before Potidaia, and I felt glad at being now able to revisit the places I had been so long absent from; I went, therefore, to the Palaistra of Taureas which is opposite the temple of the Basiliké, and there I found many persons assembled, some of them strangers to me, but the greater part were of my acquaintance. As soon as they saw me arrive thus unexpectedly, they began to greet me while I was yet at a distance." They then begin to demand news from the army, and their inquiries on that head having been

answered, the dialogue is thus continued. "When they were all satisfied, I began in my turn to ask about philosophy, how it stood now — and about the young men, as to which excelled in knowledge, and which in beauty, or in both together. Then Kritias, looking towards the door, and seeing some youths coming in and finding fault with each other, and another crowd following after, said, 'as for beauty, O Sokrates, you seem to me to be on the point of knowing; for those who are entering now are the precursors and admirers of him who is now thought the most beautiful, and I dare say he is himself not far off.' 'And, who is he then,' said I, 'and whose son?' 'You ought to know him,' replied he, 'but he was not reckoned among young men before your departure. It is my cousin Charmides, son of my uncle Glaucon.' 'I know him, by Jove!' said I, 'and he was not ill-looking even then, though he was but a boy: he ought now to be quite a handsome youth.' 'You will see directly what he is like,' said he; and at the same time Charmides entered. As for me, my friend, I am no judge of these things, for all youths appear to me handsome; nevertheless he appeared to me to be a wonderfully fine young man, as well in size and figure as in face; and all the others seemed to be almost in love with him; they seemed so struck, and in such a bustle of admiration when he entered. As for us men, it was less surprising in us, but I perceived that the children were equally attracted, even to the least among them; and that all looked at him as at the statue of a god. 'What do you think of the youth, Sokrates?' said Chairephon, addressing me, 'has he not

a fine face?' 'Beyond description,' replied I; 'And yet, if he chose to put off his clothes,' said he, 'his face would appear scarcely worth notice, so beautiful is his whole form,' and all the others repeated the same thing. 'Hercules!' said I, 'how incomparable is this man according to your description if he should happen to have one trifling qualification more.' —'What is that?' said Kritias. 'If his soul should happen to be noble, which ought indeed to be the case, being, as he is, of your family, Kritias.'" Sokrates pursues his questions as to the soul of the youth, and finally Kritias under some pretext calls him to enable the philosopher to converse with him; upon which all who were sitting on the bench are so anxious to have the admired youth between them that they squeeze back on their next neighbours, till the outside man is thrown off at one end, and at the other obliged to rise.

CLVIII.

In the banquet described by Plato, the entertainment was given to celebrate the success of Agathon's tragedy, to which the prize had been awarded, yet the guests compliment him on his beauty only, without saying a word of his talent, save that the drunken Alkibiades insists on taking the chaplet from his own head to place it on that of Agathon.

CLIX.

If the accused person fled from trial after the accusation had been laid, his property was confiscated

and put up for sale by public officers appointed for that purpose. (V. *Poll.* lviii.) "Confiscation of property," says Boeckh, "was one of the commonest sources of revenue in ancient days, and all writers, particularly Lysias, afford examples of it." Flight previous to the trial, however, was not always a protection from further proceedings: Diagoras the Melian, was proceeded against for impiety, in his absence, and condemned capitally. (V. Schol. *Aris. Ranæ*, 323.)

CLX.

"Besides the market and the gymnasia, they (the Athenian gentry) were in the habit of visiting frequently the shops or stalls of the hair-dressers, the perfumers, and others; nay, it was even a reproach and was considered as a bad sign, if any one altogether avoided these places of public resort, for such they were in fact. (V. *Demosth. in Aristog.* p. 786.) *οὐ φιλανθρωπίας οὐχ ὁμιλίας οὐδεμιᾶς οὐδενὶ κοινωνεῖ· — οὐδὲ προσφοιτᾷ πρός τι τούτων τῶν ἐν τῇ πόλει κουρείων ἢ μυροπωλείων, ἢ τῶν ἄλλων ἐργαστηρίων οὐδὲ πρὸς ἕν.* From these words the universality of the practice may be gathered; but Lysias expresses it more distinctly (*De Inval.* p. 754.) *ἕκαστος γὰρ ὑμῶν εἴθισται προσφοιτᾶν, ὁ μὲν πρὸς μυροπώλιον, οἱ δὲ πρὸς κουρεῖον, ὁ δὲ πρὸς σκυτοτομεῖον, ὁ δὲ ὅπη ἄν τύχῃ· καὶ πλεῖστοι μὲν ὡς τοὺς ἐγγυτάτω τῆς ἀγορᾶς κατεσκευασμένους, ἐλάχιστοι δὲ ὡς τοὺς οὐ πλεῖστον ἀπέχοντας αὐτῆς.* 'Every one of you is accustomed to go, one to the seller of perfumes, others to the barbers, another to the leather-cutter, and another wherever it may hap-

pen,' &c. (Compare *Isoc. adv. Callim.* 4 p. 536. *Bekk.* To this, refer the lines of Aristophanes, *Plut.* 337. and *Av.* 1439.) This habit may appear strange to us, who frequent such places only when we want to make a purchase, but so it was, as may be seen from *Xen. Mem.* iv. 2. 1. *Καταμαθὼν γὰρ Εὐθύδημον — καθίζοντα εἰς ἠνιοποιεῖόν τι τῶν ἐγγὺς τῆς ἀγορᾶς, εἰς τοῦτο καὶ αὐτος ἤει τῶν μεθ' αὐτοῦ τινας ἔχων.* Such places sometimes had a degree of political importance, from the circumstance that certain tribes, or the inhabitants of particular places, were to be found assembled there." (Bekker, *Charik.* I. 253.)

CLXI.

The forms of trial may be found in the witty burlesque of Aristophanes, when, to gratify the old brain-sick dicast, the dog is prosecuted for stealing a Sicilian cheese: —

"*B.* Make haste and bring tablets and styles.

"*P.* Nonsense, that is but losing time. I can draw the line in the wax with my nail.

* * * *

"*B.* Oh, I have forgotten to bring the judicial vases.

"*P.* What are you running away for?

"*B.* To bring the vases.

"*P.* No such thing, I shall use these half-pint pots.

"*B.* Then all is right, and we want only the clepsydra.

* * * *

"But now let some one bring fire and myrtle and incense, that we may first give thanks to the gods."

The chorus offers to perform the religious cere-

mony, and a hymn and the Io Pæan are sung, and then Bdelykleon proceeds to open the court: —

"*B.* If any of the Heliastai are without, let them come in, for when the cause is entered on, no one will be admitted.

"*P.* Who is the accused? How he will be trounced!"

Xanthias the slave comes forward as the accuser.

"Hear now the accusation (*γραφῆς*). The Kudathenaian dog accuses Labes of Exone, that he sole and single, against all right and law, has eaten the Sicilian cheese. Penalty, a clog of fig-wood.

"*P.* Rather a dog's death, if he be convicted.

"*B.* And the accused Labes himself is present.

"*P.* Oh the wretch! how thievish he looks — how he shows his teeth and thinks to deceive me! where is the accuser, the Kudathenaian dog?

"*Dog.* Bow! wow!

"*B.* There he is — the other is Labes, good at barking and licking dishes.

"*Sosias* as Crier (*κήρυξ*).

"Silence! sit down! and you, ascend the Bema, and open your accusation.

"*P.* Come! I will pour out and eat this in mean time." (He is supposed to have a dish of porridge before him.)

"*Xanthias* as accuser.

"You have heard the charge I have brought, O judges," &c.

The pleading then goes on at some length, witnesses are called on both sides, and finally the urns are opened, and a shell is dropped into one of them by Philokleon.

"*P.* Come now — turn out the contents of the vases, and see what his luck has been."

Bdelykleon counts, and the dog Labes is absolved. The tears of the puppies produced to move compassion, &c., are all given very faithfully in Racine's comedy of Les Plaideurs.

CLXII.

The account which Plutarch gives of the meteoric stone which fell at Ægos potamos is curious, because as he did not himself believe the account, it is likely that he reported faithfully what he heard. In his life of Lysander, he says, that some were of opinion that the stone which fell there was an omen of the defeat which the Athenians afterwards experienced in that place. "It was of prodigious size," says he, "and the people of the Chersonesus hold it in great veneration, and show it to this day. It is said that Anaxagoras had foretold that one of these bodies which are fixed in the vault of heaven would one day be loosened by some shock or convulsion of the whole machine, and fall to the earth. For he taught that the stars are not now in the places were they were originally formed; for that, being of a stony substance and heavy, the light they give is caused only by the reflection and refraction of the ether; and that they are carried along and kept in their orbits, by the rapid movement of the heavens, which from the beginning, when the cold ponderous bodies were separated from the rest, hindered them from falling. But there is another and more probable opinion, which holds that falling stars are not emanations or detached parts of

the elementary fire, that go out the moment they are kindled; nor yet a quantity of air bursting out from some compression, and taking fire in the upper region, but that they are really heavenly bodies, which from some relaxation in the rapidity of their motion, or by some irregular concussion, are loosened and fall, not so much upon the habitable part of the earth, as the ocean, which is the reason that their substance is seldom seen. Damachus (or rather Diamachus), however, in his treatise on religion, confirms the opinion of Anaxagoras. He relates, that for seventy-five days together before that stone fell, there was seen in the heavens a large body of fire, like an inflamed cloud, not fixed to one place, but carried on with a broken and irregular motion, and that by its violent agitation several fiery fragments were forced from it, which were impelled in various directions, and darted with the velocity and brightness of so many falling stars. After this body was fallen in the Chersonesus, and the inhabitants, recovered from their terror, assembled to see it, they could find no inflammable matter, or the least sign of fire, but a real stone, which, though large, was nothing to the size of the fiery globe which they had seen in the sky, but appeared only as a bit crumbled from it. It is plain," continues the narrator, "that Damachus must have very indulgent readers if this account of his gains credit." Upwards of 2000 years have past, and we are just beginning to return to the opinion of Anaxagoras and his contemporaries, which Plutarch thought so ridiculous, and which continued to be ridiculed almost up to the present age. Compare the above with Humboldt's Kosmos, vol. i. p. 138, &c.

CLXIII.

Much discrepancy between authors exists on the subject of Anaxagoras. Plutarch (*Vit. Perik.*) says, that he did not wait the trial, but went into banishment voluntarily. Diogenes Laertius in his life of this philosopher, quotes four other different accounts; and as two of these agree in asserting that Perikles defended him, I have thought this a sufficient ground for supposing that he was brought to trial: I have followed Sotion in supposing him to have been fined and banished, and I have taken something from the others also to complete the scene. (*V. Diog. Laert.* lib. ii. § 12, 13, 14.) The latter words of the speech of Perikles are taken verbatim from the account given by Hermippos of this defence.

CLXIV.

A waxed tablet was hung up beside the altar, where the beans or shells for voting were deposited; and after the president had ascertained the numbers, he drew a line upon the wax to signify the verdict: if short, the accused was acquitted; — if long, — condemned. The plays of Aristophanes are full of allusions to this custom.

CLXV.

If the crime of which the accused was convicted had no especial penalty affixed by the law, the judges proceeded to decide upon this by vote, as in the case

of Sokrates. The defendant was first called upon to assess his own punishment, and afterwards the dicasts proceeded to the ballot. In the case of Sokrates, the accusers had attached the penalty of death to their accusation. Sokrates when called upon to fix his own penalty, insisted that it ought to be a maintenance in the Prytaneion—the usual honour paid to public benefactors; but he was persuaded afterwards to assess it at a fine of twenty minas, at the instance of Criton and Plato, who would have been but too happy to save their friend at even a greater cost. The judges voted, and the penalty of death was affirmed. (*V. Plat. Ap. Soc. Xen. ib.*)

CLXVI.

It was supposed at the time, that the manly dignity of Sokrates in refusing to supplicate his judges for mercy, was one cause of his condemnation. Plato hints at something of this kind in his Apology—at any rate, the practice of endeavouring to move the compassion of the judges by appeals to their feelings was very common. (*V. Aristoph. Vesp.* 551—587.) "There may be some among you," says Plato in the character of Sokrates, "who will be incensed against me when they recollect that on occasions of less danger they have conjured and supplicated the judges with many tears, and in order to excite their compassion have brought forward their children, relations, and friends, while I do nothing of all this." (*Ap. Soc.* c. 23.) Hyperides, it is said, when conducting the defence of Phryne on some occasion, suddenly

unveiled her bosom, and by her extreme beauty caused the judges to relent and acquit her. (*V. Plut. Vit. Dec. Orat.*) Without some entreaty or surprise of this kind, the Heliastæ were for the most part very stern judges, if we may at all credit Aristophanes, whose statements are countenanced by the number of unjust condemnations which are recorded.

CLXVII.

In the Vespæ of Aristophanes, the chorus of dicasts make their appearance before daylight, with a single ill-trimmed lamp carried by a boy, when the following dialogue takes place: —

"*Boy.* — O father, father, take care you do not get into this mud.

"*Cho.* — Take a straw from the ground, and trim the lamp.

"*Boy.* — No, with my finger here I can do it better.

"*Cho.* — How? snuff the lamp with your fingers in this scarcity of oil, you simple boy; but it does not vex *you* to have to buy it so dear.

"*Boy.* — By Jove, if you instruct me with your fist any more, I will extinguish the lamp and go home, and then in the dark you will paddle in the mud like so many ducks."

This gives no very pleasant idea of the streets of Athens. When the dicast Philokleon returns from a feast, he is lighted by a torch, which he uses as a weapon of offence in his drunken rage.

CLXVIII.

"It is certain, that music and dancing were favourite amusements with the Greeks in their Symposia. The female flute-players were indispensible to the ceremonies of the sacrifice, but they then remained, and we shall hardly find the representation of a Symposion on any ancient monument without either these or lute-players. Plato, indeed, speaks decidedly respecting their presence. (*Symp.* p. 176.) . . . . . But they often ministered to other purposes, and were little different from true Hetairai — in Plautus they never appear in any other character, and in many of the vase paintings it is decidedly expressed." (*Bekker Charik.* i. 471.)

CLXIX.

The second act of the Adelphi of Terence opens with a slave-merchant calling upon the citizens for aid to recover a singing girl whom young Æschines has just carried off. A slave is sent forward to open the door — the girl is carried into the house, and the merchant is driven off by the slaves and their master. Such violence in the case of a slave was very lightly thought of — and the matter was easily compounded by paying the price of the girl to the master.

CLXX.

When Anaxagoras was asked, on some occasion, if he cared nothing for his country, he replied that for his real country he cared a good deal; and he, at the

same time, pointed to the sky, thus intimating that the earth was not his abiding place. (*Diog. Laert.* lib. ii. § 7.) When asked shortly before his death if he had any particular wish that could be gratified, he is said to have requested the magistrates of Lampsakos, where he resided after his exile from Athens, to permit the children to play on the day of his death:—in other words, to give them a holiday; and this was afterwards observed as a yearly custom. (*Ib.* § 14.) It was a cheerful thought, worthy of a man who had so lived as to make death a gain.

CLXXI.

Plutarch informs us that Perikles carried Anaxagoras out of the city towards Lampsakos, in his own chariot, in order to show that the sentence of exile was no dishonour: but the rest of the circumstances of this chapter are not found in history. Nevertheless, some such demonstrations on the part of the people must have taken place, to give room for the accusation against Perikles of aspiring to the sovereignty, stirring up commotions, &c., which are plentifully scattered through the writings of his political adversaries (*V. Plut. Vit. Perik.*); and they must have been so met, or the great minister would not have remained a private individual, liable to a fine and removal from office, after nearly fifteen years of undisputed government.

CLXXII.

I have already had occasion to refer to the frequent mention in ancient authors of the wanton application

of the rack to slaves by way of obtaining true evidence. (Note 134.) "The polemarchos was one of the archons whose jurisdiction was not so much over citizens as strangers (*ξένοι*), for the causes relating to these latter were all brought before the polemarchos: and if they needed protection, it was to him that they were to apply." (*Schol. Aristoph. Vesp.* 1037.) From the passage to which this scholium refers, it would appear that the polemarchos was applied to even by the citizens in sudden emergencies.

φησίν τε μετ' αὐτοῦ
τοῖς ἠπιάλοις ἐπιχειρῆσαι πέρυσιν, καὶ τοῖς πυρετοῖσιν,
οἵ τοὺς πατέρας τ' ἤγχον νύκτωρ, καὶ τοὺς πάππους ἀπέπνιγον·
κατακλινόμενοί τ' ἐπὶ ταῖς κοίταις, ἐπὶ τοῖσιν ἀπράγμοσιν ὑμῶν,
ἀντωμοσιας καὶ προσκλήσεις καὶ μαρτυρίας ξυνεκόλλων,
ὥστ' ἀναπεδᾶν δειμαίνοντας πολλοὺς ὡς τὸν Πολέμαρχον.

Vesp. 1036—1041.

CLXXIII.

The superstition which still in some places considers old women as bringers of ill-luck, was probably handed down to us from the ancients. It was in the form of an old woman sitting cross-legged that Juno bewitched the unlucky Alkmena, and all the sorceresses of antiquity are represented to have been old.

CLXXIV.

It was one of the complaints of the Athenians

against the Megareans, that they sheltered runaway slaves. (*V. Thucyd.* li. c. 139.)

CLXXV.

The libation was a portion of wine poured out in honour of the gods at the end of a feast, before the guests began to drink. "When the guests," writes Plato in his Banquet, "had finished their supper, they made the customary libation, sung a hymn in honour of the Deity, and after the other usual ceremonies, they began to talk of drinking." The libation was not made to Bacchus alone, it was also for the Good Genius, and Jupiter the Saviour. (*V. Schol. Arist. Pac.* 299.)

CLXXVI.

The Lyceum, or as it would be written in Greek, Lukeion, was a gymnasium without the walls, to the east, and near the gate Diochoris, not far from the north bank of the Ilyssus. At the time here spoken of, and for some time after, it was the fashionable lounge, and it was hither that Sokrates used to turn his steps, when as usual he wished to find himself among the throng of men. The gymnasia were provided with many halls and places for conversation or repose, and in later times it was here that the philosophers held their schools, but not till after the time of Anaxagoras, who seems to have given his instruction at his own house.

CLXXVII.

Archelaus invested his teaching with a covering of such profound obscurity that it is difficult to discover what were his real doctrines. Diogenes Laertius gives the following which I will not attempt to translate: *ἔλεγε δὲ δύο αἰτίας εἶναι γενέσεως, θερμὸν καὶ ψυχρόν· καὶ τὰ ζῶα ἀπὸ τῆς ἰλύος γενηθῆναι· καὶ τὸ δίκαιον εἶναι καὶ τὸ αἴσχρὸν οὐ φύσει, ἀλλὰ νόμῳ . . . . τηκόμενον, φησὶ, τὸ ὕδωρ ὑπὸ τοῦ θερμοῦ, καθὸ μὲν εἰς τὸ πυρῶδες συνίσταται, ποιεῖν γῆν· καθὸ δὲ περιῤῥεῖ, ἀέρα γεννᾶν. ὅθεν ἡ μὲν ὑπὸ τοῦ ἀέρος, ὁ δὲ ὑπὸ τῆς τοῦ πυρὸς περιφορᾶς κρατεῖται· γεννᾶσθαι δὲ, φησὶ, τὰ ζῶα ἐκ θερμῆς τῆς γῆς, καὶ ἰλὺν παραπλησίαν γάλακτι, οἷον τροφὴν ἀνιείσης. οὕτω δὲ καὶ τοὺς ἀνθρώπους ποιῆσαι. πρῶτος δὲ εἶπε φωνῆς γένεσιν τὴν τοῦ ἀέρος πλῆξιν. τὴν δὲ θάλατταν ἐν τοῖς κοίλοις διὰ τῆς γῆς ἠθουμένην συνεστάναι. μέγιστον τῶν ἄστρων τὸν ἥλιον, καὶ τὸ πᾶν ἄπειρον.*

CLXXVIII.

This was sometimes the case at a supper party. Plato makes the guests, at the banquet he describes, begin with this wholesome resolution, which is only broken in consequence of the arrival of Alkibiades, *σφόδρα μεθύοντος*, who, of course, wished that all should be as drunk as himself.

CLXXIX.

Theseus is said to have been the first to consecrate a temple to this most impure of deities. (*V. Paus.*

l. i. c. 22.); but Solon gave his sanction to it afterwards, as may be seen by referring to Plutarch's life of that lawgiver.

CLXXX.

With regard to the trial of Aspasia, ancient writers give us only a few naked facts, but they are facts which carry with them all the rest. Nothing but the union of the moderate men of the aristocratic party with that of the people could have enabled Perikles to triumph over an opposition which for five years had nearly paralysed his power, and so effectually to triumph, that the party of Thucydides could never again raise its head. For we find in Aristophanes (*Acharn.* 703.), Thucydides represented as at that time, a miserable, broken-down, old man, still living in banishment among the Scythians: —

ὑπ' ἀνδρὸς τοξότου κυκώμενον.

CLXXXI.

That this was the case may be seen from the first oration of Antiphon where the speaker presumes the guilt of his adversary because he had not chosen to put the slaves to the torture: — *ἐν οἷς μὲν γὰρ αὐτῳ ἐξουσία ἦν σαφῶς εἰδέναι παρὰ τῆς βασάνου, οὐκ ἠθέλησεν . . . τί ποτε ἀπολογήσεσθαι μέλλει μοι; ἐκ μὲν γὰρ τῆς τῶν ἀνδραπόδων βασάνου εὖ ἤδει ὅτι οὐκ οἷόν τ' ἦν αὐτῇ σωθῆναι, ἐν δὲ τῷ μὴ βασανισθῆναι ἡγεῖτο τὴν σωτηρίαν εἶναι.*

CLXXXII.

Plutarch gives this fact on the authority of Æs-

chines, who lived so near the time that his testimony may be in some measure depended on.

CLXXXIII.

When the bridegroom had been married before he did not go in person to bring home the bride, but deputed some of his friends for that purpose. Both Plutarch and the comic poets unite in testifying to the complete devotion of Perikles to his accomplished spouse as long as he lived; and indeed of her devotion to him, for though the union of these two extraordinary characters has been called discreditable, from a misunderstanding of the laws of Athens with regard to the rights of citizenship, yet no one of all those who have spoken slightingly of Aspasia have ever hinted that she was supposed to favour any other individual; and as her second marriage after she become a widow is mentioned, it may be concluded that none of her actions were likely to be passed *sub silentio.*

CLXXXIV.

In the time of Pausanias the statue of Perikles, with that of his father Xanthippos, was still standing in the Acropolis (l. i. c. 25.); and his tomb was to be seen in the Kerameicos, beside those of Thrasybulos, Chabrias, and Phormion. (*Ib.* c. 29.)

CLXXXV.

I have no authority for this other than the fact that both Aspasia and her son survived the plague

which desolated the house of Perikles; and it is therefore to be supposed that the tender affection of the husband and father early removed the objects of his love from the danger of infection. The other circumstances mentioned are matters of history, and will be found in Plutarch's Life of Perikles and in the second book of Thucydides.

The notice we have of Lysikles is but small, but as he rapidly rose to the rank of Strategos after his marriage with Aspasia, we cannot suppose that his previous life had been spent entirely among his cattle. He was killed in the fourth year of the Peloponnesian war, at the head of an army which had been employed in raising contributions (*vid. Thucyd.* l. iii. c. 19.); and it appears to have been his death which made way for the rise of Kleon to power, for Aristophanes in his Equites (v. 129. κ.τ.λ.) in enumerating the persons who had ruled the state, says —

> . . . πρῶτα μὲν στυππειοπώλης γίγνεται,
> ὃς πρῶτος ἔξει τῆς πόλεως τὰ πράγματα·

and this the Scholiast explains to be Eukrates, who was a dealer in cordage, and thence called Στύππαξ:

> μετὰ τοῦτον αὖθις προβατοπώλης δεύτερος.

and this sheep and cattle dealer the Scholiast in like manner explains to be Lysikles, the husband of Aspasia.

> Ν. δύο τώδε πώλα. καί τι τοῦτον χρὴ παθεῖν;
> Δ. κρατεῖν, ἕως ἂν ἕτερος ἀνὴρ βδελυρώτερος
> αὐτοῦ γένηται· μετὰ δὲ ταῦτ' ἀπόλλυται.
> ἐπιγίγνεται γὰρ βυρσοπώλης ὁ Παφλαγὼν,
> ἅρπαξ, κεκράκτης, Κυκλοβόρου φωνὴν ἔχων,

And this leather-seller, to whom the poet gives such a bad character is Kleon, who had personally offended him. As Lysikles is so contemptuously mentioned by the aristocratic Aristophanes, we may conclude that he took the same part in politics and religion that had been taken both by Perikles and his accomplished wife, and the talent cannot have been small that kept Kleon in the back ground so long; for it is evident he had not assumed any sway in the state during Lysikles' life time.

Anaxagoras died at Lampsakos, the year after the decease of his illustrious pupil and friend, honoured and loved by all: of Aspasia we hear no more than that she had one son by her second husband; and that when Sokrates was grown into fame, he was wont to carry the wives and daughters of his friends to learn wisdom from the discourses of the eloquent Milesian.

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

00076490

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 March, 2016